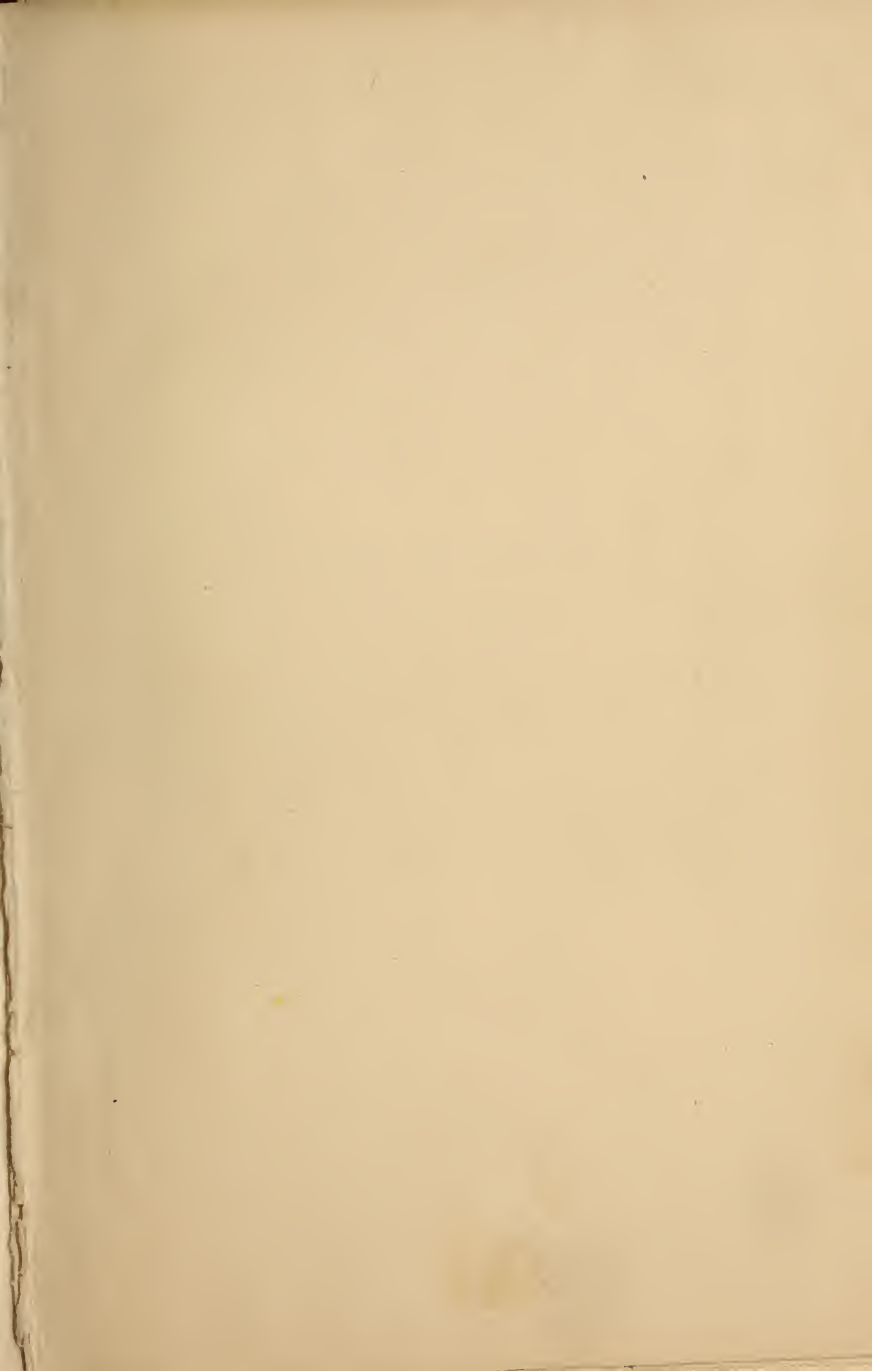


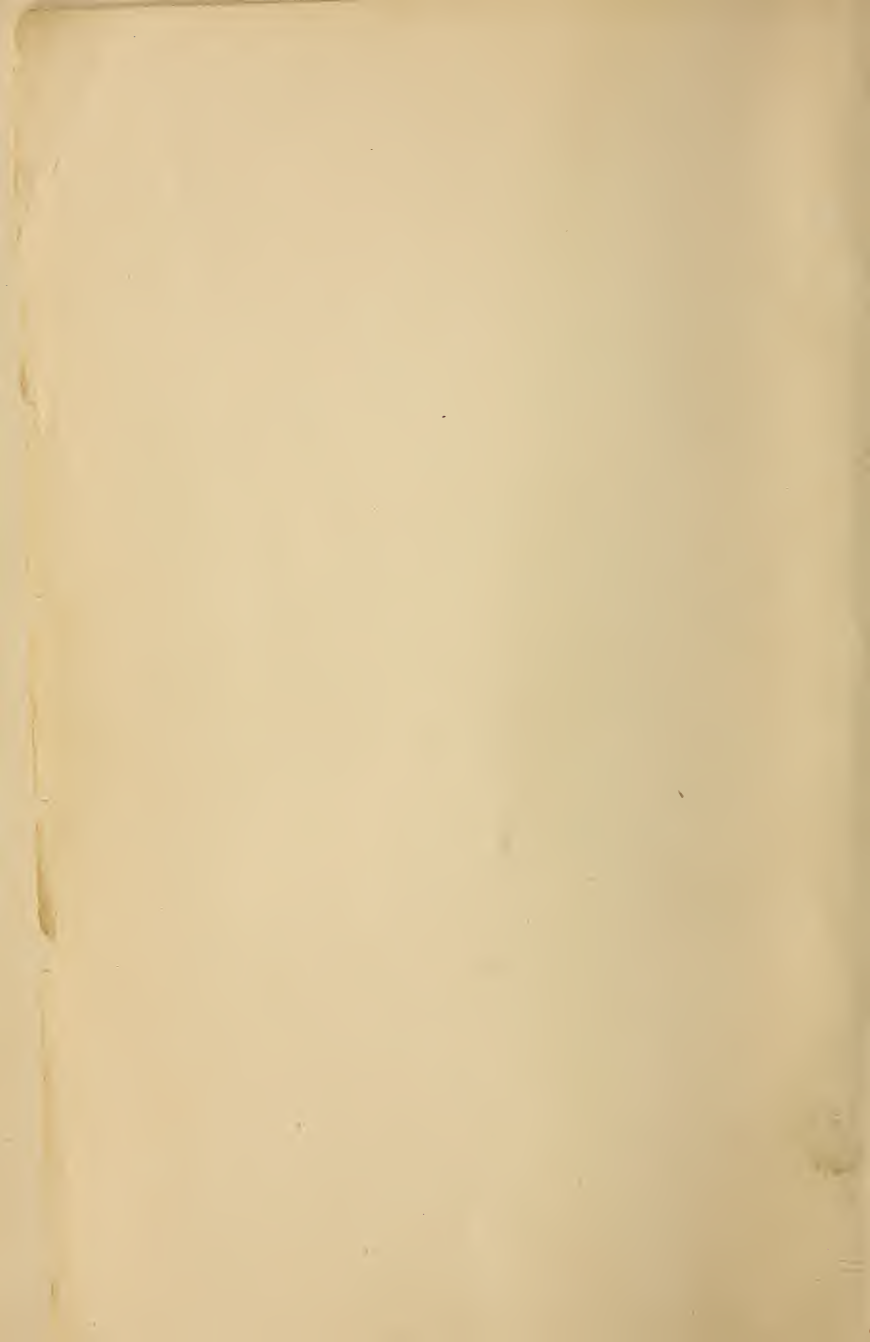
Class PQ6329

Book .A3

Copyright No. 1899

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.





DON QUIXOTE

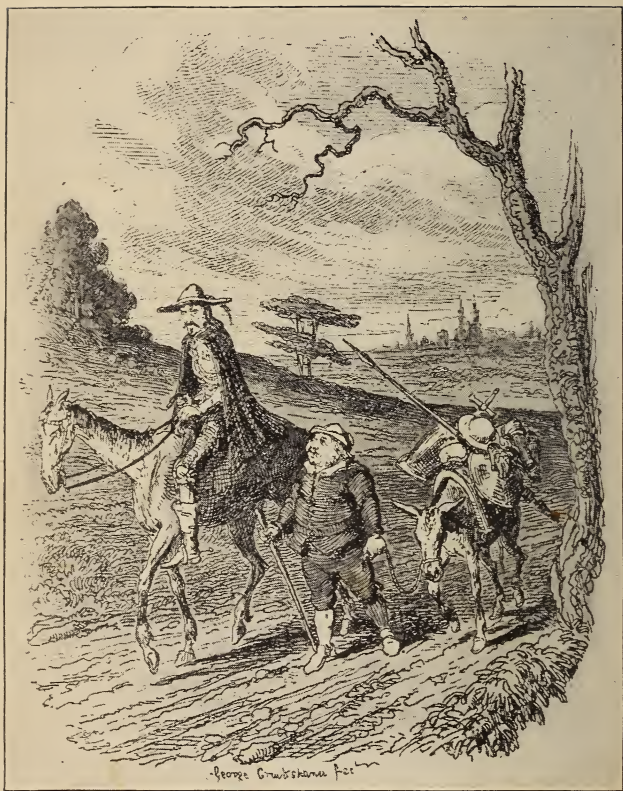
OF LA MANCHA

•The  Co. •

1

1159

1313



DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE

THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE

OF LA MANCHA

BY MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

EDITED BY CLIFTON JOHNSON
FOR SCHOOL AND HOME READING

WITH TEN ILLUSTRATIONS
BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

LONDON: MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED

1899

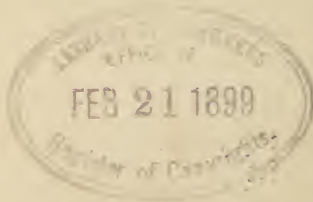
All rights reserved

PQ 6329
A3
1899

31185

COPYRIGHT, 1899,
By THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

TWO COPIES RECEIVED.



Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith
Norwood Mass. U.S.A.

14423 *
Feb. 21. 99

NOTE

THE present edition of DON QUIXOTE is made for popular use in homes and schools.

The complete edition is not suited to such use, inasmuch as it contains not a little of the coarseness that characterizes all the novels of the age in which it was written. This the present edition omits.

It omits also some of the more bloody and offensive details of certain adventures on the ground that they can hardly be delectable to any one, and that as food for the imagination of young readers they are decidedly objectionable.

The book in its entirety is exceedingly long. It contains many digressions, and its minor characters have a habit of telling long-winded lovers' tales that have nothing to do with the main story. All such matter has been left out or cut down. Yet in no instance has anything vital been sacrificed, and, except for omissions, the original text is practically unchanged.

The one effort has been to bring the book down to readable proportions without excluding any really essential incident or detail, and at the same time to make the text thoroughly clean and wholesome.

The translation is John Ormsby's, which, in its clearness and vivacity and its faithfulness to the original, is unquestionably the best English version ever made.

INTRODUCTION

MACAULAY said of "Don Quixote" that it was "certainly the best novel in the world beyond all comparison." He said this in the enthusiasm and enjoyment of re-reading the book, and perhaps the statement is too sweeping. Yet it is undoubtedly true that "Don Quixote" has drawn to itself more readers than almost any other work of fiction ever written. Probably no book except the Bible has exceeded it in the number of translations into foreign languages and the multiplicity of editions.

It was written by Miguel Cervantes, a man who for a score of years in his early life was a humble Spanish soldier, and who nearly all his remaining years was a visionary ne'er-do-well, often changing both his place of abode and his employment. He was born in the year 1547 in the city of Alcala, a few miles east of Madrid. What we know of him is curiously little. No portrait that there is the least reason to believe is authentic has come down to us, and no one while Cervantes lived took the trouble to describe his personality or to give even the slenderest sketch of the main incidents of his interesting career. It was not till more than a hundred years after his death that

inquiry began to be made as to who the author of the famous book was, and what kind of life he had lived. By that time all direct knowledge of the great novelist had disappeared. The writers of Cervantes' day received scant attention from their contemporaries, and what we know of the author of "Don Quixote," just as what we know of Shakespeare, is nearly all picked up from formal documents of one kind and another.

Cervantes came of an ancient family, some of whose members held high office in the service of church and state, and certain of whom fought in the medieval wars against the Moors, and were true knights-errant. But at the time Cervantes was born the family fortunes had declined, and poverty and hardship haunted his footsteps until he was a gray old man.

He received an ordinary school education, and at the age of twenty-one we find him in the employ of a dignitary of the church. He was on the road to certain advancement and prosperity, but to a person of his active mind the employment was prosaic and dull, and within two years he had resigned and enlisted as a common soldier.

It was a stirring time. Spain was at war with Turkey, and Cervantes had not long to wait for an experience of battle. He had embarked on one of the galleys of Don John of Austria and was lying sick below when the fleet encountered the Turks on October 7, 1571. But in spite of his fever and disregarding all remonstrances Cervantes rose from his bed and insisted on taking his post. The vessel on which he served was in the thick of the fight and he was

thrice wounded. So severe were the wounds that he afterward lay seven months in the hospital at Messina.

He came from the hospital with his left hand permanently disabled, yet the injury was not such as to wholly unfit him for service, and he at once returned to the army. That he was a brave and faithful soldier is attested by the fact that when he sailed from Naples for Spain, after three years' further campaigning, he bore letters from Don John recommending him to the king for the command of a company.

Unluckily the vessel on which he took passage fell in with a squadron of pirate galleys from Algiers and was overpowered. The capture of Christians was a regular trade on the Mediterranean. At first these captures had been made to gain slaves for rowers, dockyard laborers, and the like. But the sufferings of the victims moved their countrymen at home to raise money and buy their release. This aggravated the evil. If the Christians could be exchanged for money here was an additional motive for capturing as many as possible.

Cervantes contrived to let his relatives know of his condition ; and to raise sufficient ransom money his father sold all he possessed, and his two sisters gave up their marriage portions. The ransom arrived, but meanwhile Cervantes' master had found on him letters addressed to the king by Don John, and concluded his prize must be a person of considerable consequence. He therefore declared the money offered was altogether insufficient, and Cervantes' release was indefinitely postponed. Indeed it was not till five

years later that his friends secured a large enough sum to free him. During his captivity he made a number of attempts to escape, but his plans were every time betrayed, and more than once he came very near forfeiting his life as a punishment.

On his return to Spain, utterly penniless as he was he had no choice but to join his old regiment. Campaigning, however, had lost its charm. He had reached middle age, hope of promotion was gone, and he presently abandoned army life for good. He had long before shown a literary inclination, and had written poems which in certain quarters had been warmly praised. Now he went to work on a pastoral romance, for which in 1585 he found a publisher. But it brought him little of either profit or fame.

About this time Cervantes married. His wife brought a dowry with her, but this was hardly large enough to do more than keep the wolf from the door.

In the several years that followed Cervantes turned his attention seriously to producing plays for the stage. It was not long before he was the author of a score or more. He says they were performed without any throwing of cucumbers or other missiles, and this negative praise is about all they merited. They were undoubtedly commonplace, their reception was lukewarm, and their author was forced to find some other source of income.

He secured an appointment in 1588 as deputy purveyor to the fleet known to history as "The Invincible Armada." Later he became a collector of revenues for the kingdom of Granada, and got himself into

trouble through remitting money to the treasury by a merchant who failed and absconded. Cervantes was not able to make up the sum lost and was thrown into prison. But at the end of three months he succeeded in furnishing satisfactory security and was released.

He was free, yet the outlook must have been a dismal one. He was not only in debt, but he had lost his position as collector. Just how he supported himself in the next few years is uncertain. It is supposed he derived some income from agencies and clerical work of some sort, while there is reason to believe that his wife and daughter did needlework for persons in attendance on the court.

The turn of the tide came in 1605 when the first part of "Don Quixote" appeared. It had been finished for some months, perhaps years, but Cervantes had difficulty in finding a publisher willing to print so unusual a book. It was not an ordinary novel. It was simply a burlesque of the popular tales of chivalry. Would any one care to read such a book? It seemed doubtful. But when it came out the public bought it eagerly, and within a year five editions had been printed, and it was known throughout Spain.

Cervantes must have found the success of his book gratifying, yet it was his ambition to succeed as a dramatist, and "Don Quixote" was to him of minor importance. It was his disposition to be sanguine and cheerful under all difficulties, and the repeated failure of his plays did not dissuade him from writing others. Yet by his plays he never achieved even a

mediocre success. Practically the same can be said of his attempts at romance and poetry. They rarely rose above the ordinary. In them he did his fine writing, and was more or less bound by the traditions of the times—that is, he wrote them in the prevailing fashion, and there was nothing vital in them either in matter or manner. “Don Quixote” was not made on this principle. It came from deeper in the author’s heart, although Cervantes was not aware of it; for he wrote the book carelessly, and never took the trouble to correct its proofs. Yet it became immortal. His other works are simply more or less clever mechanisms, while “Don Quixote,” written with a free hand independent of rules, has enduring charm.

It was at once clear that the public would like more of this crazy knight-errant and of Sancho Panza, his hardly less entertaining squire, and in the course of time Cervantes started on a second part. But he wrote only by fits and starts. It was a threshing over the old straw, and he easily tired of the task. The work lingered on his hands for years, and there was danger of his never finishing it, when a spurious second part appeared that put him in a great rage. He put everything else aside and hurried his own second part to an end, interlarding the final chapters with frequent scoldings administered to the author of the false “Don Quixote.” The book appeared in 1615, but only in spots did it approach the quality of the first part, and it never had the same attraction for the public.

A few months later Cervantes died, and was buried

in a Madrid convent of which it is supposed his daughter was an inmate. In his final years he had happily enjoyed more comfort than at any previous period. He had a home in a good quarter of the capital city, he had made important friends, and he had a much better income than hitherto from his writings. At the time of his death thirty thousand copies of the first part of "Don Quixote" had been printed and a large number of the second part.

From that time till the present the flow of new editions has been unceasing. The book appeals to people of all sorts, yet for a great while it seemed to be esteemed a mere book of drollery, not entitled to any special consideration. Nearly all the editions for more than a century and a half were badly and carelessly printed on cheap paper and bound in the style of cheap books intended for popular use only. It took a long time to discover that it was a notable work of literature.

"Don Quixote" came into being as a protest against the unreality of the novels of chivalry which at that time were so popular that they were apparently having a marked effect on the national life and turning the people into a race of sentimentalists. An old writer says that it was "next to impossible to walk the streets with any delight or without danger, so many cavaliers were prancing and curvetting before the windows of their mistresses." It was a wholly unnatural and theatrical revival of knight-errantry. But, with the appearance of "Don Quixote," playing the gallant after this manner took on a new aspect. The person who did

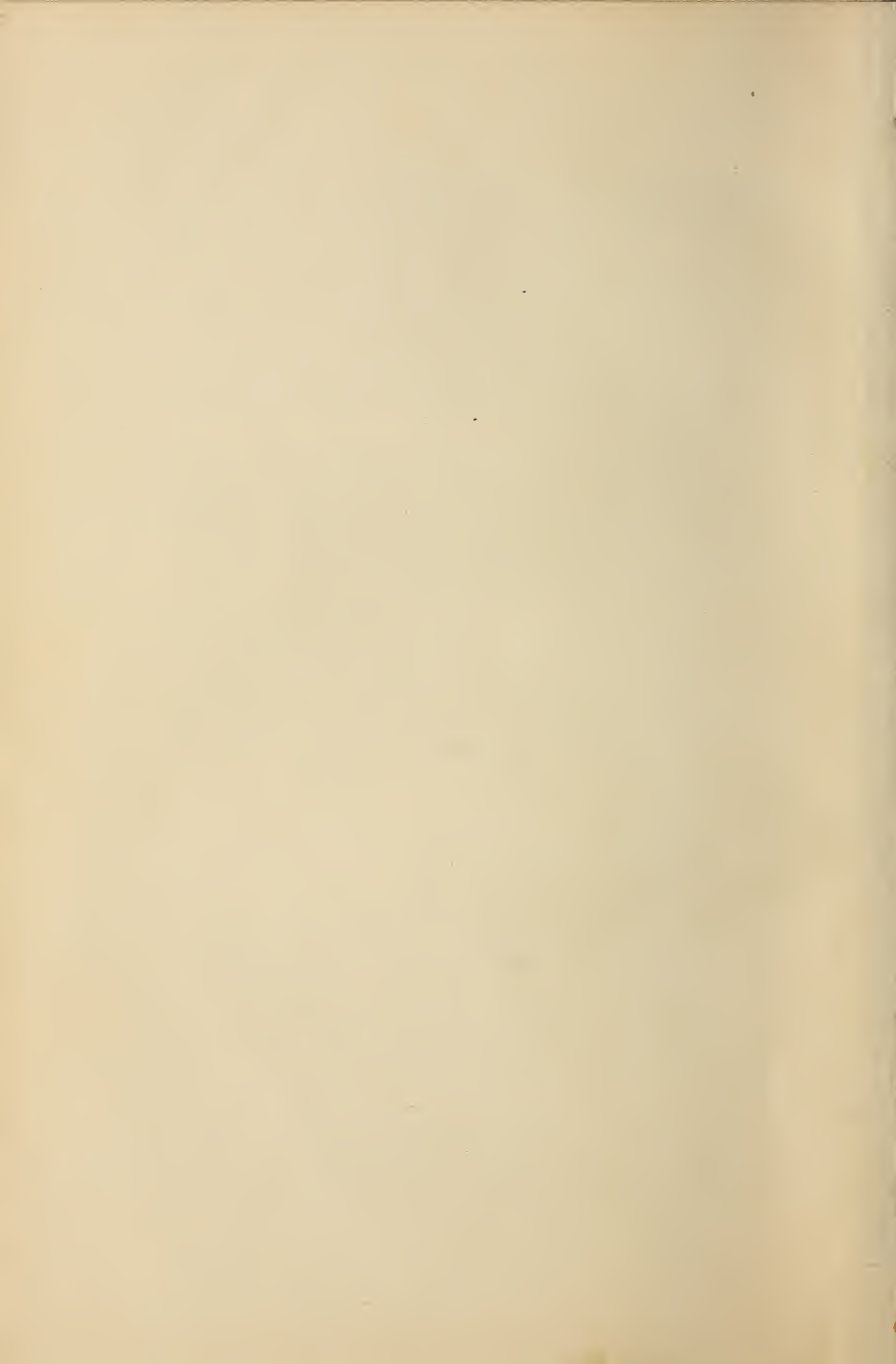
so was twitted by high and low, and these fantastic love scenes became things of the past, while the novels that inspired them went out of fashion.

The humor of Cervantes' book is not wholly perceived without some knowledge of the region in which the scenes are laid. La Mancha, of all the districts of Spain, is the last to suggest romance. It lies about fifty miles south of Madrid, and is the dullest tract of all the dull central plateau of the peninsula. The landscape has the sameness of the desert without its dignity. The few towns and villages that break its denuded, inhospitable monotony are mean and commonplace. It is the most unpromising field for the exploiting of knight-errantry that could be imagined. This incongruity is symbolic of all the contrasts of the book, and is what, to a large degree, it owes its humor. The Don's imagination makes something extraordinary out of the most prosaic incidents. Whenever he acts he gets into trouble. He is a misfit, always. His world and the real world continually clash, much to his astonishment. Yet while one laughs at him, it is not without sympathy, — the forlornness of the crack-brained knight touches one, and, besides, he is honest, well-disposed, and brave, and has a boyish eagerness and precipitation that one likes. When duty calls away he goes and consequences must take care of themselves — not a bad attitude if one is judicious about it.

Sancho Panza impresses himself on the reader almost as strongly as his master does. There is a winning quality about his simplicity and the faithful-

ness of his service. He sticks to the knight through thick and thin, and more than half believes in all his fancies. Sancho has no imagination himself. He sees only the plain facts, the plain prose of things, yet there is a magnetism about the visions of his master's mind that draws him on. There is a great deal of human nature brought out in these contrasted personalities and the entirely different view they have of everything.

So they exist — two of the most notable creations in all fiction, whose adventures have given multitudes pleasure in the past, and which will give still greater multitudes pleasure in the future.



CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
Which treats of the character and pursuits of the famous gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha	I

CHAPTER II

Which treats of the first sally the ingenious Don Quixote made from home	7
--	---

CHAPTER III

Wherein is related the droll way in which Don Quixote had himself dubbed a knight	16
---	----

CHAPTER IV

Of what happened to our knight when he left the inn	25
---	----

CHAPTER V

Of the diverting and important scrutiny which the curate and the barber made in the library of our ingenious gentleman	41
--	----

CHAPTER VI

Of the second sally of our worthy knight Don Quixote of La Mancha	46
---	----

CHAPTER VII

PAGE

Of the good fortune which the valiant Don Quixote had in the terrible and undreamt-of adventure of the wind- mills, with other occurrences worthy to be fitly recorded	53
---	----

CHAPTER VIII

Of the pleasant discourse that passed between Don Quixote and his squire Sancho Panza	66
--	----

CHAPTER IX

Of what befell Don Quixote with certain goatherds . . .	74
---	----

CHAPTER X

Of what a goatherd related to those with Don Quixote . .	80
--	----

CHAPTER XI

In which is ended the story of the shepherdess Marcela, with other incidents	87
---	----

CHAPTER XII

In which is related the unfortunate adventure that Don Quixote fell in with when he fell out with certain heartless Yanguesans	99
--	----

CHAPTER XIII

Of what the brave Don Quixote and his good squire Sancho Panza endured at the inn which to his mis- fortune he took to be a castle	107
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV

	PAGE
In which is related the discourse Sancho Panza held with his master, Don Quixote, together with other adventures worth relating	116

CHAPTER XV

Of the adventure that befell the ingenious gentleman with a dead body, together with other notable occurrences	128
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI

Of the unexampled and unheard-of adventure which was achieved by the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha with less peril than any ever achieved by any famous knight in the world	137
--	-----

CHAPTER XVII

Which treats of the exalted adventure and rich prize of Mambrino's helmet, together with other things that happened to our invincible knight	147
--	-----

CHAPTER XVIII

Of the strange adventure which befell the valiant Don Quixote with the bold Knight of the Grove	158
---	-----

CHAPTER XIX

Wherein it is told and made known who the Knight of the Grove and his squire were	165
---	-----

CHAPTER XX

Of the famous adventure of the enchanted bark	179
---	-----

CHAPTER XXI

Of the happily achieved adventure of the lions . . .	PAGE 185
--	-------------

CHAPTER XXII

Of the freedom Don Quixote conferred on several unfortunates who against their will were being carried where they had no wish to go	193
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIII

Of what befell Don Quixote in the Sierra Morena, which was one of the rarest adventures related in this veracious history	202
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIV

In which is continued the adventure of the Sierra Morena	215
--	-----

CHAPTER XXV

Which treats of the strange things that happened to the stout knight of La Mancha in the Sierra Morena, and of his imitation of the penance of Beltenebros . . .	224
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVI

In which are continued the refinements wherewith Don Quixote played the part of a lover in the Sierra Morena	238
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVII

Of how the curate and the barber proceeded with their scheme; together with other matters worthy of record in this great history	245
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVIII

	PAGE
Which treats of the strange and delightful adventure that befell the curate and the barber in the same sierra . . .	256

CHAPTER XXIX

Which treats of the droll device and method adopted to extricate our love-stricken knight from the severe penance he had imposed on himself . . .	264
---	-----

CHAPTER XXX

Which treats of the address displayed by the fair Dorothea, with other matters pleasant and amusing . . .	276
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXI

Of the delectable discussion between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, his squire, together with other incidents . . .	284
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXII

Which treats of the heroic and prodigious battle Don Quixote had with certain skins of red wine . . .	297
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXIII

Which treats of more curious incidents that occurred at the inn . . .	302
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXIV

In which is continued the story of the famous Princess Micomicona, with other droll adventures . . .	309
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXV

Which treats of the curious discourse Don Quixote delivered on arms and letters, and of what further took place in the inn . . .	319
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXVI

	PAGE
Wherein is related the pleasant story of the muleteer, together with other strange things that came to pass in the inn	325

CHAPTER XXXVII

In which are continued the unheard-of adventures at the inn	336
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXVIII

In which the doubtful question of Mambrino's helmet and the pack-saddle is finally settled, with other adventures that occurred in truth and earnest	348
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXIX

Of the end of the notable adventure of the officers of the Holy Brotherhood; and of the great ferocity of our worthy knight Don Quixote	359
---	-----

CHAPTER XL

Of the strange manner in which Don Quixote of La Mancha was carried away enchanted, together with other remarkable incidents	369
--	-----

CHAPTER XLI

Which treats of the shrewd conversation which Sancho Panza held with his master Don Quixote, together with other incidents	380
--	-----

CHAPTER XLII

Of the quarrel that Don Quixote had with the goatherd, together with the rare adventure of the penitents, which with an expenditure of sweat he brought to a happy conclusion	388
---	-----

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE

Frontispiece

FACING PAGE

DON QUIXOTE ATTACKS THE WINDMILLS	54
TOSSING SANCHO IN A BLANKET	113
THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS	172
IN THE ENCHANTED BARK	182
DON QUIXOTE BRAVING THE LION	189
GINES DE PASSAMONTE STEALING DAPPLE	204
DON QUIXOTE DOING PENANCE IN THE SIERRA MORENA	237
THE KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA BATTLING WITH THE WINE- SKINS	299
DON QUIXOTE ENCHANTED IN THE CAGE	371

DON QUIXOTE

OF LA MANCHA

CHAPTER I

WHICH TREATS OF THE CHARACTER AND PURSUITS OF
THE FAMOUS GENTLEMAN DON QUIXOTE OF LA
MANCHA ¹

IN a village of La Mancha there lived not long since one of those gentlemen that keep a lance in the lance-rack, an old buckler, a lean hack, and a greyhound for coursing. Beef stew, a salad on most nights, scraps on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a pigeon or so extra on Sundays, made away with three-quarters of his income. The rest of it went in a doublet of fine cloth and velvet breeches and shoes to match for holidays, while on week-days he made a brave figure in his best homespun. He had in his house a housekeeper past forty, a niece under twenty, and a lad for the field and market-place, who used to saddle the hack as well as handle the bill-hook. The age of this gentleman of ours was bordering on fifty ;

¹ *La Mancha* : a province in the south of Spain. See Introduction.

he was of a hardy habit, spare, gaunt-featured, a very early riser, and a great sportsman. They will have it his surname was Quixada or Quesada (for here there is some difference of opinion among the authors who write on the subject). This, however, is of but little importance to our tale ; it will be enough not to stray a hair's breadth from the truth in the telling of it.

You must know, then, that the above-named gentleman whenever he was at leisure (which was mostly all the year round) gave himself up to reading books of chivalry with such ardor and avidity that he almost entirely neglected the pursuit of his field-sports, and even the management of his property ; and to such a pitch did his eagerness and infatuation go that he sold many an acre of tillage-land to buy books of chivalry to read, and brought home as many of them as he could get.

Indeed, he became so absorbed in his books that he spent his nights from sunset to sunrise, and his days from dawn to dark, poring over them ; and what with little sleep and much reading his brains got so dry that he lost his wits. His fancy grew full of what he used to read about in his books, enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, wooings, loves, agonies, and all sorts of impossible nonsense ; and it so possessed his mind that the whole fabric of invention and fancy he read of was true, that to him no history in the world had more reality in it.

In short, his wits being quite gone, he hit on the strangest notion that ever madman in this world hit on, and that was that he fancied it was right and

requisite, as well for the support of his own honor as for the service of his country, that he should make a knight-errant of himself, roaming the world over in full armor and on horseback in quest of adventures, and putting in practice himself all that he had read of as being the usual practices of knights-errant; righting every kind of wrong, and exposing himself to peril and danger from which, in the issue, he was to reap eternal renown and fame. Already the poor man saw himself crowned by the might of his arm Emperor of a province at least; and so, led away by the intense enjoyment he found in these pleasant fancies, he set himself forthwith to put his scheme into execution.

The first thing he did was to clean up some armor that had belonged to his great-grandfather, and had been for ages lying forgotten in a corner, eaten with rust and covered with mildew. He scoured and polished it as best he could, but he perceived one great defect in it, that it had no closed helmet, nothing but a simple morion. This deficiency, however, his ingenuity supplied, for he contrived a kind of half-helmet of pasteboard which, fitted on to the morion, looked like a whole one. It is true that, in order to see if it was strong and fit to stand a cut, he drew his sword and gave it a slash which undid in an instant what had taken him a week to do. The ease with which he had knocked it to pieces disconcerted him somewhat, and to guard against that danger he set to work again, fixing bars of iron on the inside until he was satisfied with its strength; and then, not caring to try any more experiments with it, he

adopted it as a helmet of the most perfect construction.

He next proceeded to inspect his hack, a steed which surpassed, in his eyes, the Bucephalus of Alexander. Four days were spent in thinking what name to give him, because (as he said to himself) it was not right that a horse belonging to a knight so famous, and one with such merits of his own, should be without some distinctive name, and he strove to adapt it so as to indicate what he had been before belonging to a knight-errant, and what he then was ; for it was only reasonable that, his master taking a new character, the horse should take a new name, and that it should be a distinguished and full-sounding one, befitting the new order and calling he was about to follow. And so, after having composed, struck out, rejected, added to, unmade, and remade a multitude of names out of his memory and fancy, he decided on calling him Rocinante,¹ a name, to his thinking, lofty, sonorous, and significant of his condition as a hack before he became what he now was, the first and foremost of all the hacks in the world.

Having got a name for his horse so much to his taste, he was anxious to get one for himself, and he was eight days more pondering over this point, till at last he made up his mind to call himself Don Quixote, whence, as has been already said, the authors of this history have inferred that his name must have been beyond a doubt Quixada, and not Quesada, as others

¹ *Rocinante* : this word in English means "Formerly a work-horse."

would have it. Recollecting, however, that the valiant Amadis¹ was not content to call himself curtly Amadis and nothing more, but added the name of his kingdom and country to make it famous, and called himself Amadis of Gaul, he, like a good knight, resolved to add on the name of his, and to style himself Don Quixote of La Mancha, whereby, he considered, he described accurately his origin and country, and did honor to it in taking his surname from it.

So then, his armor being furbished, his morion turned into a helmet, his hack christened, and he himself confirmed, he came to the conclusion that nothing more was needed now but to look out for a lady to be in love with ; for a knight-errant without love was like a tree without leaves or fruit, or a body without a soul. As he said to himself, "If, for my sins or by my good fortune, I come across some giant hereabouts, a common occurrence with knights-errant, and overthrow him in one onslaught, or cleave him asunder to the waist, or, in short, vanquish and subdue him, will it not be well to have some one I may send him to as a present, that he may come in and fall on his knees before my sweet lady, and in a humble, submissive voice say, 'I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by the never sufficiently extolled knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, who has commanded me to present myself before your Grace, that your Highness dispose of me at your pleasure'?"

¹ *Amadis*: one of the notable heroes of the Don's favorite romances.

Oh, how our good gentleman enjoyed the delivery of this speech, especially when he had thought of some one to call his Lady! There was, so the story goes, in a village near his own a very good-looking farm girl with whom he had been at one time in love, though, so far as is known, she never knew it nor gave a thought to the matter. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and on her he thought fit to confer the title of Lady of his Thoughts; and after some search for a name which should not be out of harmony with her own, and should suggest and indicate that of a princess and great lady, he decided on calling her Dulcinea del Toboso — she being of El Toboso — a name, to his mind, musical, uncommon, and significant, like all those he had already bestowed on himself and the things belonging to him.

CHAPTER II

WHICH TREATS OF THE FIRST SALLY THE INGENIOUS
DON QUIXOTE MADE FROM HOME

THESE preliminaries settled, he did not care to put off any longer the execution of his design, urged on to it by the thought of all the world was losing by his delay, seeing what wrongs he intended to right, grievances to redress, injustices to repair, abuses to remove, and duties to discharge. So, without giving notice of his intention to any one, and without anybody seeing him, one morning before the dawning of the day (which was one of the hottest of the month of July) he donned his suit of armor, mounted Rocinante with his patched-up helmet on, braced his buckler, took his lance, and by the back door of the yard sallied forth on the plain in the highest contentment and satisfaction at seeing with what ease he had made a beginning with his grand purpose. But scarcely did he find himself on the open plain, when a terrible thought struck him, one all but enough to make him abandon the enterprise at the very outset. It occurred to him that he had not been dubbed a knight, and that according to the law of chivalry he neither could nor ought to bear arms against any knight; and that even if he had been, still he ought,

as a novice knight, to wear white armor, without a device on the shield until by his prowess he had earned one. These reflections made him waver in his purpose, but his craze being stronger than any reasoning he made up his mind to have himself dubbed a knight by the first one he came across, following the example of others in the same case, as he had read in the books that brought him to this pass. As for white armor, he resolved, on the first opportunity, to scour his until it was whiter than an ermine; and so comforting himself he pursued his way, taking that which his horse chose, for in this he believed lay the essence of adventures.

Thus setting out, our new-fledged adventurer paced along, talking to himself and saying, "Who knows but that in time to come, when the history of my famous deeds is made known, the sage who writes it, when he has to set forth my first sally in the early morning, will do it after this fashion? 'Scarce had the rubicund Apollo spread o'er the face of the broad spacious earth the golden threads of his bright hair, scarce had the little birds of painted plumage attuned their notes to hail with dulcet and mellifluous harmony the coming of the rosy Dawn that was appearing to mortals at the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, when the renowned knight Don Quixote of La Mancha mounted his celebrated steed Rocinante and began to traverse the ancient and famous Campo de Montiel;'" which in fact he was actually traversing. "Happy the age, happy the time," he continued, "in which shall be made known my

deeds of fame, worthy to be moulded in brass, carved in marble, limned in pictures, for a memorial forever. And thou, O sage magician, whoever thou art, to whom it shall fall to be the chronicler of this wondrous history, forget not, I entreat thee, my good Rocinante, the constant companion of my ways and wanderings." Presently he broke out again, as if he were love-stricken in earnest, "O Princess Dulcinea, lady of this captive heart, a grievous wrong hast thou done me to drive me forth with scorn, and with inexorable obduracy banish me from the presence of thy beauty. O lady, deign to hold in remembrance this heart, thy vassal, that thus in anguish pines for love of thee."

So he went on stringing together these and other absurdities, all in the style of those his books had taught him, imitating their language as well as he could; and all the while he rode so slowly and the sun mounted so rapidly and with such fervor that it was enough to melt his brains if he had any. Nearly all day he travelled without anything remarkable happening to him, at which he was in despair, for he was anxious to encounter some one at once on whom to try the might of his strong arm.

Writers there are who say the first adventure he met with was that of Puerto Lapice; others say it was that of the windmills; but what I have ascertained on this point, and what I have found written in the annals of La Mancha, is that he was on the road all day, and towards nightfall his hack and he found themselves dead tired and hungry, when, looking all around to see if he could discover any castle or shepherd's

shanty where he might refresh himself and relieve his sore wants, he perceived not far out of his road an inn, which was as welcome as a star guiding him to the portals, if not the palaces, of his redemption ; and quickening his pace he reached it just as night was setting in. At the door were standing two young women on their way to Seville with some carriers who had chanced to halt that night at the inn ; and as, happen what might to our adventurer, everything he saw or imagined seemed to him to be and to happen after the fashion of what he had read of, the moment he saw the inn he pictured it to himself as a castle with its four turrets and pinnacles of shining silver, not forgetting the drawbridge and moat and all the belongings usually ascribed to castles of the sort. To this inn, which to him seemed a castle, he advanced, and at a short distance from it he checked Rocinante, hoping that some dwarf would show himself on the battlements, and by sound of trumpet give notice that a knight was approaching the castle. But seeing that they were slow about it, and that Rocinante was in a hurry to reach the stable, he made for the inn door, and perceived the two gay damsels who were standing there, and who seemed to him to be two fair maidens or lovely ladies taking their ease at the castle gate.

At this moment it so happened that a swineherd who was going through the stubbles collecting a drove of pigs gave a blast of his horn to bring them together, and forthwith it seemed to Don Quixote to be what he was expecting, the signal of some dwarf announcing his arrival ; and so with prodigious satisfaction he

rode up to the inn and to the ladies, who, seeing a man of this sort approaching in full armor and with lance and buckler, were turning in dismay into the inn, when Don Quixote, guessing their fear by their flight, raised his pasteboard visor, disclosed his dry, dusty visage, and with courteous bearing and gentle voice addressed them, "Your ladyships need not fly or fear any rudeness, for that it belongs not to the order of knighthood which I profess to offer to any one, much less to high-born maidens as your appearance proclaims you to be."

The girls were looking at him and straining their eyes to make out the features which the clumsy visor obscured, but when they heard him speak thus, they could not restrain their laughter, which made Don Quixote wax indignant, and say, "Modesty becomes the fair, and moreover laughter that has little cause is great silliness; this, however, I say not to pain or anger you, for my desire is none other than to serve you."

The incomprehensible language and the unpromising looks of our cavalier only increased the ladies' laughter, and that increased his irritation, and matters might have gone farther if at that moment the landlord had not come out, who, being a very fat man, was a very peaceful one. He, seeing this grotesque figure clad in armor that did not match any more than his saddle, bridle, lance, buckler, or corselet, was not at all indisposed to join the damsels in their manifestations of amusement; but, in truth, standing in awe of such a complicated armament, he thought

it best to speak him fairly, so he said, "Señor Caballero, if your worship wants lodging, bating the bed (for there is not one in the inn), there is plenty of everything else here." Don Quixote, observing the respectful bearing of the Alcaide¹ of the fortress (for so innkeeper and inn seemed in his eyes), made answer, "Sir Castellan, for me anything will suffice, for

"My armor is my only wear,
My only rest the fray."

The host fancied he called him Castellan because he took him for a "worthy of Castile," though he was in fact an Andalusian, and as crafty as any thief, and as full of tricks as a student or a page. "In that case," said he, "you may dismount and safely reckon on any quantity of sleeplessness under this roof for a twelvemonth, not to say for a single night."

So saying, he advanced to hold the stirrup for Don Quixote, who got down with great difficulty and exertion (for he had not broken his fast all day), and then charged the host to take great care of his horse, as he was the best bit of flesh that ever ate bread in this world. The landlord eyed him over, but did not find him as good as Don Quixote said, nor even half as good; and putting him up in the stable, he returned to see what might be wanted by his guest, whom the damsels, who had by this time made their peace with him, were now relieving of his armor. They had taken off his breastplate and backpiece, but they neither

¹ *Alcaide* : a commander of a castle.

knew nor saw how to open his gorget or remove his make-shift helmet, for he had fastened it with green ribbons, which, as there was no untying the knots, required to be cut. This, however, he would not by any means consent to, so he remained all the evening with his helmet on, the drollest and oddest figure that can be imagined ; and while they were removing his armor, taking the baggages who were about it for ladies of high degree belonging to the castle, he said to them with great sprightliness : —

“ Oh, never, surely, was there knight
So served by hand of dame,
As served was he, Don Quixote hight,
When from his town he came ;
With maidens waiting on himself,
Princesses on his hack —

— or Rocinante, for that, ladies mine, is my horse's name, and Don Quixote of La Mancha is my own ; for though I had no intention of declaring myself until my achievements in your service and honor had made me known, the necessity of adapting that old ballad to the present occasion has given you the knowledge of my name altogether prematurely. A time, however, will come for your ladyships to command and me to obey, and then the might of my arm will show my desire to serve you.”

The girls, who were not used to hearing rhetoric of this sort, had nothing to say in reply ; they only asked him if he wanted anything to eat. “ I would gladly eat a bit of something,” said Don Quixote, “ for I feel it would come very seasonably.”

The day happened to be a Friday, and in the whole inn there was nothing but some pieces of the fish they call "troutlet" ; so they asked him if he thought he could eat troutlet, for there was no other fish to give him. "If there be troutlets enough," said Don Quixote, "they will be the same thing as a trout ; for it is all one to me whether I am given eight reals in small change or a piece of eight ; moreover, it may be that these troutlets are like veal, which is better than beef, or kid, which is better than goat. But whatever it be let it come quickly, for the burden and pressure of arms cannot be borne without support to the inside."

They laid a table for him at the door of the inn for the sake of the air, and the host brought him a portion of ill-soaked and worse cooked stockfish, and a piece of bread as black and mouldy as his own armor ; but a laughable sight it was to see him eating, for having his helmet on and the beaver up, he could not with his own hands put anything into his mouth unless some one else placed it there, and this service one of the ladies rendered him. But to give him anything to drink was impossible, or would have been had not the landlord bored a reed, and putting one end in his mouth poured the wine into him through the other ; all which he bore with patience rather than sever the ribbons of his helmet.

While this was going on there came up to the inn a pig-tender who, as he approached, sounded his reed pipe four or five times, and thereby completely convinced Don Quixote that he was in some famous

castle, and that they were regaling him with music, and that the stockfish was trout, the bread the whitest, the wenches ladies, and the landlord the castellan of the castle ; and consequently he held that his enterprise and sally had been to some purpose. But still it distressed him to think he had not been dubbed a knight, for it was plain to him he could not lawfully engage in any adventure without receiving the order of knighthood.

CHAPTER III

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE DROLL WAY IN WHICH DON
QUIXOTE HAD HIMSELF DUBBED A KNIGHT

HARASSED by this reflection, he made haste with his scanty pothouse supper, and having finished it called the landlord, and shutting himself into the stable with him, fell on his knees before him, saying, "From this spot I rise not, valiant knight, until your courtesy grants me the boon I seek, one that will redound to your praise and the benefit of the human race."

The landlord, seeing his guest at his feet and hearing a speech of this kind, stood staring at him in bewilderment, not knowing what to do or say, and entreating him to rise, but all to no purpose until he had agreed to grant the boon demanded of him. "I looked for no less, my lord, from your High Magnificence," replied Don Quixote, "and I have to tell you that the boon I have asked and your liberality has granted is that you shall dub me knight to-morrow morning, and that to-night I shall watch my arms in the chapel of this your castle ; thus to-morrow, as I have said, will be accomplished what I so much desire, enabling me lawfully to roam through all the four quarters of the world seeking adventures on behalf of those in distress,

as is the duty of chivalry and of knights-errant like myself, whose ambition is directed to such deeds."

The landlord, who, as has been mentioned, was something of a wag, and had already some suspicion of his guest's want of wits, was quite convinced of it on hearing talk of this kind from him, and to make sport for the night he determined to fall in with his humor. So he told him he was quite right in pursuing the object he had in view, and that such a motive was natural and becoming in cavaliers as distinguished as he seemed and his gallant bearing showed him to be ; and that he himself in his younger days had followed the same honorable calling, roaming in quest of adventures in various parts of the world, among others the Curing-grounds of Malaga, the Precinct of Seville, the Little Market of Segovia, the Taverns of Toledo, and divers other quarters, where he had proved the nimbleness of his feet and the lightness of his fingers, doing many wrongs, cheating many widows, and swindling minors, and, in short, bringing himself under the notice of almost every tribunal and court of justice in Spain ; until at last he had retired to this castle of his, where he was living on his property and on that of others ; and where he received all knights-errant, of whatever rank or condition they might be, all for the great love he bore them and that they might share their substance with him in return for his benevolence. He told him, moreover, that in this castle of his there was no chapel in which he could watch his armor, as it had been pulled down in order to be rebuilt, but that in a case of necessity it might, he knew, be

watched anywhere, and he might watch it that night in a courtyard of the castle, and in the morning, God willing, the requisite ceremonies might be performed so as to have him dubbed a knight, and so thoroughly dubbed that nobody could be more so. He asked if he had any money with him, to which Don Quixote replied that he had not a farthing, as in the histories of knights-errant he had never read of any of them carrying any.

On this point the landlord told him he was mistaken; for, though not recorded in the histories, because in the author's opinion there was no need to mention anything so obvious and necessary as money and clean shirts, it was not to be supposed therefore that they did not carry them, and he might regard it as certain and established that all knights-errant (about whom there were so many full and unimpeachable books) carried well-furnished purses in case of emergency, and likewise carried shirts and a little box of ointment to cure the wounds they received. For in those plains and deserts where they engaged in combat and came out wounded, it was not always that there was some one to cure them, unless indeed they had for a friend some sage magician to succor them at once by fetching through the air on a cloud some damsel or dwarf with a vial of water of such virtue that by tasting one drop of it they were cured of their hurts and wounds in an instant and left as sound as if they had not received any damage whatever. But in case this should not occur, the knights of old took care to see that their squires were

provided with money and other requisites, such as lint and ointments for healing purposes ; and when it happened that knights had no squires (which was rarely and seldom the case) they themselves carried everything in cunning saddle-bags. He therefore advised him (and, as his godson so soon to be, he might even command him) never from that time forth to travel without money and the usual requirements, and he would find the advantage of them when he least expected it.

Don Quixote promised to follow his advice scrupulously, and it was arranged forthwith that he should watch his armor in a large yard at one side of the inn ; so, collecting it all together, Don Quixote placed it on a trough that stood by the side of a well, and bracing his buckler on his arm he grasped his lance and began with a stately air to march up and down in front of the trough, and as he began his march night began to fall.

The landlord told all the people who were in the inn about the craze of his guest, the watching of the armor, and the dubbing ceremony he contemplated. Full of wonder at so strange a form of madness, they flocked to see it from a distance, and observed with what composure he sometimes paced up and down, or sometimes, leaning on his lance, gazed on his armor without taking his eyes off it for ever so long ; and as the night closed in with a full moon everything the novice knight did was plainly seen by all.

Meanwhile one of the carriers who were in the inn thought fit to water his team, and it was necessary to

remove Don Quixote's armor as it lay on the trough ; but he seeing the other approach hailed him in a loud voice, "O thou, whoever thou art, rash knight that comest to lay hands on the armor of the most valorous errant that ever girt on sword, have a care what thou dost ; touch it not unless thou wouldst lay down thy life as the penalty of thy rashness."

The carrier gave no heed to these words (and he would have done better to heed them if he had been heedful of his health), but seizing it by the straps flung the armor some distance from him. Seeing this, Don Quixote raised his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts on his lady Dulcinea, exclaimed, "Aid me, lady mine, in this the first encounter that presents itself to this breast which thou holdest in subjection ; let not thy favor and protection fail me in this first jeopardy ;" and with these words and others to the same purpose, dropping his buckler he lifted his lance with both hands and with it smote such a blow on the carrier's head that he stretched him on the ground so stunned that had he followed it up with a second there would have been no need of a surgeon to cure him. This done, he picked up his armor and returned to his beat with the same serenity as before.

At the noise all the people of the inn ran to the spot, and among them the landlord. Seeing this, Don Quixote braced his buckler on his arm, and with his hand on his sword exclaimed, "O Lady of Beauty, strength and support of my faint heart, it is time for thee to turn the eyes of thy greatness on

this thy captive knight on the brink of so mighty an adventure."

By this he felt himself so inspirited that he would not have flinched if all the carriers in the world had assailed him. The comrades of the wounded, perceiving the plight they were in, began from a distance to shower stones on Don Quixote, who screened himself as best he could with his buckler, not daring to quit the trough and leave his armor unprotected. The landlord shouted to them to leave him alone, for he had already told them that he was mad, and as a madman he would not be accountable even if he killed them all. Still louder shouted Don Quixote, calling them knaves and traitors, and the lord of the castle, who allowed knights-errant to be treated in this fashion, a villain and a low-born knight whom, had he received the order of knighthood, he would call to account for his treachery. "But of you," he cried, "base and vile rabble, I make no account; fling, strike, come on, do all ye can against me, ye shall see what the reward of your folly and insolence will be."

This he uttered with so much spirit and boldness that he filled his assailants with a terrible fear, and as much for this reason as at the persuasion of the landlord they left off stoning him, and he allowed them to carry off the wounded carrier, and with the same calmness and composure as before resumed the watch over his armor.

But these freaks of his guest were not much to the liking of the landlord, so he determined to cut matters short and confer on him at once the unlucky

order of knighthood before any further misadventure could occur ; so, going up to him, he apologized for the rudeness which, without his knowledge, had been offered to him by these low people, who, however, had been well punished for their audacity. As he had already told him, he said, there was no chapel in the castle, nor was it needed for what remained to be done, for, as he understood the ceremonial of the order, the whole point of being dubbed a knight lay in the accolade and in the slap on the shoulder, and that could be administered in the middle of a field ; and that he had now done all that was needful as to watching the armor, for all requirements were satisfied by a watch of two hours only, while he had been more than four about it. Don Quixote believed it all, and told him he stood there ready to obey him, and to make an end of it with as much despatch as possible ; for if he were again attacked, and felt himself to be a dubbed knight, he would not, he thought, leave a soul alive in the castle, except such as out of respect he might spare at his bidding.

Thus warned and menaced, the castellan forthwith brought out a book in which he used to enter the straw and barley he served out to the carriers, and, with a lad carrying a candle-end, and the two damsels already mentioned, he returned to where Don Quixote stood, and bade him kneel down. Then, reading from his account-book as if he were repeating some devout prayer, in the middle of his delivery he raised his hand and gave him a sturdy blow on the neck, and then, with his own sword, a smart slap on the shoul-

der, all the while muttering between his teeth as if he was saying his prayers. Having done this, he directed one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with great self-possession and gravity, and not a little was required to prevent a burst of laughter at each stage of the ceremony; but what they had already seen of the novice knight's prowess kept their laughter within bounds. On girding him with the sword the worthy lady said to him, "May God make your worship a very fortunate knight, and grant you success in battle."

Don Quixote asked her name in order that he might from that time forward know to whom he was beholden for the favor he had received, as he meant to confer on her some portion of the honor he acquired by the might of his arm. She answered with great humility that she was called La Tolosa, and that she was the daughter of a cobbler of Toledo, and that wherever she might be she would serve and esteem him as her lord. Don Quixote said in reply that she would do him a favor if thenceforward she called herself Doña Tolosa. She promised she would, and then the other buckled on his spur, and with her followed almost the same conversation as with the lady of the sword.

Having thus, with hot haste and speed, brought to a conclusion these never-till-now-seen ceremonies, Don Quixote was on thorns until he saw himself on horseback sallying forth in quest of adventures; and saddling Rocinante at once he mounted, and embracing his host, as he returned thanks for his kindness in

knighting him, he addressed him in language so extraordinary that it is impossible to convey an idea of it or report it. The landlord, to get him out of the inn, replied with no less rhetoric though with shorter words, and without calling on him to pay the reckoning let him go with a Godspeed.

CHAPTER IV

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR KNIGHT WHEN HE LEFT
THE INN

DAY was dawning when Don Quixote quitted the inn, so happy, so gay, so exhilarated at finding himself dubbed a knight, that his joy was like to burst his horse-girths. However, recalling the advice of his host as to the requisites he ought to carry with him, especially that referring to money and shirts, he determined to go home and provide himself with all, and also with a squire, for he reckoned on securing a farm-laborer, a neighbor of his, a poor man with a family, but very well qualified for the office of squire to a knight. With this object he turned his horse's head towards his village, and Rocinante, thus reminded of his old quarters, stepped out so briskly that he hardly seemed to tread the earth.

He had not gone far, when out of a thicket on his right there seemed to come feeble cries as of some one in distress, and the instant he heard them he exclaimed, "Thanks be to heaven for the favor it accords me, that it so soon offers me an opportunity of fulfilling the obligation I have undertaken, and gathering the fruit of my ambition. These cries, no doubt, come from some man or woman in want of help, and needing my aid and protection ;" and wheel-

ing, he turned Rocinante in the direction whence the cries seemed to proceed. He had gone but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and tied to another, and stripped from the waist upwards, a youth of about fifteen years of age, from whom the cries came. Nor were they without cause, for a lusty farmer was flogging him with a belt and following up every blow with scoldings and commands, repeating, "Your mouth shut and your eyes open!" while the youth made answer, "I won't do it again, master mine; I won't do it again, and I'll take more care of the flock another time."

Seeing what was going on, Don Quixote said in an angry voice, "Discourteous knight, it ill becomes you to assail one who cannot defend himself; mount your steed and take your lance" (for there was a lance leaning against the oak to which the mare was tied), "and I will make you know that you are behaving as a coward."

The farmer, seeing before him this figure in full armor brandishing a lance over his head, gave himself up for dead, and made answer meekly, "Sir Knight, this youth that I am chastising is my servant, employed by me to watch a flock of sheep that I have hard by, and he is so careless that I lose one every day, and when I punish him for his carelessness and knavery he says I do it out of niggardliness, to escape paying him the wages I owe him, and before God, and on my soul, he lies."

"Lies before me, base clown!" said Don Quixote. "By the sun that shines on us I have a mind to run

you through with this lance. Pay him at once without another word : if not, by the God that rules us I will make an end of you, and annihilate you on the spot; release him instantly."

The farmer hung his head, and without a word untied his servant, of whom Don Quixote asked how much his master owed him.

He replied, nine months at seven reals a month. Don Quixote added it up, found that it came to sixty-three reals, and told the farmer to pay it down immediately, if he did not want to die for it.

The trembling clown replied that as he lived it was not so much; for there were to be taken into account and deducted three pairs of shoes he had given him, and a real for two blood-lettings when he was sick.

"All that is very well," said Don Quixote; "but let the shoes and the blood-lettings stand as a set-off against the blows you have given him without any cause; for if he spoiled the leather of the shoes you paid for, you have damaged that of his body, and if the barber took blood from him when he was sick, you have drawn it when he was sound; so on that score he owes you nothing."

"The difficulty is, Sir Knight, that I have no money here; let Andres come home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real."

"I go with him!" said the youth. "Nay, God forbid! no, señor, not for the world; for once alone with me, he would flay me like a Saint Bartholomew."

"He will do nothing of the kind," said Don Qui-

xote ; " I have only to command, and he will obey me ; and as he has sworn to me by the order of knighthood which he has received, I leave him free, and I guarantee the payment."

" Consider what you are saying, señor," said the youth ; " this master of mine is not a knight, nor has he received any order of knighthood ; for he is Juan Haldudo the Rich, of Quintanar."

" That matters little," replied Don Quixote ; " there may be Haldudo knights ; moreover, every one is the son of his works."

" That is true," said Andres ; " but this master of mine — of what works is he the son, when he refuses me the wages of my sweat and labor?"

" I do not refuse, brother Andres," said the farmer ; " be good enough to come along with me, and I swear by all the orders of knighthood there are in the world to pay you as I have agreed, real by real."

" See that you do as you have sworn," said Don Quixote ; " if not, by the same oath I swear to come back and hunt you out and punish you ; and I shall find you though you should lie closer than a lizard. And if you desire to know who it is lays this command on you, that you may be more firmly bound to obey it, know that I am the valorous Don Quixote of La Mancha, the undoer of wrongs and injustices ; and so, God be with you, and keep in mind what you have promised and sworn under those penalties that have been already declared to you."

So saying, he gave Rocinante the spur and was soon out of reach. The farmer followed him with his

eyes, and when he saw that he had cleared the wood and was no longer in sight, he turned to his boy Andres, and said, "Come here, my son, I want to pay you what I owe you, as that undoer of wrongs has commanded me."

"My oath on it," said Andres, "your worship will be well advised to obey the command of that good knight — may he live a thousand years — for, as he is a valiant and just judge, if you do not pay me, he will come back and do as he said."

"My oath on it, too," said the farmer; "but as I have a strong affection for you, I want to add to the debt in order to add to the payment;" and seizing him by the arm, he tied him up to the oak again, where he gave him another flogging.

"Now, Master Andres," said the farmer, "call on the undoer of wrongs; you will find he won't undo that, though I am not sure that I have quite done with you, for I have a good mind to flay you alive as you feared." But at last he untied him, and gave him leave to go look for his judge in order to put the sentence pronounced into execution.

Andres went off rather down in the mouth, swearing he would go to look for the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha and tell him exactly what had happened, and that all would have to be repaid him sevenfold; but for all that, he went off weeping, while his master stood laughing.

Thus did the valiant Don Quixote right that wrong, and, thoroughly satisfied with what had taken place, as he considered he had made a very happy and

noble beginning with his knighthood, he took the road towards his village in perfect self-content, saying in a low voice, "Well mayest thou this day call thyself fortunate above all on earth, O Dulcinea del Toboso, fairest of the fair ! since it has fallen to thy lot to hold subject and submissive to thy full will and pleasure a knight so renowned as is and will be Don Quixote of La Mancha, who, as all the world knows, yesterday received the order of knighthood, and hath to-day righted the greatest wrong and grievance that ever injustice conceived and cruelty perpetrated : who hath to-day plucked the rod from the hand of yonder ruthless oppressor so wantonly lashing that tender child."

He now came to a road branching in four directions, and immediately he was reminded of those cross-roads where knights-errant used to stop to consider which road they should take. In imitation of them he halted for a while, and after having deeply considered it, he gave Rocinante his head, submitting his own will to that of his hack, who followed out his first intention, which was to make straight for his own stable. After he had gone about two miles Don Quixote perceived a large party of people, who, as afterwards appeared, were some Toledo traders, on their way to buy silk at Murcia. There were six of them coming along under their sunshades, with four servants mounted, and three muleteers on foot. Scarcely had Don Quixote descried them when the fancy possessed him that this must be some new adventure ; and to help him to imitate as far as he

could those passages at arms he had read of in his books, here seemed to come one made on purpose, which he resolved to attempt. So with a lofty bearing and determination he fixed himself firmly in his stirrups, got his lance ready, brought his buckler before his breast, and planting himself in the middle of the road, stood waiting the approach of these knights-errant, for such he now considered and held them to be ; and when they had come near enough to see and hear, he exclaimed with a haughty gesture, "All the world stand, unless all the world confess that in all the world there is no maiden fairer than the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso."

The traders halted at the sound of this language and the sight of the strange figure that uttered it, and from both figure and language at once guessed the craze of their owner ; they wished, however, to learn quietly what was the object of this confession that was demanded of them, and one of them, who was rather fond of a joke and was very sharp-witted, said to him, "Sir Knight, we do not know who this good lady is that you speak of ; show her to us, for, if she be of such beauty as you suggest, with all our hearts and without any pressure we will confess the truth that is on your part required of us."

"If I were to show her to you," replied Don Quixote, "what merit would you have in confessing a truth so manifest? The essential point is that without seeing her you must believe, confess, affirm, swear, and defend it ; else ye have to do with me in battle,

ill-conditioned, arrogant rabble that ye are ; and come ye on, one by one as the order of knighthood requires, or all together as is the custom and vile usage of your breed, here do I abide and await you, relying on the justice of the cause I maintain."

"Sir Knight," replied the trader, "I entreat your worship in the name of this present company of princes, that, to save us from charging our consciences with the confession of a thing we have never seen or heard of, your worship will be pleased to show us some portrait of this lady, though it be no bigger than a grain of wheat ; for in this way we shall be satisfied and easy, and you will be content and pleased ; nay, I believe we are already so far agreed with you that even though her portrait should show her blind of one eye, and distilling vermilion and sulphur from the other, we would nevertheless, to gratify your worship, say all in her favor that you desire."

"She distils nothing of the kind, vile rabble," said Don Quixote, burning with rage, "nothing of the kind, I say, nor is she one-eyed or humpbacked, but straighter than a spindle : but ye must pay for the blasphemy ye have uttered against beauty like that of my lady."

And so saying he charged with levelled lance against the one who had spoken, with such fury and fierceness that, if luck had not contrived that Rocinante should stumble midway and come down, it would have gone hard with the rash trader. Down went Rocinante, and over went his master, rolling

along the ground for some distance ; and when he tried to rise he was unable, so encumbered was he with lance, buckler, spurs, helmet, and the weight of his old armor ; and all the while he was struggling to get up, he kept saying, " Fly not, cowards and caitiffs ! stay, for not by my fault, but my horse's, am I stretched here."

One of the muleteers in attendance, who could not have had much good nature in him, hearing the poor prostrate man blustering in this style, was unable to refrain from giving him an answer on his ribs ; and coming up to him he seized his lance, and having broken it in pieces, with one of them he began so to belabor our Don Quixote that, notwithstanding and in spite of his armor, he milled him like a measure of wheat. His masters called out not to lay on so hard and to leave him alone, but the muleteer's blood was up, and he did not care to drop the game until he had vented the rest of his wrath, and gathering up the remaining fragments of the lance he finished with a discharge on the unhappy victim, who all through the storm of sticks that rained on him never ceased threatening heaven, and earth, and the brigands, for such they seemed to him. At last the muleteer was tired, and the traders continued their journey, taking with them matter for talk about the poor fellow who had been cudgelled. He when he found himself alone made another effort to rise ; but if he was unable when whole and sound, how was he to rise after having been thrashed and well-nigh knocked to pieces ? And yet he esteemed himself fortunate, as

it seemed to him that this was a regular knight-errant's mishap, and entirely, he considered, the fault of his horse. However, battered in body as he was, to rise was beyond his power.

Finding, then, that in fact he could not move, he bethought himself of having recourse to his usual remedy, which was to think of some passage in his books, and his craze brought to his mind that about Baldwin and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain side, a story known by heart by the children, not forgotten by the young men, and lauded and even believed by the old folk ; and for all that not a whit truer than the miracles of Mahomet. This seemed to him to fit exactly the case in which he found himself, so, making a show of severe suffering, he began to roll on the ground and with feeble breath repeat the very words which the wounded knight of the wood is said to have uttered : —

Where art thou, lady mine, that thou
My sorrow dost not rue?
Thou canst not know it, lady mine,
Or else thou art untrue.

And so he went on with the ballad as far as the lines : —

O noble Marquis of Mantua,
My uncle and liege lord !

As chance would have it, when he had got to this line there happened to come by a peasant from his own village, a neighbor of his, who had been with a load of wheat to the mill, and he, seeing the man

stretched there, came up to him and asked him who he was and what was the matter with him that he complained so dolefully.

Don Quixote was firmly persuaded that this was the Marquis of Mantua, his uncle, so the only answer he made was to go on with his ballad, in which he told the tale of his misfortune, and of the loves of the Emperor's son and his wife, all exactly as the ballad sings it.

The peasant stood amazed at hearing such nonsense, and relieving him of the visor, already battered to pieces by blows, he wiped his face, which was covered with dust, and as soon as he had done so he recognized him and said, "Señor Don Quixada" (for so he appears to have been called when he was in his senses and had not yet changed from a quiet country gentleman into a knight-errant), "who has brought your worship to this pass?" But to all questions the other only went on with his ballad.

Seeing this, the good man removed as well as he could his breastplate and backpiece to see if he had any wound, but he could perceive no blood nor any mark whatever. He then contrived to raise him from the ground, and with no little difficulty hoisted him on his ass, which seemed to him to be the easiest mount for him, and collecting the arms, even to the splinters of the lance, he tied them on Rocinante, and leading him by the bridle and the ass by the halter he took the road for the village, very sad to hear what absurd stuff Don Quixote was talking. Nor was Don Quixote less so, for what with blows and bruises he

could not sit upright on the ass, and from time to time he sent up sighs to heaven, so that once more he drove the peasant to ask what ailed him. And it could have been only the devil himself that put into his head tales to match his own adventures, for now, forgetting Baldwin, he bethought himself of the Moor Abindarraez, when Rodrigo de Narvaez took him prisoner and carried him away to his castle ; so that when the peasant again asked him how he was and what ailed him, he gave him for reply the same words and phrases that the captive gave to Rodrigo, just as he had read the story, applying it to his own case so aptly that the peasant went along cursing his fate that he had to listen to such a lot of nonsense ; from which, however, he came to the conclusion that his neighbor was mad, and so made all haste to reach the village to escape the wearisomeness of this harangue of Don Quixote's ; who, at the end of it, said, "Señor Don Rodrigo, your worship must know that this fair Xarifa I have mentioned is now the lovely Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have done, am doing, and will do the most famous deeds of chivalry that in this world have been seen, are to be seen, or ever shall be seen."

To this the peasant answered, "Señor — sinner that I am ! — cannot your worship see that I am not Don Rodrigo nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonso your neighbor, and that your worship is neither Baldwin nor Abindarraez, but the worthy gentleman Señor Quixada ?"

"I know who I am," replied Don Quixote, "and I

know that I may be not only those I have named, but all the Twelve Peers of France and even all the Nine Worthies, since my achievements surpass all that they have done all together and each of them on his own account."

With this talk and more of the same kind they reached the village just as night was beginning to fall, but the peasant waited until it was a little later that the belabored gentleman might not be seen riding in such a miserable trim. When it was what seemed to him the proper time he entered the village and went to Don Quixote's house, which he found all in confusion, and there were the curate and the village barber, who were great friends of Don Quixote, and his house-keeper was saying to them in a loud voice, "What does your worship think can have befallen my master, señor licentiate Pero Perez?" for so the curate was called; "it is two days now since anything has been seen of him, or the hack, or the buckler, lance, or armor. Miserable me! I am certain of it, and it is as true as that I was born to die, that these accursed books of chivalry he has got into the way of reading so constantly, have upset his reason; for now I remember having often heard him saying to himself that he would turn knight-errant and go all over the world in quest of adventures. To destruction and Barabbas with such books, that have brought to ruin in this way the finest understanding there was in all La Mancha!"

The niece said the same, and, indeed, more: "You must know, Master Nicholas" — for that was the name

of the barber — “it was often my uncle’s way to stay days and nights together poring over these unholy books of misventures, after which he would fling the book away and snatch up his sword and fall to slashing the walls ; and when he was tired out he would say he had killed four giants like four towers ; and the sweat that flowed from him when he was weary he said was the blood of the wounds he had received in battle ; and then he would drink a great jug of cold water and become calm and quiet, saying that this water was a most precious potion which the sage Esquife, a great magician and friend of his, had brought him. But I take all the blame on myself for never having told your worships of my uncle’s vagaries, that you might put a stop to them before things had come to this pass, and burn all these accursed books — for he has a great number — that richly deserve to be burned like heretics.”

“So say I too,” said the curate, “and by my faith to-morrow shall not pass without public judgment on them, and may they be condemned to the flames lest they lead those that read them to behave as my good friend seems to have behaved.”

All this the peasant heard, and from it he understood at last what was the matter with his neighbor, so he began calling aloud, “Open, your worships, to Señor Baldwin and to Señor the Marquis of Mantua, who comes badly wounded, and to Señor Abindarraez, the Moor, whom the valiant Rodrigo de Narvaez, brings captive.”

At these words they all hurried out, and when they recognized their friend, master, and uncle, who had not yet dismounted from the ass because he could not, they ran to embrace him.

"Hold !" said he, "for I am badly wounded through my horse's fault ; carry me to bed, and if possible send for the wise Urganda to cure and see to my wounds."

"See there ! plague on it !" cried the housekeeper at this ; "did not my heart tell the truth as to which foot my master went lame of ? To bed with your worship at once, and we will contrive to cure you here without fetching that Hurgada. A curse I say once more, and a hundred times more, on those books of chivalry that have brought your worship to such a pass."

They carried him to bed at once, and after searching for his wounds could find none, but he said they were all bruises from having had a severe fall with his horse Rocinante when in combat with ten giants, the biggest and the boldest to be found on earth.

"So, so !" said the curate, "are there giants in the dance ? By the sign of the cross I will burn them to-morrow before the day is over."

They put a host of questions to Don Quixote, but his only answer to all was — give him something to eat, and leave him to sleep, for that was what he needed most. They did so, and the curate questioned the peasant at great length as to how he had found Don Quixote. He told him all, and the non-

sense he had talked when found and on the way home, all which made the licentiate the more eager to do what he did the next day, which was to summon his friend the barber, Master Nicholas, and go with him to Don Quixote's house.

CHAPTER V

OF THE DIVERTING AND IMPORTANT SCRUTINY WHICH
THE CURATE AND THE BARBER MADE IN THE
LIBRARY OF OUR INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

HE was still sleeping ; so the curate asked the niece for the keys of the room where the books, the authors of all the mischief, were, and right willingly she gave them. They all went in, the housekeeper with them, and found more than a hundred volumes of big books very well bound, and some other small ones. The moment the housekeeper saw them she turned about and ran out of the room, and came back immediately with a saucer of holy water and a sprinkler, saying, "Here, your worship, señor licentiate, sprinkle this room ; don't leave any magician of the many there are in these books to bewitch us in revenge for our design of banishing them from the world."

The simplicity of the housekeeper made the licentiate laugh, and he directed the barber to give him the books one by one to see what they were about, as there might be some to be found among them that did not deserve the penalty of fire.

"No," said the niece, "there is no reason for showing mercy to any of them ; they have every one of

them done mischief; better fling them out of the window into the court and make a pile of them and set fire to them." The housekeeper said the same, so eager were they both for the slaughter of those innocents, but the curate would not agree to it without first reading at any rate the titles.

The first that Master Nicholas put into his hand was the four books of "Amadis of Gaul." "This seems a mysterious thing," said the curate, "for, as I have heard said, this was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, and from this all the others derive their birth and origin; so it seems to me that we ought inexorably to condemn it to the flames as the founder of so vile a sect."

"Nay, sir," said the barber, "I, too, have heard say that this is the best of all the books of this kind that have been written, and so, as something singular in its line, it ought to be pardoned."

"True," said the curate; "and for that reason let its life be spared for the present. Let us see that other which is next to it."

"It is," said the barber, "the 'Sergas de Esplandian.'"

"Take it, mistress housekeeper," said the curate; "open the window and fling it into the yard and lay the foundation of the pile for the bonfire we are to make."

The housekeeper obeyed with great satisfaction, and the worthy "Esplandian" went flying into the yard to await with all patience the fire that was in store for him.

"Proceed," said the curate.

"This that comes next," said the barber, "is 'Don Olivante de Laura.'"

"The author of that book," said the curate, "was the same that wrote 'The Garden of Flowers,' and truly there is no deciding which of the two books is the more truthful, or, to put it better, the less lying; all I can say is, send this one into the yard for a swaggering fool."

"This that follows is 'Florismarte of Hircania,'" said the barber.

"Señor Florismarte here?" said the curate; "then by my faith he must take up his quarters in the yard, in spite of his marvellous birth and visionary adventures, for the stiffness and dryness of his style deserve nothing else; into the yard with him and the other, mistress housekeeper."

"With all my heart, señor," said she, and executed the order with great delight.

"This," said the barber, "is 'The Knight Platir.'"

"An old book that," said the curate, "but I find no reason for clemency in it; send it after the others without appeal;" which was done.

Taking down another book, the barber said, "This is 'Palmerin de Oliva,'" and beside it was another called "Palmerin of England," seeing which the licentiate said: "Let the Olive be made firewood of at once and burned until no ashes even are left; and let that Palm of England be kept and preserved as a thing that stands alone. All the adventures at the Castle of Miraguarda are excellent and of admirable contriv-

ance, and the language is polished and clear, studying and observing the style befitting the speaker with propriety and judgment. So then, provided it seems good to you, Master Nicholas, I say let this and 'Amadis of Gaul' be remitted the penalty of fire, and as for all the rest, let them perish without further question or query."

"With all my heart," said the barber: and not caring to tire himself with reading more books of chivalry, he told the housekeeper to take all the big ones and throw them into the yard. It was not said to one dull or deaf, but to one who enjoyed burning them more than weaving the broadest and finest web that could be; and seizing about eight at a time, she flung them out of the window.

"But what are we to do with these little books that are left?" said the barber.

"These must be, not chivalry, but poetry," said the curate; "these," he said, "do not deserve to be burned like the others, for they neither do nor can do the mischief the books of chivalry have done, being books of entertainment that can hurt no one."

"Ah, señor!" said the niece, "your worship had better order these to be burned as well as the others; for it would be no wonder if, after being cured of his chivalry disorder, my uncle, by reading these, took a fancy to turn shepherd and range the woods and fields singing and piping; or, what would be still worse, to turn poet, which they say is an incurable and infectious malady."

"The damsel is right," said the curate, "and it will be well to put this stumbling-block and temptation

out of our friend's way. To begin, then, here is the ten books of the 'Fortune of Love,' written by Antonio de Lofraso."

"By the orders I have received," said the curate, "since Apollo has been Apollo, and the Muses have been Muses, and poets have been poets, so droll and absurd a book as this has never been written, and in its way it is the best and the most singular of all of this species that have as yet appeared, and he who has not read it may be sure he has never read what is delightful. Give it here, gossip."

He put it aside with extreme satisfaction, and the barber went on, "These that come next are 'The Shepherd of Iberia,' 'The Nymphs of Henares,' and 'The Enlightenment of Jealousy.'"

"Then all we have to do," said the curate, "is to hand them over to the housekeeper, and ask me not why, or we shall never have done."

"This next is the 'Pastor de Filida.'"

"No Pastor that," said the curate, "but a highly polished courtier; let it be preserved as a precious jewel."

The curate was tired and would not look into any more books, and so he decided that, "contents uncertified," all the rest should be burned; but just then the barber held open one, called "The Tears of Angelica."

"I should have shed tears myself," said the curate when he heard the title, "had I ordered that book to be burned, for its author was one of the famous poets of the world, not to say of Spain."

CHAPTER VI

OF THE SECOND SALLY OF OUR WORTHY KNIGHT DON
QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

AT this instant Don Quixote began shouting out, "Here, here, valiant knights ! here is need for you to put forth the might of your strong arms, for they of the Court are gaining the mastery in the tourney !" Called away by this noise and outcry, they proceeded no farther with the scrutiny of the remaining books.

When they reached Don Quixote he was already out of bed, and was still shouting and raving, and slashing and cutting all round, as wide awake as if he had never slept.

They closed with him and by force got him back to bed, and when he had become a little calm, addressing the curate, he said to him, "Of a truth, it is a great disgrace for us who call ourselves the Twelve Peers, so carelessly to allow the knights of the Court to gain the victory in this tourney, we the adventurers having carried off the honor on the three former days."

"Hush, gossip," said the curate ; "please God, the luck may turn, and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow ; for the present let your worship have a

care of your health, for it seems to me that you are over-fatigued, if not badly wounded."

"Wounded no," said Don Quixote, "but bruised and battered no doubt, for Don Roland has cudgelled me with the trunk of an oak tree, and all for envy, because he sees that I alone rival him in his achievements. But I should not call myself Reinaldos of Montalvan did he not pay me for it in spite of all his enchantments as soon as I rise from this bed. For the present let them bring me something to eat, for that, I feel, is what will be more to my purpose, and leave it to me to avenge myself."

They did as he wished; they gave him something to eat, and once more he fell asleep, leaving them marvelling at his madness.

That night the housekeeper burned to ashes all the books that were in the yard; and some must have been consumed that deserved preservation in everlasting archives, but their fate and the laziness of the examiner did not permit it.

One of the remedies which the curate and the barber immediately applied to their friend's disorder was to wall up and plaster the room where the books were, so that when he got up he should not find them (possibly the cause being removed, the effect might cease), and they might say that a magician had carried them off room and all; and this was done with all despatch. Two days later Don Quixote got up, and the first thing he did was to go and look at his books, and not finding the room where he had left it, he wandered from side to side looking for it. He came to the place

where the door used to be, and tried it with his hands, and turned and twisted his eyes in every direction without saying a word; but after a good while he asked his housekeeper whereabouts was the room that held his books.

The housekeeper, who had been already well instructed in what she was to answer, said, "What room or what nothing is it that your worship is looking for? There are neither room nor books in this house now, for the devil himself has carried all away."

"It was not the devil," said the niece, "but a magician who came on a cloud one night after the day your worship left this, and dismounting from a serpent that he rode he entered the room, and what he did there I know not, but after a little while he made off, flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had done we saw neither book nor room: but we remember very well, the housekeeper and I, that on leaving, the old villain said in a loud voice that, for a private grudge he owed the owner of the books and the room, he had done mischief in that house that would be discovered by-and-by: he said too that his name was the Sage Muñaton."

"He must have said Friston," said Don Quixote.

"I don't know whether he called himself Friston or Friton," said the housekeeper, "I only know that his name ended with 'ton.'"

"So it does," said Don Quixote, "and he is a sage magician, a great enemy of mine, who has a spite against me because he knows by his arts and lore that in process of time I am to engage in single combat

with a knight whom he befriends and that I am to conquer, and he will be unable to prevent it; and for this reason he endeavors to do me all the ill turns that he can; but I promise him it will be hard for him to oppose or avoid what is decreed by Heaven."

"Who doubts that?" said the niece; "but, uncle, who mixes you up in these quarrels? Would it not be better to remain at peace in your own house instead of roaming the world looking for better bread than ever came of wheat, never reflecting that many go for wool and come back shorn?"

"Oh, niece of mine," replied Don Quixote, "how much astray art thou in thy reckoning: ere they shear me I shall have plucked away and stripped off the beards of all who would dare to touch only the tip of a hair of mine."

The two were unwilling to make any further answer, as they saw that his anger was kindling.

In short, then, he remained at home fifteen days very quietly without showing any signs of a desire to take up with his former delusions, and during this time he held lively discussions with his two gossips, the curate and the barber, on the point he maintained, that knights-errant were what the world stood most in need of, and that in him was to be accomplished the revival of knight-errantry. The curate sometimes contradicted him, sometimes agreed with him, for if he had not observed this precaution he would have been unable to bring him to reason.

Meanwhile Don Quixote worked on a farm laborer, a neighbor of his, an honest man, but with very little

wit in his pate. In a word, he so talked him over, and with such persuasions and promises, that the poor clown made up his mind to sally forth with him and serve him as esquire. Don Quixote, among other things, told him he ought to be ready to go with him gladly, because any moment an adventure might occur that might win an island in the twinkling of an eye and leave him governor of it. On these and the like promises Sancho Panza (for so the laborer was called) left wife and children, and engaged himself as esquire to his neighbor. Don Quixote next set about getting some money ; and selling one thing and pawning another, and making a bad bargain in every case, he got together a fair sum. He provided himself with a buckler, which he begged as a loan from a friend, and, restoring his battered helmet as best he could, he warned his squire Sancho of the day and hour he meant to set out, that he might provide himself with what he thought most needful. Above all, he charged him to take alforjas¹ with him. The other said he would, and that he meant to take also a very good ass he had, as he was not much given to going on foot. About the ass, Don Quixote hesitated a little, trying whether he could call to mind any knight-errant taking with him an esquire mounted on ass-back, but no instance occurred to his memory. For all that, however, he determined to take him, intending to furnish him with a more honorable mount when a chance of it presented itself, by appropriating the horse of the

¹ *Alforjas* : a sort of double wallet serving for saddle-bags, but more frequently carried slung across the shoulder.

first discourteous knight he encountered. Himself he provided with shirts and such other things as he could ; all which being settled and done, without taking leave, Sancho Panza of his wife and children, or Don Quixote of his housekeeper and niece, they sallied forth unseen by anybody from the village one night, and made such good way in the course of it that by daylight they held themselves safe from discovery, even should search be made for them.

Sancho rode on his ass like a patriarch with his alforjas and bota,¹ and longing to see himself soon governor of the island his master had promised him. Don Quixote decided on taking the same route and road he had taken on his first journey, that over the Campo de Montiel, which he travelled with less discomfort than on the last occasion, for, as it was early morning and the rays of the sun fell on them obliquely, the heat did not distress them.

And now said Sancho Panza to his master, "Your worship will take care, Señor Knight-errant, not to forget about the island you have promised me, for be it ever so big I'll be equal to governing it."

To which Don Quixote replied, "Thou must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a practice very much in vogue with the knights-errant of old to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they won, and I am determined that there shall be no failure on my part in so liberal a custom ; on the contrary, I mean to improve on it, for they sometimes, and perhaps most frequently, waited until their squires were old, and then when they had had enough of service and

¹ *Bota* : a leathern wine-bag.

hard days and worse nights, they gave them some title or other, of count, or at the most marquis, of some valley or province more or less ; but if thou livest and I live, it may well be that before six days are over, I may have won some kingdom that has others dependent on it, which will be just the thing to enable thee to be crowned king of one of them. Nor needst thou count this wonderful, for things and chances fall to the lot of such knights in ways so unexampled and unexpected that I might easily give thee even more than I promise thee."

"In that case," said Sancho Panza, "if I should become a king by one of those miracles your worship speaks of, even Juana Gutierrez, my old woman, would come to be queen and my children princes and princesses."

"Well, who doubts it?" said Don Quixote.

"I doubt it," replied Sancho Panza, "because for my part I am persuaded that though God should shower down kingdoms on earth, not one of them would fit the head of Mari Gutierrez. Let me tell you, señor, she is not worth two maravedis for a queen ; countess will fit her better, and that only with God's help."

"Leave it to God, Sancho," returned Don Quixote, "for he will give her what suits her best ; but do not undervalue thyself so much as to come to be content with anything less than being governor of a province."

"I will not, señor," answered Sancho, "especially as I have a man of such quality for a master in your worship, who will be able to give me all that will be suitable for me and that I can bear."

CHAPTER VII

OF THE GOOD FORTUNE WHICH THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE
HAD IN THE TERRIBLE AND UNDREAMT-OF ADVENTURE
OF THE WINDMILLS, WITH OTHER OCCURRENCES
WORTHY TO BE FITLY RECORDED

AT this point they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills that there are on that plain, and as soon as Don Quixote saw them he said to his squire, "Fortune is arranging matters for us better than we could have shaped our desires ourselves, for look there, friend Sancho Panza, where thirty or more monstrous giants present themselves, all of whom I mean to engage in battle and slay, and with whose spoils we shall begin to make our fortunes ; for this is righteous warfare, and it is God's good service to sweep so evil a breed from off the face of the earth."

"What giants?" said Sancho Panza.

"Those thou seest there," answered his master, "with the long arms, and some have them nearly two leagues long."

"Look, your worship," said Sancho ; "what we see there are not giants but windmills, and what seem to be their arms are the sails that turned by the wind make the millstone go."

"It is easy to see," replied Don Quixote, "that thou art not used to this business of adventures ; those

are giants ; and if thou art afraid, away with thee out of this and betake thyself to prayer while I engage them in fierce and unequal combat."

So saying, he gave the spur to his steed Rocinante, heedless of the cries his squire Sancho sent after him, warning him that most certainly they were windmills and not giants he was going to attack. He, however, was so positive they were giants that he neither heard the cries of Sancho, nor perceived, near as he was, what they were, but made at them, shouting, "Fly not, cowards and vile beings, for it is a single knight that attacks you."

A slight breeze at this moment sprang up, and the great sails began to move, seeing which Don Quixote exclaimed, "Though ye flourish more arms than the giant Briareus, ye have to reckon with me."

So saying, and commending himself with all his heart to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her to support him in such a peril, with lance in rest and covered by his buckler, he charged at Rocinante's fullest gallop and fell on the first mill that stood in front of him ; but as he drove his lance-point into the sail the wind whirled it round with such force that it shattered the lance to pieces, sweeping with it horse and rider, who went rolling over on the plain, in a sorry condition. Sancho hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could go, and when he came up found him unable to move, with such a shock had Rocinante fallen with him.

"God bless me !" said Sancho, "did I not tell your worship to mind what you were about, for they



DON QUIXOTE ATTACKS THE WINDMILLS

were only windmills? and no one could have made any mistake about it but one who had something of the same kind in his head."

"Hush, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "the fortunes of war more than any other are liable to frequent fluctuations; and moreover I think, and it is the truth, that that same sage Friston who carried off my study and books has turned these giants into mills in order to rob me of the glory of vanquishing them, such is the enmity he bears me; but in the end his wicked arts will avail but little against my good sword."

"God order it as he may," said Sancho Panza, and helping him to rise got him up again on Rocinante, and then, discussing the late adventure, they followed the road to Puerto Lapice, for there, said Don Quixote, they could not fail to find adventures in abundance and variety, as it was a great thoroughfare. For all that, he was much grieved at the loss of his lance, and saying so to his squire, he added, "I remember having read how a Spanish knight, Diego Perez de Vargas by name, having broken his sword in battle, tore from an oak a ponderous bough or branch, and with it did such things that day, and pounded so many Moors, that he got the surname of Machuca,¹ and he and his descendants from that day forth were called Vargas y Machuca. I mention this because from the first oak I see I mean to rend such another branch, large and stout like that, with which I am determined and resolved to do such deeds that thou

¹ *Machuca* means "to pound."

mayest deem thyself very fortunate in being found worthy to come and see them, and be an eye-witness of things that will with difficulty be believed."

"Be that as God will," said Sancho, "I believe it all as your worship says it; but straighten yourself a little, for you seem all on one side, maybe from the shaking of the fall."

"That is the truth," said Don Quixote, "and if I make no complaint of the pain it is because knights-errant are not permitted to complain of any wound."

"If so," said Sancho, "I have nothing to say; but God knows I would rather your worship complained when anything ailed you. For my part, I confess I must complain however small the ache may be; unless indeed this rule about not complaining extends to the squires of knights-errant also."

Don Quixote could not help laughing at his squire's simplicity, and he assured him he might complain whenever and however he chose, just as he liked, for, so far, he had never read of anything to the contrary in the order of knighthood.

Sancho bade him remember it was dinner-time, to which his master answered that he wanted nothing himself just then, but that *he* might eat when he had a mind. With this permission Sancho settled himself as comfortably as he could on his beast, and taking out of the alforjas what he had stowed away in them, he jogged along behind his master munching deliberately, and from time to time taking a pull at the bota with a relish that the thirstiest tapster in Malaga might have envied; and while he went on in this way, gulp-

ing down draught after draught, he never gave a thought to any of the promises his master had made him, nor did he rate it as hardship but rather as recreation going in quest of adventures, however dangerous they might be. Finally they passed the night among some trees, from one of which Don Quixote plucked a dry branch to serve him after a fashion as a lance, and fixed on it the head he had removed from the broken one. All that night Don Quixote lay awake thinking of his lady Dulcinea, in order to conform to what he had read in his books, how many a night in the forests and deserts knights used to lie sleepless supported by the memory of their mistresses. Not so did Sancho Panza spend it, for having his stomach full of something stronger than chiccory water he made but one sleep of it, and, if his master had not called him, neither the rays of the sun beating on his face nor all the cheery notes of the birds welcoming the approach of day would have had power to waken him. On getting up he tried the bota and found it somewhat less full than the night before, which grieved his heart because they did not seem to be on the way to remedy the deficiency readily. Don Quixote did not care to break his fast, for, as has been already said, he confined himself to savory recollections for nourishment.

They returned to the road they had set out with, leading to Puerto Lapice, and at three in the afternoon they came in sight of it. "Here, brother Sancho Panza," said Don Quixote when he saw it, "we may plunge our hands up to the elbows in what they

call adventures ; but observe, even shouldst thou see me in the greatest danger in the world, thou must not put a hand to thy sword in my defence, unless indeed thou perceivest that those who assail me are rabble or base folk ; for in that case thou mayest very properly aid me ; but if they be knights it is on no account permitted or allowed thee by the laws of knighthood to help me until thou hast been dubbed a knight."

"Most certainly, señor," replied Sancho, "your worship shall be fully obeyed in this matter ; all the more as of myself I am peaceful and no friend to mixing in strife and quarrels : it is true that as regards the defence of my own person I shall not give much heed to those laws, for laws human and divine allow each one to defend himself against any assailant whatever."

"That I grant," said Don Quixote, "but in this matter of aiding me against knights thou must put a restraint on thy natural impetuosity."

"I will do so, I promise you," answered Sancho, "and I will keep this precept as carefully as Sunday."

While they were thus talking there appeared on the road two friars of the order of St. Benedict, mounted on two dromedaries, for not less tall were the two mules they rode on. They wore travelling spectacles and carried sunshades ; and behind them came a coach attended by four or five persons on horseback and two muleteers on foot. In the coach there was, as afterwards appeared, a Biscay lady on her way to Seville, where her husband was about to take passage for the Indies with an appointment of high honor.

The friars, though going the same road, were not in her company ; but the moment Don Quixote perceived them he said to his squire, " Either I am mistaken, or this is going to be the most famous adventure that has ever been seen, for those black bodies we see there must be, and doubtless are, magicians who are carrying off some stolen princess in that coach, and with all my might I must undo this wrong."

" This will be worse than the windmills," said Sancho. " Look, señor ; those are friars of St. Benedict, and the coach plainly belongs to some travellers : mind, I tell you to have a care what you are about and don't let the devil mislead you."

" I have told thee already, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, " that on the subject of adventures thou knowest little. What I say is the truth, as thou shalt see presently."

So saying, he advanced and posted himself in the middle of the road along which the friars were coming, and as soon as he thought they had come near enough to hear what he said, he cried aloud, " Devilish and unnatural beings, release instantly the high-born princesses whom you are carrying off by force in this coach, else prepare to meet a speedy death as the just punishment of your evil deeds."

The friars drew rein and stood wondering at the appearance of Don Quixote as well as at his words, to which they replied, " Señor Caballero, we are not devilish or unnatural, but two brothers of St. Benedict following our road, nor do we know whether or not there are any captive princesses coming in this coach."

"No soft words with me, for I know you, lying rabble," said Don Quixote, and without waiting for a reply he spurred Rocinante and with levelled lance charged the first friar with such fury and determination, that, if the friar had not flung himself off the mule, he would have brought him to the ground against his will, and sore wounded, if not killed outright. The second brother, seeing how his comrade was treated, drove his heels into his castle of a mule and made off across the country faster than the wind.

Sancho Panza, when he saw the friar on the ground, dismounting briskly from his ass, rushed towards him and began to strip off his gown. At that instant the friars' muleteers came up and asked what he was stripping him for. Sancho answered them that this fell to him lawfully as spoil of the battle which his lord Don Quixote had won. The muleteers, who had no idea of a joke and did not understand all this about battles and spoils, seeing that Don Quixote was some distance off talking to the travellers in the coach, fell on Sancho, knocked him down, and leaving hardly a hair in his beard, belabored him with kicks and left him stretched breathless and senseless on the ground; and without any more delay helped the friar to mount, who, trembling, terrified, and pale, as soon as he found himself in the saddle, spurred after his companion, who was standing at a distance looking on, watching the result of the onslaught; then, not caring to wait for the end of the affair just begun, they pursued their journey making more crosses than if they had the devil after them.

Don Quixote was, as has been said, speaking to the lady in the coach: "Your beauty, lady mine," said he, "may now dispose of your person as may be most in accordance with your pleasure, for the pride of your assailants lies prostrate on the ground through this strong arm of mine; and lest you should be pining to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote of La Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beautiful lady Dulcinea del Toboso: and in return for the service you have received of me I ask no more than that you should return to El Toboso, and on my behalf present yourself before that lady and tell her what I have done to set you free."

One of the squires in attendance on the coach, a Biscayan, was listening to all Don Quixote was saying, and, perceiving that he would not allow the coach to go on, but was saying it must return at once to El Toboso, he made at him, and seizing his lance addressed him in bad Castilian after this fashion, "Begone, caballero, and ill go with thee; by the God that made me, unless thou quittest coach, slayest thee as art here a Biscayan."

Don Quixote understood him quite well, and answered him very quietly, "If thou wert a knight, as thou art none, I should have already chastised thy folly and rashness, miserable creature." To which the Biscayan returned, "I no gentleman!—I swear to God thou liest as I am Christian: if thou droppest lance and drawest sword, soon shalt thou know what thou hast to deal with."

"You will see presently," replied Don Quixote ; and throwing his lance on the ground he drew his sword, braced his buckler on his arm, and attacked the Biscayan, bent on taking his life.

The Biscayan, when he saw him coming on, though he wished to dismount from his mule, in which, being one of those sorry ones let out for hire, he had no confidence, had no choice but to draw his sword ; it was lucky for him, however, that he was near the coach, from which he was able to snatch a cushion that served him for a shield ; and then they went at one another as if they had been two mortal enemies. The others strove to make peace between them, but could not, for the Biscayan declared in his disjointed phrase that if they did not let him finish his battle he would kill his mistress and every one that strove to prevent him. The lady in the coach, amazed and terrified at what she saw, ordered the coachman to draw aside a little, and set herself to watch this severe struggle, in the course of which the Biscayan smote Don Quixote a mighty stroke on the shoulder over the top of his buckler, which, given to one without armor, would have cleft him to the waist. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of this prodigious blow, cried aloud, saying, "O lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of beauty, come to the aid of this your knight, who, in fulfilling his obligations to your beauty, finds himself in this extreme peril."

To say this, to lift his sword, to shelter himself well behind his buckler, and to assail the Biscayan was the work of an instant, determined as he was to venture

all on a single blow. The Biscayan, seeing him come on in this way, was convinced of his courage by his spirited bearing, and resolved to follow his example, so he waited for him keeping well under cover of his cushion, being unable to execute any sort of manœuvre with his mule, which, dead tired and never meant for this kind of game, could not stir a step.

On, then, as aforesaid, came Don Quixote against the wary Biscayan, with a firm intention of splitting him in half, while on his side the Biscayan waited for him sword in hand, and under the protection of his cushion; and all present stood trembling, waiting in suspense the result of blows such as threatened to fall, and the lady in the coach and the rest of her following were making a thousand vows and offerings to all the images and shrines of Spain, that God might deliver her squire and all of them from this great peril in which they found themselves.

With trenchant swords upraised it seemed as though the two valiant and wrathful combatants stood threatening heaven, and earth, and hell, with such resolution and determination did they bear themselves. The fiery Biscayan was the first to strike a blow, which was delivered with such force and fury that had not the sword turned in its course, that single stroke would have sufficed to put an end to the bitter struggle and to all the adventures of our knight; but that good fortune which reserved him for greater things, turned aside the sword of his adversary, so that, although it smote him on the left shoulder, it did him no more harm than to strip all that side of its armor, carrying

away a great part of his helmet with half of his ear, all which with fearful ruin fell to the ground, leaving him in a sorry plight.

Who is there that could properly describe the rage that filled the heart of our Manchegan when he saw himself dealt with in this fashion? All that can be said is, it was such that he again raised himself in his stirrups, and, grasping his sword more firmly with both hands, he came down on the Biscayan with such fury, smiting him full over the cushion and over the head, that—even so good a shield proving useless—as if a mountain had fallen on him, he began to bleed from nose and mouth, reeling as if about to fall backwards from his mule, as no doubt he would have done had he not flung his arms about its neck; at the same time however, he slipped his feet out of the stirrups and then unclasped his arms, and the mule, taking fright at the terrible blow, made off across the plain, and with a few plunges flung its master to the ground.

Don Quixote stood looking on very calmly, and, when he saw him fall, leaped from his horse and with great briskness ran to him, and, presenting the point of his sword to his eyes, bade him surrender, or he would cut his head off. The Biscayan was so bewildered that he was unable to answer a word, and it would have gone hard with him, so blind was Don Quixote, had not the ladies in the coach, who had hitherto been watching the combat in great terror, hastened to where he stood and implored him with earnest entreaties to grant them the great grace and favor of sparing their squire's life; to which Don Quixote

replied with much gravity and dignity, "In truth, fair ladies, I am well content to do what ye ask of me ; but it must be on one condition and understanding, which is that this knight promise me to go to the village of El Toboso, and on my part present himself before the peerless lady Dulcinea, that she deal with him as shall be most pleasing to her."

The terrified and disconsolate ladies, without discussing Don Quixote's demand or asking who Dulcinea might be, promised that their squire should do all that had been commanded on his part.

"Then, on the faith of that promise," said Don Quixote, "I shall do him no further harm, though he well deserves it of me."

CHAPTER VIII

OF THE PLEASANT DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHE PANZA

BY this time Sancho had risen, rather the worse for the handling of the friars' muleteers, and stood watching the battle of his master, Don Quixote, and praying to God in his heart that it might be his will to grant him the victory, and that he might thereby win some island to make him governor of, as he had promised. Seeing, therefore, that the struggle was now over, and that his master was returning to mount Rocinante, he approached to hold the stirrup for him, and before he could mount, he went on his knees before him, and taking his hand, kissed it saying, "May it please your worship, Señor Don Quixote, to give me the government of that island which has been won in this hard fight, for be it ever so big I feel myself in sufficient force to be able to govern it as much and as well as any one in the world who has ever governed islands."

To which Don Quixote replied, "Thou must take notice, brother Sancho, that this adventure and those like it are not adventures of islands, but of cross-roads, in which nothing is got except a broken head or an ear the less: have patience, for adventures will pre-

sent themselves from which I may make you, not only a governor, but something more."

Sancho gave him many thanks, and again kissing his hand and the skirt of his hauberk, helped him to mount Rocinante, and mounting his ass himself, proceeded to follow his master, who at a brisk pace, without taking leave, or saying anything further to the ladies belonging to the coach, turned into a wood that was hard by. Sancho followed him at his ass's best trot, but Rocinante stepped out so that, seeing himself left behind, he was forced to call to his master to wait for him. Don Quixote did so, reining in Rocinante until his weary squire came up, who on reaching him said, "It seems to me, señor, it would be prudent in us to go and take refuge in some church, for, seeing how mauled he with whom you fought has been left, it will be no wonder if they give information of the affair to the Holy Brotherhood¹ and arrest us, and, faith, if they do, before we come out of jail we shall have to sweat for it."

"Peace," said Don Quixote; "where hast thou ever seen or heard that a knight-errant has been arraigned before a court of justice, however many homicides he may have committed?"

"I know nothing about homicides," answered Sancho, "nor in my life have had anything to do with one."

"Then thou needst have no uneasiness, my friend,"

¹ *Holy Brotherhood*: a tribunal with summary jurisdiction over offenders against life and property on the highways and outside of the municipal boundaries.

said Don Quixote, "for I will deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans, much more out of those of the Brotherhood. But tell me, as thou livest, hast thou seen a more valiant knight than I in all the known world ; hast thou read in history of any who has or had higher mettle in attack, more spirit in maintaining it, more dexterity in wounding or skill in overthrowing?"

"The truth is," answered Sancho, "that I have never read any history, for I can neither read nor write, but what I will venture to bet is that a more daring master than your worship I have never served in all the days of my life, and God grant that this daring be not paid for where I have said ; what I beg of your worship is to dress your wound, for a great deal of blood flows from that ear, and I have here some lint and a little white ointment in the alforjas."

"All that might be well dispensed with," said Don Quixote, "if I had remembered to make a vial of the balsam of Fierabras, for time and medicine are saved by one single drop."

"What vial and what balsam is that?" said Sancho Panza.

"It is a balsam," answered Don Quixote, "the receipt of which I have in my memory, with which one need have no fear of death, nor dread dying of any wound ; and so when I make it and give it to thee thou hast nothing to do when in some battle thou seest they have cut me in half through the middle of the body—as is wont to happen frequently—but neatly and with great nicety, ere the blood congeal, to

place that portion of the body which shall have fallen to the ground on the other half which remains in the saddle, taking care to fit it on evenly and exactly. Then thou shalt give me to drink but two drops of the balsam I have mentioned, and thou shalt see me become sounder than an apple."

"If that be so," said Panza, "I renounce henceforth the government of the promised island, and desire nothing more in payment of my many and faithful services than that your worship give me the receipt of this supreme liquor, for I am persuaded it will be worth more than two reals an ounce anywhere, and I want no more to pass the rest of my life in ease and honor; but it remains to be told if it costs much to make it."

"With less than three reals six quarts of it may be made," said Don Quixote.

"Sinner that I am!" said Sancho, "then why does your worship put off making it and teaching it to me?"

"Peace, friend," answered Don Quixote; "greater secrets I mean to teach thee and greater favors to bestow on thee; and for the present let us see to the dressing, for my ear pains me more than I could wish."

Sancho took out some lint and ointment from the alforjas; but when Don Quixote came to see his helmet shattered, he was like to lose his senses, and clapping his hand on his sword and raising his eyes to heaven, he said, "I swear by the Creator of all things and the four Gospels in their fullest extent, to do as the great Marquis of Mantua did when he swore to avenge the death of his nephew Baldwin

(and that was not to eat bread from a table-cloth, and other points which, though I cannot now call them to mind, I here grant as expressed), until I take complete vengeance on him who has committed such an offence against me."

Hearing this, Sancho said to him, "Your worship should bear in mind, Señor Don Quixote, that if the knight has done what was commanded him in going to present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will have done all that he was bound to do, and does not deserve further punishment unless he commits some new offence."

"Thou hast said well and hit the point," answered Don Quixote; "and so I recall the oath in so far as relates to taking fresh vengeance on him, but I make and confirm it anew to lead the life I have said until such time as I take by force from some knight another helmet such as this and as good."

"Señor," replied Sancho, "let your worship send all such oaths to the devil, for they are very pernicious to salvation and prejudicial to the conscience; just tell me now, if for several days to come we fall in with no man armed with an helmet, what are we to do? Is the oath to be observed in spite of all the inconvenience and discomfort it will be to sleep in your clothes, and not to sleep in a house, and a thousand other mortifications contained in the oath of that old fool the Marquis of Mantua, which your worship is now wanting to revive? Let your worship observe that there are no men in armor travelling on any of these roads, nothing but carriers and carters, who not

only do not wear helmets, but perhaps never heard tell of them all their lives."

"Thou art wrong there," said Don Quixote, "for we shall not have been two hours among these cross-roads before we see more men in armor than came to Albraca to win the fair Angelica."

"Enough," said Sancho; "so be it then, and God grant us success, and that the time for winning that island which is costing me so dear may soon come, and then let me die."

"I have already told thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "not to give thyself any uneasiness on that score. Let us leave that to its own time; see if thou hast anything for us to eat in those alforjas, because we must presently go in quest of some castle where we may lodge to-night and make the balsam I told thee of, for I swear to thee this ear is giving me great pain."

"I have here an onion and a little cheese and a few scraps of bread," said Sancho, "but they are not victuals fit for a valiant knight like your worship."

"How little thou knowest about it," answered Don Quixote; "I would have thee to know, Sancho, that it is the glory of knights-errant to go without eating for a month, and even when they do eat, that it should be of what comes first to hand; and this would have been clear to thee hadst thou read as many histories as I have, for, though they are very many, among them all I have found no mention made of knights-errant eating, unless by accident or at some sumptuous banquets prepared for them, and the rest of the time they

passed in dalliance. And though it is plain they could not do without eating, because, in fact, they were men like ourselves, it is plain too that, wandering as they did the most part of their lives through woods and wilds and without a cook, their most usual fare would be rustic viands such as those thou dost now offer me ; so that, friend Sancho, let not that distress thee which pleases me, and do not seek to make a new world or pervert knight-errantry."

"Pardon me, your worship," said Sancho, "for, as I cannot read or write, as I said just now, I neither know nor comprehend the rules of the profession of chivalry : henceforward I will stock the alforjas with every kind of dry fruit for your worship, as you are a knight ; and for myself, as I am not one, I will furnish them with poultry and other things more substantial."

"I do not say, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that it is imperative on knights-errant not to eat anything else but the fruits thou speakest of ; only that their more usual diet must be those, and certain herbs they found in the fields which they knew and I know too."

"A good thing it is," answered Sancho, "to know those herbs, for to my thinking it will be needful some day to put that knowledge into practice."

And here taking out what he said he had brought, the pair made their repast peaceably and sociably. But anxious to find quarters for the night, they with all despatch made an end of their poor dry fare, mounted at once, and made haste to reach some habitation before night set in ; but daylight and the hope

of succeeding in their object failed them close by the huts of some goatherds, so they determined to pass the night there, and it was as much to Sancho's discontent not to have reached a house, as it was to his master's satisfaction to sleep under the open heaven, for he fancied that each time this happened to him he performed an act that helped to prove his chivalry.

CHAPTER IX

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH CERTAIN GOAT-HERDS

HE was cordially welcomed by the goatherds, and Sancho, having as best he could put up Rocinante and the ass, drew towards the fragrance that came from some pieces of salted goat simmering in a pot on the fire ; and though he would have liked at once to try if they were ready to be transferred from the pot to the stomach, he refrained from doing so as the goatherds removed them from the fire, and laying sheepskins on the ground, quickly spread their rude table, and with signs of hearty good-will invited them both to share what they had. Round the skins six of the men belonging to the fold seated themselves, having first with rough politeness pressed Don Quixote to take a seat on a trough which they placed for him upside down. Don Quixote seated himself, and Sancho remained standing to serve the cup, which was made of horn. Seeing him standing, his master said to him, " That thou mayest see, Sancho, the good that knight-errantry contains in itself, and how those who fill any office in it are on the high road to be speedily honored and esteemed by the world, I desire that thou seat thyself here at my side and in the company of

these worthy people, and that thou be one with me who am thy master and natural lord, and that thou eat from my plate and drink from whatever I drink from ; for the same may be said of knight-errantry as of love, that it levels all."

"Great thanks," said Sancho, "but I may tell your worship that provided I have enough to eat, I can eat it as well, or better, standing, and by myself, than seated alongside of an emperor. And indeed if the truth is to be told, what I eat in my corner without form or fuss has much more relish for me, even though it be bread and onions, than the turkeys of those other tables where I am forced to chew slowly, drink little, wipe my mouth every minute, and cannot sneeze or cough if I want, or do other things that are the privileges of liberty and solitude."

"For all that," said Don Quixote, "thou must seat thyself, because him who humbleth himself God exalteth" ; and seizing him by the arm he forced him to sit down beside himself.

The goatherds did not understand this jargon, and all they did was to eat in silence and stare at their guests, who with great elegance and appetite were stowing away pieces as big as one's fist. The course of meat finished, they spread on the sheepskins a great heap of parched acorns, and with them they put down a half cheese harder than if it had been made of mortar. All this while the horn was not idle, for it went round so constantly, now full, now empty, that it soon drained one of the two wine-skins that were in sight. When Don Quixote had quite appeased his appetite,

he took up a handful of the acorns, and contemplating them attentively delivered himself somewhat in this fashion : —

“Happy the age, happy the time, to which the ancients gave the name of golden, not because in that fortunate age the gold was gained without toil, but because they that lived in it knew not the two words ‘*mine*’ and ‘*thine*’! In that blessed age all things were in common ; to win the daily food no labor was required of any save to stretch forth his hand and gather it from the sturdy oaks that stood generously inviting him with their sweet ripe fruit. The clear streams and running brooks yielded their limpid waters in noble abundance. The busy and sagacious bees fixed their republic in the clefts of the rocks and hollows of the trees, offering freely the plenteous produce of their fragrant toil to every hand. The mighty cork trees shed the broad light bark that served at first to roof the houses supported by rude stakes, a protection against the inclemency of heaven alone. Then all was peace, all friendship, all concord. Fraud, deceit, or malice had then not yet mingled with truth and sincerity. Justice held her ground, undisturbed and unassailed by the efforts of favor and of interest, that now so much impair, pervert, and beset her. Arbitrary law had not yet established itself in the mind of the judge, for then there was no cause to judge and no one to be judged. Maidens and modesty wandered at will alone and unattended, without fear. But now in this hateful age of ours not one is safe. In defence of these, as time advanced

and wickedness increased, the order of knights-errant was instituted, to defend maidens, to protect widows, and to succor the orphans and the needy. To this order I belong, brother goatherds, to whom I return thanks for the hospitality and kindly welcome ye offer me and my squire ; for though by natural law all living are bound to show favor to knights-errant, yet seeing that without knowing this obligation ye have welcomed and feasted me, it is right that with all the good-will in my power I should thank you for yours."

All this long harangue our knight delivered because the acorns they gave him reminded him of the golden age ; and the whim seized him to address all this unnecessary argument to the goatherds, who listened to him gaping in amazement without saying a word in reply. Sancho likewise held his peace and ate acorns, and paid repeated visits to the second wine-skin, which they had hung up on a cork tree to keep the wine cool.

Don Quixote was longer in talking than in finishing his supper, at the end of which one of the goatherds said : "That your worship, señor knight-errant, may say with more truth that we show you hospitality with ready good-will, we will give you amusement and pleasure by making one of our comrades sing : he will be here before long, and he is a very intelligent youth and deep in love, and what is more he can read and write and play on the rebeck¹ to perfection."

The goatherd had hardly done speaking, when the notes of the rebeck reached their ears ; and shortly

¹ *Rebeck* : a three-stringed lute.

after the player came up, a very good-looking young man of about two-and-twenty. His comrades asked him if he had supped, and on his replying that he had, he who had already made the offer said to him : " In that case, Antonio, thou mayest as well do us the pleasure of singing a little, that the gentleman, our guest here, may see that even in the mountains and woods there are musicians ; we have told him of thy accomplishments, and we want thee to show them and prove that we say true ; so, as thou livest, pray sit down and sing that ballad about thy love that was so much liked in the town."

" With all my heart," said the young man, and without waiting for any more pressing he seated himself on the trunk of a felled oak, and tuning his rebeck, presently began with right good grace to sing.

When the goatherd brought his song to an end, Don Quixote entreated him to sing more, but Sancho had no mind that way, being more inclined for sleep than for listening to songs ; so said he to his master, " Your worship will do well to settle at once where you mean to pass the night, for the labor these good men are at all day does not allow them to spend the night in singing."

" I understand thee, Sancho," replied Don Quixote ; " I perceive clearly that those visits to the wine-skin demand compensation in sleep rather than in music, but those of my calling are more becomingly employed in watching than in sleeping ; still it would be as well if thou wert to dress this ear for me again, for it is giving me more pain than it need."

Sancho did as he bade him, but one of the goat-herds seeing the wound told him not to be uneasy, as he would apply a remedy with which it would be soon healed ; and gathering some leaves of rosemary, of which there was a great quantity there, he chewed them and mixed them with a little salt, and applying them to the ear he secured them firmly with a bandage, assuring him that no other treatment would be required, and so it proved.

CHAPTER X

OF WHAT A GOATHERD RELATED TO THOSE WITH DON
QUIXOTE

JUST then another young man, one of those who fetched their provisions from the village, came up and said, "Do you know what is going on in the village, comrades?"

"How could we know?" replied one of them.

"Well, then, you must know," continued the young man, "this morning that famous student-shepherd called Chrysostom died, and it is rumored that he died of love for that fiend of a village girl, the daughter of Guillermo the Rich, she that wanders about the wolds here in the dress of a shepherdess."

"You mean Marcela?" said one.

"Her I mean," answered the goatherd; "and the best of it is, he has directed in his will that he is to be buried in the fields like a Moor, and at the foot of the rock where the Cork-tree Spring is, because, as the story goes (and they say he himself said so), that was the place where he first saw her. And he has also left other directions which the clergy of the village say should not and must not be obeyed because they savor of paganism. To all which his great friend Ambrosio the student, he who, like him, also went dressed as a

shepherd, replies that everything must be done without any omission according to the directions left by Chrysostom, and about this the village is all in commotion; however, report says that, after all, what Ambrosio and all the shepherds his friends desire will be done, and to-morrow they are coming to bury him with great ceremony where I said. I am sure it will be something worth seeing; at least I will not fail to go and see it."

"We will do the same," answered the goatherds, "and cast lots to see who must stay to mind the goats."

"Thou sayest well, Pedro," said one, "though there will be no need of taking that trouble, for I will stay behind for all; and don't suppose it is virtue or want of curiosity in me; it is that the splinter that ran into my foot the other day will not let me walk."

"For all that, we thank thee," answered Pedro.

Don Quixote asked Pedro to tell him who the dead man was and who the shepherdess, to which Pedro replied that all he knew was that the dead man was a wealthy gentleman belonging to a village in those mountains, who had been a student at Salamanca for many years, at the end of which he returned to his village with the reputation of being very learned and deeply read. "Above all," he said, "he was learned in the science of the stars and of what went on yonder in the heavens and the sun and the moon, for he told us of the eclipse of the sun and moon to the exact time."

"But, not many months had passed after he returned from Salamanca, when one day he appeared

dressed as a shepherd with his crook and sheepskin, having put off the long gown he wore as a scholar ; and at the same time his great friend, Ambrosio by name, who had been his companion in his studies, took to the shepherd's dress with him. I forgot to say that Chrysostom who is dead was a great man for writing verses, so much so that he made carols for Christmas Eve, and plays for Corpus Christi which the young men of our village acted, and all said they were excellent. When the villagers saw the two scholars so unexpectedly appearing in shepherds' dress they were lost in wonder, and could not guess what had led them to make so extraordinary a change. About this time the father of our Chrysostom died, and he was left heir to a large amount of property, and indeed he was deserving of it all, for he was a very good comrade, and kind-hearted, and a friend of worthy folk, and had a countenance like a benediction. Presently it came to be known that he had changed his dress with no other object than to wander about these wastes after that shepherdess Marcela. And I must tell you now, for it is well you should know it, who this girl is ; perhaps you will not have heard anything like it all the days of your life.

“ In our village there was a farmer even richer than the father of Chrysostom, who was named Guillermo, and on whom God bestowed, over and above great wealth, a daughter in whose infancy her mother died, the most respected woman there was in this neighborhood. Her husband Guillermo died of grief at the death of so good a wife, leaving his daughter

Marcela, a child and rich, to the care of an uncle of hers, a priest and prebendary in our village. The girl grew up with such beauty that it reminded us of her mother's which was very great, and yet it was thought that the daughter's would exceed it; and so when she reached the age of fourteen to fifteen years nobody beheld her but blessed God that had made her so beautiful, and the greater number were in love with her past redemption.

"Her uncle kept her in great seclusion and retirement, but for all that the fame of her great beauty spread so that, as well for it as for her great wealth, her uncle was asked, solicited, and importuned, to give her in marriage not only by those of our town but of those many leagues round, and by the persons of highest quality in them. But he, being a good Christian man, though he desired to give her in marriage at once, seeing her to be old enough, was unwilling to do so without her consent. The uncle put before his niece and described to her the qualities of each one in particular of the many who had asked her in marriage, begging her to marry and make a choice according to her own taste, but she never gave any other answer than that she had no desire to marry just yet, being so young. At this, to all appearance, reasonable excuse, her uncle ceased to urge her, and waited till she was somewhat more advanced in age and could mate herself to her own liking. For, said he—and he said quite right—parents are not to settle children in life against their will. But when one least looked for it, lo and behold one day the demure

Marcela makes her appearance turned shepherdess ; and, in spite of her uncle and all those of the town that strove to dissuade her, took to going a-field with the other shepherd-lasses of the village, and tending her own flock. And so, since she appeared in public, and her beauty came to be seen openly, I could not well tell you how many rich youths, gentlemen, and peasants have adopted the costume of Chrysostom, and go about these fields making love to her. One of these, as has been already said, was our deceased friend, of whom they say that he did not love but adored her.

“But of all those that court and woo Marcela not one has boasted, or can with truth boast, that she has given him any hope however small of obtaining her. For although she does not avoid or shun the society and conversation of the shepherds, and treats them courteously and kindly, should any one of them come to declare his love to her, she flings him from her like a catapult. And with this kind of disposition she does more harm in this country than if the plague had got into it, for her affability and her beauty draw on the hearts of those that associate with her to love her and to court her, but her scorn and her frankness bring them to the brink of despair ; and so they know not what to say save to proclaim her aloud cruel and hard-hearted, and other names of the same sort which well describe the nature of her character ; and if you should remain here any time, señor, you would hear these hills and valleys resounding with the laments of the rejected ones who pursue her. Not far from this

there is a spot where there are a couple of dozen of tall beeches, and there is not one of them but has carved and written on its smooth bark the name of Marcela, and above some a crown carved on the same tree as though her lover would say more plainly that Marcela wore and deserved that of all human beauty. Here one shepherd is sighing, there another is lamenting; there love songs are heard, here despairing elegies. One will pass all the hours of the night seated at the foot of some oak or rock, and there, without having closed his weeping eyes, the sun finds him in the morning; and another without relief or respite to his sighs, stretched on the burning sand in the full heat of the sultry summer noontide, makes his appeal to the compassionate heavens, and over one and the other, over these and all, the beautiful Marcela triumphs free and careless. And all of us that know her are waiting to see what her pride will come to, and who is to be the happy man that will succeed in taming a nature so formidable and gaining possession of a beauty so supreme. All that I have told you being such well-established truth, I am persuaded that what they say of the cause of Chrysostom's death, as our lad told us, is the same. And so I advise you, señor, fail not to be present to-morrow at his burial, which will be well worth seeing, for Chrysostom had many friends, and it is not half a league from this place to where he directed he should be buried."

"I will make a point of it," said Don Quixote, "and I thank you for the pleasure you have given me by relating so interesting a tale."

“Oh,” said the goatherd, “I do not know even the half of what has happened to the lovers of Marcela, but perhaps to-morrow we may fall in with some shepherd on the road who can tell us ; and now it will be well for you to go and sleep under cover, for the night air may hurt your wound, though with the remedy I have applied to you there is no fear of an untoward result.”

Sancho Panza, on his part, begged his master to go into Pedro's hut to sleep. He did so, and passed all the rest of the night in thinking of his lady Dulcinea, in imitation of the lovers of Marcela. Sancho Panza settled himself between Rocinante and his ass, and slept, not like a lover who had been discarded, but like a man who had been soundly kicked.

CHAPTER XI

IN WHICH IS ENDED THE STORY OF THE SHEPHERDESS
MARCELA, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS

BUT hardly had day begun to show itself when five of the six goatherds came to rouse Don Quixote and tell him that if he was still of a mind to go to see the famous burial of Chrysostom they would bear him company. Don Quixote, who desired nothing better, rose and ordered Sancho to saddle and pannel at once, which he did with all despatch, and they all set out forthwith. They had not gone a quarter of a league when at the meeting of two paths they saw coming towards them some six shepherds dressed in black sheepskins and with their heads crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter oleander. Each of them carried a stout holly staff in his hand, and along with them there came two men of quality on horseback in handsome travelling dress, with three servants on foot accompanying them. Courteous salutations were exchanged on meeting, and inquiring one of the other which way each party was going, they learned that all were bound for the scene of the burial; so they went on all together.

One of those on horseback addressing his companion said to him, "It seems to me, Señor Vivaldo,

that we may reckon as well spent the delay we shall incur in seeing this remarkable funeral."

"So I think too," replied Vivaldo.

Don Quixote asked them what it was they had heard of Marcela and Chrysostom. The traveller answered that the same morning they had met these shepherds, and seeing them dressed in this mournful fashion they had asked them the reason of their appearing in such a guise ; which one of them gave, describing the strange behavior and beauty of a shepherdess called Marcela, and the loves of many who courted her. In short, he repeated all that Pedro had related to Don Quixote.

This conversation dropped, and another was commenced by him who was called Vivaldo asking Don Quixote what was the reason that led him to go armed in that fashion in a country so peaceful. To which Don Quixote replied, "The pursuit of my calling does not allow or permit me to go in any other fashion ; easy life, enjoyment, and repose were invented for soft courtiers, but toil, unrest, and arms were invented and made for those alone whom the world calls knights-errant, of whom I, though unworthy, am the least of all."

The instant they heard this all set him down as mad, and the better to settle the point and discover what kind of madness his was, Vivaldo proceeded to ask him what knights-errant meant.

"Have not your worships," replied Don Quixote, "read the annals and histories of England, in which are recorded the famous deeds of King Arthur? Well,

in the time of this good king that famous order of chivalry of the Knights of the Round Table was instituted. Handed down from that time, then, this order of chivalry went on extending and spreading itself over many and various parts of the world ; and in it, famous and renowned for their deeds, were the mighty Amadis of Gaul with all his sons and descendants to the fifth generation. This, then, sirs, is to be a knight-errant, and what I have spoken of is the order of his chivalry, of which I, though a sinner, have made profession, and so I go through these solitudes and wilds seeking adventures, resolved in soul to oppose my arm and person to the most perilous that fortune may offer me in aid of the weak and needy."

By these words of his the travellers were able to satisfy themselves of Don Quixote's being out of his senses and of the form of madness that overmastered him, at which they felt the same astonishment that all felt on first becoming acquainted with it ; and Vivaldo, who was a person of great shrewdness and of a lively temperament, in order to beguile the short journey which they said was required to reach the mountain, the scene of the burial, sought to give him an opportunity of going on with his absurdities. So he said to him, "It seems to me, Señor Knight-errant, that your worship has made choice of one of the most austere professions in the world, and I imagine even that of the Carthusian monks is not so austere."

"As austere it may perhaps be," replied our Don Quixote, "but so necessary for the world I am very much inclined to doubt. Churchmen in peace and

quiet pray to Heaven for the welfare of the world, but we soldiers and knights carry into effect what they pray for, defending it with the might of our arms and the edge of our swords, not under shelter but in the open air, a target for the intolerable rays of the sun in summer and the piercing frosts of winter. Thus are we God's ministers on earth and the arms by which His justice is done therein. And as the business of war and all that relates and belongs to it cannot be conducted without exceeding great sweat, toil, and exertion, it follows that those who make it their profession have undoubtedly more labor than those who in tranquil peace and quiet are engaged in praying to God to help the weak. I do not mean to say that the knight-errant's calling is as good as that of the monk in his cell ; I would merely infer from what I endure myself that it is beyond a doubt a more laborious and a more belabored one, a hungrier and thirstier, a wretcheder, raggeder, and lousier ; for there is no reason to doubt that the knights-errant of yore endured much hardship in the course of their lives. And if some of them by the might of their arms did rise to be emperors, in faith it cost them dear in the matter of blood and sweat ; and if those who attained to that rank had not had magicians and sages to help them they would have been completely balked in their ambition and disappointed in their hopes."

"That is my own opinion," replied the traveller ; "but one thing among many others seems to me very wrong in knights-errant, and that is that when they

find themselves about to engage in some mighty and perilous adventure in which there is manifest danger of losing their lives, they never at the moment of engaging in it think of commending themselves to God, as is the duty of every good Christian in like peril; instead of which they commend themselves to their ladies with as much heartiness and devotion as if these were their gods, a thing which seems to me to savor somewhat of heathenism."

"Sir," answered Don Quixote, "that cannot be on any account omitted, and the knight-errant would be disgraced who acted otherwise: for it is usual and customary in knight-errantry that the knight-errant who on engaging in any great feat of arms has his lady before him, should turn his eyes towards her softly and lovingly, as though with them entreating her to favor and protect him in the hazardous venture he is about to undertake, and even though no one hear him, he is bound to say certain words between his teeth, commending himself to her with all his heart, and of this we have innumerable instances in the histories. Nor is it to be supposed from this that they are to omit commending themselves to God, for there will be time and opportunity for doing so while they are engaged in their task."

"For all that," answered the traveller, "I feel some doubt still, because often I have read how words will arise between two knights-errant, and from one thing to another it comes about that their anger kindles and they wheel their horses round and take a good stretch of field, and then without any more ado at the top of

their speed they come to the charge, and in mid-career they commend themselves to their ladies ; and what commonly comes of the encounter is that one falls over the haunches of his horse pierced through and through by his antagonist's lance, and as for the other, it is only by holding on to the mane of his horse that he can help falling to the ground ; but I know not how the dead man had time to commend himself to God in the course of such rapid work as this ; it would have been better if those words which he spent in commending himself to his lady had been devoted to his duty and obligation as a Christian. Moreover, it is my belief that all knights-errant have not ladies to commend themselves to, for they are not all in love."

"That is impossible," said Don Quixote ; "I say it is impossible that there could be a knight-errant without a lady, because to such it is as natural and proper to be in love as to the heavens to have stars : most certainly no history has been seen in which there is to be found a knight-errant without an amour."

"Then if it be essential that every knight-errant should be in love," said the traveller, "it may be fairly supposed that your worship is so, as you are of the order ; I entreat you as earnestly as I can to inform us of the name, country, rank, and beauty of your lady, for she will esteem herself fortunate if all the world knows that she is loved and served by such a knight as your worship seems to be."

At this Don Quixote heaved a deep sigh, and said : "I cannot say positively whether my sweet enemy is

pleased or not that the world should know I serve her ; I can only say in answer to what has been so courteously asked of me, that her name is Dulcinea, her country El Toboso, a village of La Mancha, her rank must be at least that of a princess, since she is my queen and lady, and her beauty superhuman, since all the attributes of beauty which the poets apply to their ladies are verified in her ; for her hairs are gold, her forehead Elysian fields, her eyebrows rainbows, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck alabaster, her bosom marble, her hands ivory, her fairness snow."

The rest of the party went along listening with great attention to the conversation of the pair, and even the very goatherds and shepherds perceived how exceedingly out of his wits our Don Quixote was. Sancho Panza alone thought that what his master said was the truth, knowing who he was and having been familiar with him from his birth. All that he felt any difficulty in believing was that about the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, because neither any such name nor any such princess had ever come to his knowledge. They were going along conversing in this way, when they saw descending a gap between two high mountains some twenty shepherds, all clad in sheepskins of black wool, and crowned with garlands which, as afterwards appeared, were, some of them of yew, some of cypress. Six of the number were carrying a bier covered with a great variety of flowers and branches, on seeing which one of the goatherds said, "Those who come there are the bearers of Chrysostom's body, and the foot of that

mountain is the place where he ordered them to bury him." They therefore made haste to reach the spot, and did so by the time those who came had laid the bier on the ground, and four of them with sharp pick-axes were digging a grave by the side of a hard rock. They greeted each other courteously, and then Don Quixote and those who accompanied him turned to examine the bier, and on it, covered with flowers, they saw a dead body in the dress of a shepherd, to all appearance of one thirty years of age, and showing even in death that in life he had been of comely features and gallant bearing. Around him on the bier itself were laid some books and several papers open and folded ; and those who were looking on as well as those who were opening the grave and all the others who were there preserved a strange silence, until one of those who had borne the body said to another, "Observe carefully, Ambrosio, if this is the place Chrysostom spoke of, since you are anxious that what he directed in his will should be so strictly complied with."

"This is the place," answered Ambrosio, "for in it many a time did my poor friend tell me the story of his hard fortune. Here it was, he told me, that he saw for the first time that mortal enemy of the human race, and here, too, for the first time he declared to her his passion, and here it was that at last Marcela ended by scorning and rejecting him so as to bring the tragedy of his wretched life to a close ; here, in memory of misfortunes so great, he desired to be laid in the bowels of eternal oblivion." Then turning to Don

Quixote and the travellers he went on to say : " That body, sirs, on which you are looking with compassionate eyes, was the abode of a soul on which Heaven bestowed a vast share of its riches. That is the body of Chrysostom, who was unrivalled in wit, unequalled in courtesy, generous without limit, grave without arrogance, gay without vulgarity, and, in short, first in all that constitutes goodness and second to none in all that makes up misfortune."

At this point Ambrosio was stopped by a marvellous vision (for such it seemed) that unexpectedly presented itself to their eyes ; for on the summit of the rock where they were digging the grave there appeared the shepherdess Marcela, so beautiful that her beauty exceeded its reputation. Those who had never till then beheld her gazed on her in wonder and silence, and those who were accustomed to see her were not less amazed than those who had never seen her before. But the instant Ambrosio saw her he addressed her, with manifest indignation, " Art thou come, cruel basilisk of these mountains, to see if haply in thy presence blood will flow from the wounds of this wretched being thy cruelty has robbed of life ; or is it to exult over the cruel work of thy humors that thou art come ? Tell us quickly what it is thou wouldst have, for, as I know the thoughts of Chrysostom never failed to obey thee in life, I will make all these who call themselves his friends obey thee, though he be dead."

" I come not, Ambrosio, for any of the purposes thou hast named," replied Marcela, " but to defend myself and to prove how unreasonable are all those

who blame me for their sorrow and for Chrysostom's death ; and therefore I ask all of you that are here to give me your attention, for it will not take much time or many words to bring the truth home to persons of sense. Heaven has made me, so you say, beautiful, and so much so that in spite of yourselves my beauty leads you to love me ; and for the love you show me you say, and even urge, that I am bound to love you. But I cannot see how that which is loved is bound to love that which loves it. True love, I have heard it said, must be voluntary and not compelled. If this be so, why do you desire me to bend my will by force, for no other reason but that you say you love me? I was born free, and that I might live in freedom I chose the solitude of the fields ; in the trees of the mountains I find society, the clear waters of the brooks are my mirrors, and to the trees and waters I make known my thoughts and charms. I am a fire afar off, a sword laid aside. Those whom I have inspired with love by letting them see me, I have by words undeceived, and if their longings live on hope—and I have given none to Chrysostom or to any other—it cannot justly be said that the death of any is my doing. If I had encouraged him, I should be false. He was persistent in spite of warning, he despaired without being hated. Bethink you now if it be reasonable that his suffering should be laid to my charge. It has not been so far the will of Heaven that I should love by fate, and to expect me to love by choice is idle. I have, as you know, wealth of my own, and I covet not that of others ; my taste is for

freedom, and I have no relish for constraint ; I neither love nor hate any one ; I do not deceive this one or court that, or trifle with one or play with another. The modest converse of the shepherd girls of these hamlets and the care of my goats are my recreations ; my desires are bounded by these mountains."

With these words, and not waiting to hear a reply, she turned and passed into the thickest part of a wood that was hard by, leaving all who were there lost in admiration as much of her good sense as of her beauty. Some — those wounded by the irresistible shafts launched by her bright eyes — made as though they would follow her, heedless of the frank declaration they had heard ; seeing which, and deeming this a fitting occasion for the exercise of his chivalry in aid of distressed damsels, Don Quixote, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword, exclaimed in a loud and distinct voice : —

"Let no one, whatever his rank or condition, dare to follow the beautiful Marcela, under pain of incurring my fierce indignation. She has shown by clear and satisfactory arguments that little or no fault is to be found with her for the death of Chrysostom, and also how far she is from yielding to the wishes of any of her lovers, for which reason, instead of being followed and persecuted, she should in justice be honored and esteemed."

Whether it was because of the threats of Don Quixote, or because Ambrosio told them to fulfil their duty to their good friend, none of the shepherds moved or stirred from the spot until, having finished the grave,

they laid Chrysostom's body in it, not without many tears from those who stood by. They closed the grave with a heavy stone until a slab was ready, and then strewed on the grave a profusion of flowers and branches, and all expressing their condolence with his friend Ambrosio, took their leave. Vivaldo and his companion did the same ; and Don Quixote bade farewell to his hosts and to the travellers, who pressed him to come with them to Seville, as being such a convenient place for finding adventures, for they presented themselves in every street and round every corner oftener than anywhere else. Don Quixote thanked them for their advice and for the disposition they showed to do him a favor, and said that for the present he would not, and must not go to Seville until he had cleared all these mountains of highwaymen and robbers, of whom report said they were full. Seeing his good intention, the travellers were unwilling to press him further, and once more bidding him farewell, they left him and pursued their journey. He, on his part, resolved to go in quest of the shepherdess Marcela, and make offer to her of all the service he could render her ; but things did not fall out with him as he expected.

CHAPTER XII

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE
THAT DON QUIXOTE FELL IN WITH WHEN HE FELL
OUT WITH CERTAIN HEARTLESS YANGUESANS

AS soon as Don Quixote took leave of his hosts and all who had been present at the burial of Chrysostom, he and his squire passed into the same wood which they had seen the shepherdess Marcela enter, and after having wandered for more than two hours in all directions in search for her without finding her, they came to a halt in a glade covered with tender grass, beside which ran a pleasant cool stream that invited and compelled them to pass there the hours of the noontide heat, which by this time was beginning to come on oppressively. Don Quixote and Sancho dismounted, and turning Rocinante and the ass loose to feed on the grass that was there in abundance, they ransacked the alforjas, and without any ceremony very peacefully and sociably master and man made their repast on what they found in them. Sancho had not thought it worth while to hobble Rocinante. Chance, however, and the devil, who is not always asleep, so ordained it that feeding in this valley there was a drove of ponies belonging to certain Yanguesan carriers, whose way it is to take

their midday rest with their teams in places and spots where grass and water abound ; and that where Don Quixote chanced to be, suited the Yanguesans' purpose very well. It so happened, then, that Rocinante took a fancy to disport himself with their ponies, and abandoning his usual gait and demeanor as he scented them, he, without asking leave of his master, got up a briskish little trot and hastened to them ; they, however, it seemed, preferred their pasture to him, and received him with their heels and teeth to such effect that they soon broke his girths and left him without a saddle to cover him ; but what must have been worse to him was that the carriers came running up armed with stakes, and so belabored him that they brought him sorely battered to the ground.

By this time Don Quixote and Sancho, who had witnessed the drubbing of Rocinante, came up panting, and said Don Quixote to Sancho, "So far as I can see, friend Sancho, these are not knights but base folk of low birth : I mention it because thou canst lawfully aid me in taking due vengeance for the insult offered to Rocinante before our eyes."

"What vengeance can we take," answered Sancho, "if they are more than twenty, and we no more than two, or, indeed, perhaps not more than one and a half ?"

"I count for a hundred," replied Don Quixote, and without more words he drew his sword and attacked the Yanguesans, and incited and impelled by the example of his master, Sancho did the same. The Yanguesans, seeing themselves assaulted by only two

men while they were so many, betook themselves to their stakes, and driving the two into the middle they began to lay on with great zeal and energy ; in fact, at the second blow they brought Sancho to the ground, and Don Quixote fared the same way, all his skill and high mettle availing him nothing, and fate willed it that he should fall at the feet of Rocinante, who had not yet risen ; whereby it may be seen how furiously stakes can pound in angry boorish hands. Then, seeing the mischief they had done, the Yanguesans with all the haste they could loaded their team and pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers a sorry sight and in sorrier mood.

Sancho was the first to come to, and finding himself close to his master he called to him in a weak and doleful voice, "Señor Don Quixote, ah, Señor Don Quixote !"

"What wouldst thou, brother Sancho?" answered Don Quixote in the same feeble suffering tone as Sancho.

"I would like, if it were possible," answered Sancho Panza, "your worship to give me a couple of sups of that potion of the fiery Blas, if it be that you have any to hand there ; perhaps it will serve for broken bones as well as for wounds."

"If I only had it here, wretch that I am, what more should we want?" said Don Quixote ; "but I swear to thee, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a knight-errant, ere two days are over, unless fortune orders otherwise, I mean to have it in my possession, or my hand will have lost its cunning."

"But in how many does your worship think we shall have the use of our feet?" answered Sancho Panza.

"For myself I must say I cannot guess how many," said the battered knight Don Quixote; "but I take all the blame on myself, for I had no business to put hand to sword against men who were not dubbed knights like myself, and so I believe that in punishment for having transgressed the laws of chivalry the God of battles has permitted this chastisement to be administered to me; for which reason, brother Sancho, it is well thou shouldst receive a hint on the matter which I am now about to mention to thee. It is that when thou shalt see rabble of this sort offering us insult thou art not to wait till I draw sword against them, for I shall not do so at all; but do thou draw sword and chastise them to thy heart's content, and if any knights come to their aid and defence I will take care to defend thee and assail them with all my might; and thou hast already seen by a thousand signs and proofs what the might of this strong arm of mine is equal to."

But Sancho did not so fully approve of his master's admonition as to let it pass without saying in reply, "Señor, I am a man of peace, meek and quiet, and I can put up with any affront because I have a wife and children to support and bring up; so let it be likewise a hint to your worship, that on no account will I draw sword either against clown or against knight, and that here before God I forgive all the insults that have been offered me or may be offered me, whether they

have been, are, or shall be offered me by high or low, rich or poor, noble or commoner, not excepting any rank or condition whatsoever."

To all which his master said in reply, "I wish I had breath enough to speak somewhat easily, and that the pain I feel on this side would abate so as to let me explain to thee, Panza, the mistake thou makest. Come now, sinner, suppose the wind of fortune, hitherto so adverse, should turn in our favor, filling the sails of our desires so that safely and without impediment we put into port in some one of those islands I have promised thee, how would it be with thee if on winning it I made thee lord of it? Thou must know that in newly conquered kingdoms and provinces the minds of the inhabitants are never so quiet nor so well disposed to the new lord that there is no fear of their making some move to change matters once more, so it is essential that the new possessor should have good sense to enable him to govern, and valor to attack and defend himself, whatever may befall him."

"In what has now befallen us," answered Sancho, "I'd have been well pleased to have that good sense and that valor your worship speaks of, but I swear on the faith of a poor man I am more fit for plasters than for arguments. See if your worship can get up, and let us help Rocinante, though he does not deserve it, for he was the main cause of all this thrashing. I never thought it of Rocinante, for I took him to be a virtuous person and as quiet as myself. After all, they say right that it takes a long time to come to

know people, and that there is nothing sure in this life. Who would have said that, after such mighty slashes as your worship gave that unlucky knight-errant, there was coming, travelling post and at the very heels of them, such a great storm of sticks as has fallen on our shoulders?"

"And yet thine, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "ought to be used to such squalls; but mine, reared in soft cloth and fine linen, it is plain they must feel more keenly the pain of this mishap, and if it were not that I know of a certainty that all these annoyances are very necessary accompaniments of the calling of arms, I would lay me down here to die of pure vexation."

To this the squire replied, "Señor, as these mishaps are what one reaps of chivalry, tell me if they happen very often, or if they have their own fixed times for coming to pass; because it seems to me that after two harvests we shall be no good for the third, unless God in his infinite mercy helps us."

"Know, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand dangers and reverses, and neither more nor less is it within immediate possibility for knights-errant to become kings and emperors, as experience has shown in the case of many different knights with whose histories I am thoroughly acquainted; pluck strength out of weakness, Sancho, as I mean to do," continued Don Quixote, "and let us see how Rocinante is, for it seems to me that not the least share of this mishap has fallen to the lot of the poor beast."

“There is nothing wonderful in that,” replied Sancho, “since he is a knight-errant too ; what I wonder at is that my beast should have come off scot-free where we come out scorched.”

“Fortune always leaves a door open in adversity in order to bring relief to it,” said Don Quixote ; “I say so because this little beast may now supply the want of Rocinante, carrying me hence to some castle where I may be cured of my wounds. And moreover I shall not hold it any dishonor to be so mounted, for I remember having read how the good old Silenus, the tutor and instructor of the gay god of laughter, when he entered the city of the hundred gates, went very contentedly mounted on a handsome ass.”

“It may be true that he went mounted as your worship says,” answered Sancho, “but there is a great difference between going mounted and going slung like a sack of manure.”

To which Don Quixote replied : “Wounds received in battle confer honor instead of taking it away ; and so, friend Panza, say no more, but, as I told thee before, get up as well as thou canst and put me on top of thy beast in whatever fashion pleases thee best, and let us go hence ere night come on and surprise us in these wilds.”

“And yet I have heard your worship say,” observed Panza, “that it is very meet for knights-errant to sleep in wastes and deserts the best part of the year, and that they esteem it very good fortune.”

“That is,” said Don Quixote, “when they cannot help it, or when they are in love ; and so true is this

that there have been knights who have remained two years on rocks, in sunshine and shade and all the inclemencies of heaven, without their ladies knowing anything of it."

Sancho, now letting off thirty "ohs," and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty maledictions and execrations on whomsoever it was that had brought him there, raised himself, stopping half-way bent like a Turkish bow without power to bring himself upright, but with all his pains he saddled his ass; he next raised up Rocinante, and as for him, had he possessed a tongue to complain with, most assuredly neither Sancho nor his master would have excelled him in complaints. To be brief, Sancho fixed Don Quixote on the ass and secured Rocinante with a leading rein, and taking the ass by the halter, he proceeded more or less in the direction in which it seemed to him the high-road might be; and, as chance was conducting their affairs for them from good to better, he had not gone a short league when the road came in sight, and on it he perceived an inn, which to his annoyance and to the delight of Don Quixote must needs be a castle. Sancho insisted that it was an inn, and his master that it was not one, but a castle, and the dispute lasted so long that before the point was settled they had time to reach it, and into it Sancho entered with all his team, without any further controversy.

CHAPTER XIII

OF WHAT THE BRAVE DON QUIXOTE AND HIS GOOD
SQUIRE SANCHE PANZA ENDURED AT THE INN WHICH
TO HIS MISFORTUNE HE TOOK TO BE A CASTLE

THE innkeeper, seeing Don Quixote slung across the ass, asked Sancho what was amiss with him. Sancho answered that it was nothing, only that he had fallen down from a rock and had his ribs a little bruised. The innkeeper had a wife whose disposition was not such as those of her calling commonly have, for she was by nature kind-hearted and felt for the sufferings of her neighbors, so she at once set about tending Don Quixote, and made her young daughter help her in taking care of her guest. There was besides in the inn, as servant, an Asturian lass with a broad face, flat poll, and snub nose, blind of one eye, and not very sound in the other. This lass — Mari-tornes by name — helped the young girl, and the two made up a very bad bed for Don Quixote in a garret that showed evident signs of having formerly served for many years as a straw-loft. Don Quixote's couch consisted simply of four rough boards on two not very even trestles, a mattress, that for thinness might have passed for a quilt, full of pellets which, were they not seen through the rents to be wool, would to the touch

have seemed pebbles in hardness, two sheets made of buckler leather, and a coverlet the threads of which any one that chose might have counted without missing one in the reckoning.

On this accursed bed Don Quixote stretched himself, and close beside it Sancho made his, which was merely composed of a rush mat and a blanket.

Sancho strove to sleep but the pain of his ribs would not let him, while Don Quixote with the pain of his had his eyes as wide open as a hare's. The inn was all in silence, and in the whole of it there was no light except that given by a lantern that hung burning in the middle of the gateway.

Thus the night passed till at the approach of morning Don Quixote said: "Rise, Sancho, if thou canst, and call the alcaide of this fortress, and get him to give me a little oil, wine, salt, and rosemary to make the salutiferous balsam, of which I have told thee, for indeed I believe I have great need of it."

Sancho got up with pain enough in his bones, and went after the innkeeper, and meeting him just arising, he said to him, "Señor, do us the favor and kindness to give us a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine, for it is wanted to cure one of the best knights-errant on earth, who lies on yonder bed sorely wounded."

As day was now beginning to break, the host furnished him with what he required, and Sancho brought it to Don Quixote, who, with his hand to his head, was bewailing his sufferings. To be brief, he took the materials, of which he made a compound, mixing them all and boiling them a good while until it seemed to

him they had come to perfection. He then asked for some vial to pour it into, and as there was not one in the inn, he decided on putting it into a flask of which the host made him a free gift; and over the flask he repeated more than eighty paternosters and as many ave-marias, and credos, accompanying each word with a cross by way of benediction, at all which there were present Sancho and the innkeeper.

This being accomplished, he felt anxious to make trial himself, on the spot, of the virtue of this precious balsam, as he considered it, and so he drank near a quart of what could not be put into the flask and remained in the pipkin in which it had been boiled; but scarcely had he done drinking when he began to vomit in such a way that nothing was left in his stomach, and with the pangs and spasms of vomiting he broke into a profuse sweat, on account of which he bade them cover him up and leave him alone. They did so, and he lay sleeping more than three hours, at the end of which he awoke and felt very great bodily relief and so much ease from his bruises that he thought himself quite cured, and verily believed he had hit on the balsam of Fierabras; and that with this remedy he might thenceforward, without any fear, face any kind of destruction, battle or combat, however perilous it might be.

Sancho Panza, who also regarded the amendment of his master as miraculous, begged him to give him what was left in the pipkin, which was no small quantity. Don Quixote consented, and he, taking it with both hands, in good faith and with a better will, gulped

down and drained off very little less than his master. But the fact is, that the stomach of poor Sancho was of necessity not so delicate as that of his master, and so, before vomiting, he was seized with such gripings and retchings, and such sweats and faintness that verily and truly he believed his last hour had come, and finding himself so racked and tormented he cursed the balsam and the thief that had given it to him.

Don Quixote seeing him in this state said, "It is my belief, Sancho, that this mischief comes of thy not being dubbed a knight, for I am persuaded this liquor cannot be good for those who are not so."

"If your worship knew that," returned Sancho,—"woe betide me and all my kindred!—why did you let me taste it?"

At this moment the draught took effect, and the poor squire sweated and perspired with such paroxysms and convulsions that not only he himself but all present thought his end had come. This tempest and tribulation lasted about two hours, at the end of which he was left, not like his master, but so weak and exhausted that he could not stand. Don Quixote, however, who, as has been said, felt himself relieved and well, was eager to take his departure at once in quest of adventures, as it seemed to him that all the time he loitered there was a fraud on the world and those in it who stood in need of his help and protection, all the more when he had the security and confidence his balsam afforded him; and so, urged by this impulse, he saddled Rocinante himself and put the pack-saddle on his squire's beast, whom likewise he helped to dress

and mount the ass ; after which he mounted his horse and turning to a corner of the inn he laid hold of a pike that stood there, to serve him by way of a lance. All that were in the inn, who were more than twenty persons, stood watching him.

As soon as they were both mounted, at the gate of the inn, he called to the host and said in a very grave and measured voice, "Many and great are the favors, Señor Alcaide, that I have received in this castle of yours, and I remain under the deepest obligation to be grateful to you for them all the days of my life ; if I can repay them in avenging you of any arrogant foe who may have wronged you, know that my calling is no other than to aid the weak, to avenge those who suffer wrong, and chastise perfidy. Search your memory, and if you find anything of this kind you need only tell me of it, and I promise you by the order of knighthood which I have received to procure you satisfaction and reparation to the utmost of your desire."

The innkeeper replied to him with equal calmness, "Sir Knight, I do not want your worship to avenge me of any wrong, because when any is done me I can take what vengeance seems good to me ; the only thing I want is that you pay me the score that you have run up in the inn last night, as well for the straw and barley for your two beasts, as for supper and beds."

"Then this is an inn?" said Don Quixote.

"And a very respectable one," said the innkeeper.

"I have been under a mistake all this time," answered Don Quixote, "for in truth I thought it was a castle, and not a bad one ; but since it appears that

it is not a castle but an inn, all that can be done now is that you should excuse the payment, for I cannot contravene the rule of knights-errant, of whom I know as a fact (and up to the present I have read nothing to the contrary) that they never paid for lodging or anything else in the inn where they might be ; for any hospitality that might be offered them is their due by law and right in return for the insufferable toil they endure in seeking adventures by night and by day, summer and winter, on foot and on horseback, in hunger and thirst, cold and heat, exposed to all the inclemencies of heaven and all the hardships of earth."

"I have little to do with that," replied the innkeeper ; "pay me what you owe me, and let us have no more talk of chivalry, for all I care about is to get to my money."

"You are a stupid, scurvy innkeeper," said Don Quixote, and putting spurs to Rocinante and bringing his pike to the slope he rode out of the inn before any one could stop him, and pushed on some distance without looking to see if his squire was following him.

The innkeeper when he saw him go without paying him ran to get payment of Sancho, who said that as his master would not pay neither would he, because, being as he was squire to a knight-errant, the same rule and reason held good for him as for his master with regard to not paying anything in inns and hostelries. At this the innkeeper waxed very wroth, and threatened if he did not pay to compel him in a way that he would not like. To which Sancho made answer that by the law of chivalry his master had re-



TOSSING SANCHO IN A BLANKET

ceived he would not pay a rap, though it cost him his life ; for the excellent and ancient usage of knights-errant was not going to be violated by him, nor should the squires of such as were yet to come into the world ever complain of him or reproach him with breaking so just a law.

The ill luck of the unfortunate Sancho so ordered it that among the company in the inn there were four wool-carders from Segovia, three needle-makers from Cordova, and two lodgers from the Fair of Seville, lively fellows, tender hearted, fond of a joke, and playful, who, almost as if instigated and moved by a common impulse, made up to Sancho and dismounted him from his ass, while one of them went in for the blanket of the host's bed ; but on flinging him into it they looked up, and seeing that the ceiling was somewhat lower than what they required for their work, they decided on going out into the yard, which was bounded by the sky, and there, putting Sancho in the middle of the blanket, they began to make sport with him.

The cries of the poor blanketed wretch were so loud that they reached the ears of his master, who, halting to listen attentively, was persuaded that some new adventure was coming, until he clearly perceived that it was his squire who uttered them. Wheeling about he came up to the inn with a laborious gallop, and finding it shut went round to see if he could find some way of getting in ; but as soon as he came to the wall of the yard, which was not very high, he discovered the game that was being played with his

squire. He saw him rising and falling in the air with such grace and nimbleness that, had his rage allowed him, it is my belief he would have laughed. He tried to climb from his horse on to the top of the wall, but he was so bruised and battered that he could not even dismount ; and so from the back of his horse he began to utter such maledictions and oburgations against those who were blanketing Sancho as it would be impossible to write down accurately : they, however, did not stay their laughter or their work for this nor did the flying Sancho cease his lamentations, mingled now with threats, now with entreaties, until from pure weariness they left off. They then brought him his ass, and mounting him on top of it they put his jacket round him ; and the compassionate Maritornes, seeing him so exhausted, thought fit to refresh him with a jug of water, and that it might be all the cooler she fetched it from the well. Sancho took it, and as he was raising it to his mouth he was stopped by the cries of his master exclaiming, "Sancho, my son, drink not water ; drink it not, my son, for it will kill thee ; see, here I have the blessed balsam (and he held up the flask of liquor), and with drinking two drops of it thou wilt certainly be restored."

At these words Sancho turned his eyes asquint, and in a still louder voice said, "Can it be your worship has forgotten that I am not a knight, or do you want me to end by vomiting up what bowels I have left after last night ? Keep your liquor in the name of all the devils, and leave me to myself !" and at one and the same instant he left off talking and began drinking.

When Sancho had done he dug his heels into his ass and the gate of the inn being thrown open he passed out very well pleased at having paid nothing and carried his point, though it had been at the expense of his shoulders. It is true that the innkeeper detained his alforjas in payment of what was owing to him, but Sancho took his departure in such a flurry that he never missed them. The innkeeper, as soon as he saw him off, wanted to bar the gate close, but the blanketers would not agree to it, for they were fellows who would not have cared two farthings for Don Quixote, even had he been really one of the knights-errant of the Round Table.

CHAPTER XIV

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE DISCOURSE SANCHE PANZA
HELD WITH HIS MASTER, DON QUIXOTE, TOGETHER
WITH OTHER ADVENTURES WORTH RELATING

SANCHE reached his master so limp and faint that he could not urge on his beast. When Don Quixote saw the state he was in he said: "I have now come to the conclusion, good Sancho, that this castle or inn is beyond a doubt enchanted, because those who have so atrociously diverted themselves with thee, what can they be but phantoms or beings of another world? and I hold this confirmed by having noticed that when I was by the wall of the yard witnessing the acts of thy sad tragedy, it was out of my power to mount on it, nor could I even dismount from Rocinante, because they no doubt had me enchanted; for I swear to thee by the faith of what I am that if I had been able to climb up or dismount, I would have avenged thee in such a way that those braggart thieves would have remembered their freak forever, even though in so doing I knew that I contravened the laws of chivalry."

"I would have avenged myself too if I could," said Sancho, "whether I had been dubbed knight or not, but I could not; though for my part I am persuaded those who amused themselves with me were not phan-

toms or enchanted men, as your worship says, but men of flesh and bone like ourselves ; and they all had their names, for I heard them name them when they were tossing me ; so that, señor, your not being able to leap over the wall of the yard or dismount from your horse came of something else besides enchantments ; and what I make out clearly from all this is, that these adventures we go seeking will in the end lead us into such misadventures that we shall not know which is our right foot ; and that the best and wisest thing, according to my small wits, would be for us to return home, now that it is harvest-time, and attend to our business, and give over wandering from pail to bucket, as the saying is."

"How little thou knowest about chivalry, Sancho," replied Don Quixote ; "hold thy peace and have patience ; the day will come when thou shalt see with thine own eyes what an honorable thing it is to wander in the pursuit of this calling ; nay, tell me, what greater pleasure can there be in the world, or what delight can equal that of winning a battle, and triumphing over one's enemy ? None, beyond all doubt."

"Very likely," answered Sancho, "though I do not know it ; all I know is that since we have been knights-errant, we have never won any battle except the one with the Biscayan, and even out of that your worship came with half an ear and half a helmet the less ; and from that till now it has been all cudgelings and more cudgelings, cuffs and more cuffs, I getting the blanketing over and above."

"Fear not, Sancho," said Don Quixote: "Heaven will deal better by thee."

Thus talking, Don Quixote and his squire were going along, when, on the road they were following, Don Quixote perceived approaching them a large and thick cloud of dust, on seeing which he turned to Sancho and said, "This is the day, O Sancho, on which will be seen the boon my fortune is reserving for me; this, I say, is the day on which as much as on any other shall be displayed the might of my arm and on which I shall do deeds that shall remain written in the book of fame for all ages to come. Seest thou that cloud of dust which rises yonder? Well, then, all that is churned up by a vast army composed of various and countless nations that comes marching there."

"According to that there must be two," said Sancho, "for on this opposite side also there rises just such another cloud of dust."

Don Quixote turned to look and found that it was true, and rejoicing exceedingly, he concluded that they were two armies about to engage and encounter in the midst of that broad plain; for at all times and seasons his fancy was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, crazy feats, loves, and defiances that are recorded in the books of chivalry, and everything he said, thought, or did had reference to such things. Now the cloud of dust he had seen was raised by two great droves of sheep coming along the same road in opposite directions, which, because of the dust, did not become visible until they drew near, but Don Quixote asserted so

positively that they were armies that Sancho was led to believe it and say, "Well, and what are we to do, señor?"

"What?" said Don Quixote: "give aid and assistance to the weak and those who need it; and thou must know, Sancho, that this which comes opposite to us is conducted and led by the mighty emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great isle of Trapobana; this other that marches behind me is that of his enemy the king of the Garamantas, Pentapolin of the Bare Arm, for he always goes into battle with his right arm bare."

"But why are these two lords such enemies?" asked Sancho.

"They are at enmity," replied Don Quixote, "because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan and is in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a very beautiful and moreover gracious lady, and a Christian, and her father is unwilling to bestow her on the pagan king unless he first abandons the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and adopts his own."

"By my beard," said Sancho, "but Pentapolin does quite right, and I will help him as much as I can."

"In that thou wilt do what is thy duty, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for to engage in battles of this sort it is not requisite to be a dubbed knight."

"That I can well understand," answered Sancho; "but where shall we put this ass where we may be sure to find him after the fray is over? for I believe it has not been the custom so far to go into battle on a beast of this kind."

"That is true," said Don Quixote, "and what you

had best do with him is to leave him to take his chance whether he be lost or not, for the horses we shall have when we come out victors will be so many that even Rocinante will run a risk of being changed for another. But attend to me and observe, for I wish to give thee some account of the chief knights who accompany these two armies; and that thou mayest the better see and mark, let us withdraw to that hillock which rises yonder, whence both armies may be seen."

They did so, and placed themselves on a rising ground from which the two droves that Don Quixote made armies of might have been plainly seen if the clouds of dust they raised had not obscured them and blinded the sight; nevertheless, seeing in his imagination what he did not see and what did not exist, he began thus in a loud voice: "That knight whom thou seest yonder in yellow armor, who bears on his shield a lion crowned crouching at the feet of a damsel, is the valiant Laurcalco, lord of the Silver Bridge; that one in armor with flowers of gold, who bears on his shield three crowns argent on an azure field, is the dreaded Micocolemo, grand duke of Quirocia; that other of gigantic frame, on his right hand, is the ever dauntless Brandabarbaran de Boliche, lord of the three Arabias, who for armor wears that serpent skin, and has for shield a gate which, according to tradition, is one of those of the temple that Samson brought to the ground when by his death he revenged himself on his enemies." And so he went on naming a number of knights of one squadron or the other out of his

imagination, and to all he assigned off-hand their arms, colors, devices, and mottoes, carried away by the illusions of his unheard-of craze ; and without a pause, he continued : " People of divers nations compose this squadron in front ; here are those that drink of the sweet waters of the famous Xanthus, those that scour the woody Massilian plains, those that sift the pure fine gold of Arabia, those that enjoy the cool banks of the crystal Thermodon, the Numidians faithless in their promises, the Persians renowned in archery, the Parthians and the Medes that fight as they fly, the Scythians as cruel as they are fair, the Ethiopians with pierced lips, and an infinity of other nations whose features I recognize and descry, though I cannot recall their names."

Sancho Panza hung on his words without speaking, and from time to time turned to try if he could see the knights and giants his master was describing, and as he could not make out one of them he said to him, " Señor, perdition take it if there's a sign of any man you talk of, knight or giant, in the whole thing ; maybe it's all enchantment."

" How canst thou say that ! " answered Don Quixote ; " dost thou not hear the neighing of the steeds, the braying of the trumpets, the roll of the drums ? "

" I hear nothing but a great bleating of ewes and sheep," said Sancho ; which was true, for by this time the two flocks had come close.

" The fear thou art in, Sancho," said Don Quixote, " prevents thee from seeing or hearing correctly, for one of the effects of fear is to derange the senses and

make things appear different from what they are ; if thou art in such fear, withdraw to one side and leave me to myself, for alone I suffice to bring victory to that side to which I shall give my aid ; ” and so saying he gave Rocinante the spur, and, putting the lance in rest, shot down the slope like a thunderbolt.

Sancho shouted after him, crying, “ Come back, Señor Don Quixote ; I vow to God they are sheep and ewes you are charging ! Come back ! what madness is this ! Look, there is no giant, nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered or whole, nor cups azure or bedeviled. What are you about ? Sinner that I am before God ! ”

But not for all these entreaties did Don Quixote turn back ; on the contrary he went on shouting out, “ Ho, knights, ye who follow and fight under the banners of the valiant emperor Pentapolin of the Bare Arm, follow me all ; ye shall see how easily I shall give him his revenge over his enemy Alifanfaron of Trapobana.”

So saying, he dashed into the midst of the squadron of ewes, and began spearing them with as much spirit and intrepidity as if he were transfixing mortal enemies in earnest The shepherds and drovers accompanying the flock shouted to him to desist ; but, seeing it was no use, they ungirt their slings and began to salute his ears with stones as big as one’s fist. Don Quixote gave no heed to the stones, but, letting drive right and left, kept saying, “ Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron ? Come before me ; I am a single knight who would fain prove thy prowess hand to hand, and make

thee yield thy life a penalty for the wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolin Garamanta."

Here came a sugar-plum from the brook that struck him on the side. Feeling himself so smitten, he imagined himself slain or badly wounded for certain, and, recollecting his liquor he drew out his flask, and putting it to his mouth began to pour the contents into his stomach; but ere he had succeeded in swallowing what seemed to him enough, there came another almond which struck him on the hand and on the flask so fairly that it smashed it to pieces, knocking three or four teeth and grinders out of his mouth in its course, and sorely crushing two fingers of his hand. Such was the force of the first blow and of the second, that the poor knight in spite of himself came down backwards off his horse. The shepherds ran up, and felt sure they had killed him; so in all haste they collected their flock together, took up the dead beasts, of which there were more than seven, and made off without waiting to ascertain anything further.

All this time Sancho stood on the hill watching the crazy feats his master was performing, and tearing his beard and cursing the hour and the occasion when fortune had made him acquainted with him. Seeing him, then, brought to the ground, and that the shepherds had taken themselves off, he came down the hill and ran to him and found him in very bad case, though not unconscious; and said he, "Did I not tell you to come back, Señor Don Quixote; and that what you were going to attack were not armies, but droves of sheep?"

“That’s how that thief of a sage, my enemy, can alter and falsify things,” answered Don Quixote; “thou must know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for those of his sort to make us take what form they choose; and this malignant being who persecutes me, envious of the glory he knew I was to win in this battle, has turned the squadrons of the enemy into droves of sheep. At any rate, do this much, I beg of thee, Sancho, to undeceive thyself, and see that what I say is true; mount thy ass and follow them quietly, and thou shalt see that when they have gone some little distance from this they will return to their original shape and, ceasing to be sheep, become men in all respects as I described them to thee at first. But go not just yet, for I want thy help and assistance; come hither and see how many of my teeth and grinders are missing, for I feel as if there was not one left in my mouth.”

Sancho came so close that he almost put his eyes into his mouth; now just at that moment the balsam had acted on the stomach of Don Quixote, so, at the very instant when Sancho came to examine his mouth, he discharged all its contents with more force than a musket, and full into the beard of the compassionate squire.

—“Holy Mary!” cried Sancho, “what is this that has happened to me? Clearly this sinner is mortally wounded.”

Sancho ran to his ass to get something wherewith to relieve his master, out of his alforjas; but, not finding them, he well-nigh took leave of his senses, and

cursed himself anew, and in his heart resolved to quit his master and return home, even though he forfeited the wages of his service and all hopes of the government of the promised island.

Don Quixote now rose, and, putting his left hand to his mouth to keep his teeth from falling out altogether, with the other he laid hold of the bridle of Rocinante, who had never stirred from his master's side — so loyal and well-behaved was he — and betook himself to where the squire stood leaning over his ass with his hand to his cheek, like one in deep dejection. Seeing him in this mood, looking so sad, Don Quixote said to him, "Bear in mind, Sancho, that one man is no more than another, unless he does more than another; all these tempests that fall on us are signs that fair weather is coming shortly, and that things will go well with us, for it is impossible for good or evil to last forever; and hence it follows that, the evil having lasted long, the good must be now nigh at hand; so thou must not distress thyself at the misfortunes which happen to me, since thou hast no share in them."

"How have I not?" replied Sancho; "was he whom they blanketed yesterday perchance any other than my father's son? and the alforjas that are missing to-day with all my treasures, did they belong to any other but myself?"

"What! are the alforjas missing, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"Yes, they are missing," answered Sancho.

"In that case we have nothing to eat to-day," replied Don Quixote.

"It would be so," answered Sancho, "if there were none of the herbs your worship says you know in these meadows, those with which knights-errant as unlucky as your worship are wont to supply such-like shortcomings."

"For all that," answered Don Quixote, "I would rather have just now a loaf of bread, than all the herbs described by Dioscorides. Nevertheless, Sancho the Good, mount thy beast and come along with me, for God, who provides for all things, will not fail us (more especially when we are so active in his service as we are), since he fails not the midges of the air, nor the grubs of the earth, nor the tadpoles of the water, and is so merciful that he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

"Your worship would make a better preacher than knight-errant," said Sancho.

"Knights-errant knew and ought to know everything, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for there were knights-errant in former times as well qualified to deliver a sermon or discourse in the middle of a highway, as if they had graduated in the University of Paris."

"Well, be it as your worship says," replied Sancho; "let us be off now and find some place of shelter for the night, and God grant it may be somewhere where there are no blankets, nor blanketeers, nor phantoms, nor enchanted Moors; for if there are, may the devil take the whole concern."

"Ask that of God, my son," said Don Quixote;

“and do thou lead on where thou wilt, for this time I leave our lodging to thy choice. Mount, friend, and lead the way, and I will follow thee at whatever pace thou wilt.”

Sancho did as he bade him, and proceeded in the direction in which he thought he might find refuge without quitting the high-road, which was there very much frequented.

CHAPTER XV

OF THE ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL THE INGENIOUS
GENTLEMAN WITH A DEAD BODY, TOGETHER WITH
OTHER NOTABLE OCCURRENCES

NIGHT overtook Don Quixote and Sancho on the road before they had reached or discovered any place of shelter; and what made it still worse was that they were dying of hunger, for with the loss of the alforjas they had lost their entire larder and commissariat. It so happened that the night closed in somewhat darkly, but for all that they pushed on, Sancho feeling sure that as the road was the king's highway they might reasonably expect to find some inn within a league or two. Going along, then, in this way, the night dark, the squire hungry, the master sharp-set, they saw coming towards them on the road they were travelling a great number of lights which looked exactly like stars in motion. Sancho was taken aback at the sight of them, nor did Don Quixote altogether relish them: the one pulled up his ass by the halter, the other his hack by the bridle, and they stood still, watching anxiously to see what all this would turn out to be, and found that the lights were approaching them, and the nearer they came the greater they seemed, at which spectacle Sancho began

to shake, and Don Quixote's hair stood on end; he, however, plucking up spirit a little, said, "This, no doubt, Sancho, will be a most mighty and perilous adventure, in which it will be needful for me to put forth all my valor and resolution."

"Unlucky me!" answered Sancho; "if this adventure happens to be one of phantoms, as I am beginning to think it is, where shall I find the ribs to bear it?"

"Be they phantoms ever so much," said Don Quixote, "I will not permit them to touch a thread of thy garments; for if they played tricks with thee the time before, it was because I was unable to leap the walls of the yard; but now we are on a wide plain, where I shall be able to wield my sword as I please."

"And if they enchant and cripple you as they did the last time," said Sancho, "what difference will it make being on the open plain or not?"

"For all that," replied Don Quixote, "I entreat thee, Sancho, to keep a good heart."

"I will, please God," answered Sancho, and the two retiring to one side of the road set themselves to observe closely what all these moving lights might be; and very soon afterward they made out some twenty *encamisados*,¹ all on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands, the awe-inspiring aspect of whom completely extinguished the courage of Sancho, who began to chatter with his teeth like one in the cold fit

¹ *Encamisados*: a burial party wearing white robes over their ordinary clothing.

of an ague; and his heart sank and his teeth chattered still more when they perceived distinctly that behind them there came a litter covered over with black and followed by six more mounted figures in mourning down to the very feet of their mules — for they could perceive plainly they were not horses by the easy pace at which they went. And as the encamisados came along they muttered to themselves in a low plaintive tone. This strange spectacle at such an hour and in such a solitary place was quite enough to stimulate Don Quixote's imagination which immediately conjured up all this to him vividly as one of the adventures of his books. He took it into his head that the litter was a bier on which was borne some sorely wounded or slain knight, to avenge whom was a task reserved for him alone; and without any further reasoning he laid his lance in rest, fixed himself firmly in his saddle, and with gallant spirit and bearing took up his position in the middle of the road where the encamisados must of necessity pass; and as soon as he saw them near at hand he raised his voice and said, "Halt, knights, whosoever ye may be, and render me account of who ye are, whence ye come, what it is ye carry on that bier, for, to judge by appearances, either ye have done some wrong or some wrong has been done to you, and it is fitting and necessary that I should know, either that I may chastise you for the evil ye have done, or else that I may avenge you for the injury that has been inflicted on you."

"We are in haste," answered one of the encami-

sados, "and the inn is far off, and we cannot stop to render you such an account as you demand;" and spurring his mule he moved on.

Don Quixote was mightily provoked by this answer, and seizing the mule by the bridle he said, "Halt, and be more mannerly, and render an account of what I have asked of you; else, take my defiance to combat, all of you."

The mule was shy, and was so frightened at her bridle being seized that rearing up she flung her rider to the ground over her haunches. An attendant who was on foot, seeing the encamisado fall, began to abuse Don Quixote, who, now moved to anger, without any more ado, laying his lance in rest, charged one of the men in mourning and brought him badly wounded to the ground, and as he wheeled round on the others the agility with which he attacked and routed them was a sight to see, for it seemed just as if wings had that instant grown on Rocinante, so lightly and proudly did he bear himself. The encamisados were all timid folk and unarmed, so they speedily made their escape from the fray and set off at a run across the plain with their lighted torches, looking exactly like maskers running on some gala or festival night. The mourners, too, enveloped and swathed in their skirts and gowns, were unable to bestir themselves, and so with entire safety to himself Don Quixote belabored them all and drove them off against their will, for they all thought it was no man but a devil from hell come to carry away the dead body they had in the litter.

Sancho beheld all this in astonishment at the intrepidity of his lord, and said to himself, "Clearly this master of mine is as bold and valiant as he says he is."

A burning torch lay on the ground near the first man whom the mule had thrown, by the light of which Don Quixote perceived him, and coming up to him he presented the point of the lance to his face, calling on him to yield himself prisoner, or else he would kill him; to which the prostrate man replied, "I am prisoner enough as it is; I cannot stir, for one of my legs is broken: I entreat you, if you be a Christian gentleman, not to kill me, for I am a licentiate and I hold first orders."

"Then what the dickens brought you here, being a churchman?" asked Don Quixote.

"What, señor?" said the other. "My bad luck."

"Then still worse awaits you," said Don Quixote, "if you do not satisfy me as to all I asked you at first."

"You shall be soon satisfied," said the licentiate; "you must know, then, that though just now I said I was a licentiate, I am only a bachelor, and my name is Alonzo Lopez; I come from the city of Baeza with eleven others, priests, the same who fled with the torches, and we are going to the city of Segovia accompanying a dead body which is in that litter, and is that of a gentleman who died in Baeza; and now, as I said, we are taking his bones to their burial-place, which is in Segovia, where he was born."

"And who killed him?" asked Don Quixote.

"God, by means of a malignant fever that took him," answered the bachelor.

“In that case,” said Don Quixote, “the Lord has relieved me of the task of avenging his death had any other slain him ; but he who slew him having slain him, there is nothing for it but to be silent, and shrug one’s shoulders ; I should do the same were he to slay myself ; and I would have your reverence know that I am a knight of La Mancha, Don Quixote by name, and it is my business and calling to roam the world righting wrongs and redressing injuries.”

“I do not know how that about righting wrongs can be,” said the bachelor, “for from straight you have made me crooked, leaving me with a broken leg that will never see itself straight again all the days of its life ; and the injury you have redressed in my case has been to leave me injured in such a way that I shall remain injured forever ; and the height of misadventure it was to fall in with you who go in search of adventures.”

“Things do not all happen in the same way,” answered Don Quixote ; “it all came, Sir Bachelor, of your going, as you did, by night, dressed in those surplices, with lighted torches, praying, covered with mourning, so that naturally you looked like something evil and of the other world ; and so I could not avoid doing my duty in attacking you.”

“As my fate has so willed it,” said the bachelor, “I entreat you, Sir Knight-errant, whose errand has been such an evil one for me, to help me to get from under this mule that holds one of my legs caught between the stirrup and the saddle.”

“I would have talked on till to-morrow,” said Don

Quixote ; "how long were you going to wait before telling me of your distress?"

He at once called to Sancho, who, however, had no mind to come, as he was just then engaged in unloading a sumpter mule, well laden with provender, which these worthy gentlemen had brought with them. Sancho made a bag of his coat, and, getting together as much as he could, and as the mule's sack would hold, he loaded his beast, and then hastened to obey his master's call, and helped him to remove the bachelor from under the mule ; then putting him on her back he gave him the torch, and Don Quixote bade him follow the track of his companions, and beg pardon of them on his part for the wrong which he could not help doing them.

And said Sancho, "If by chance these gentlemen should want to know who was the hero that served them so, your worship may tell them that he is the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Rueful Countenance."

The bachelor then took his departure, and Don Quixote asked Sancho what had induced him to call him the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance" more then than at any other time.

"I will tell you," answered Sancho ; "it was because I have been looking at you for some time by the light of the torch held by that unfortunate, and verily your worship has got of late the most ill-favored countenance I ever saw ; it must be either owing to the fatigue of this combat, or else to the want of teeth and grinders."

“It is not that,” replied Don Quixote, “but because the sage whose duty it will be to write the history of my achievements must have thought it proper that I should take some distinctive name as all knights of yore did ; one being ‘He of the Burning Sword,’ another ‘He of the Unicorn,’ this one ‘He of the Damsels,’ that ‘He of the Phoenix,’ another ‘The Knight of the Griffin,’ and another ‘He of the Death,’ and by these names and designations they were known all the world round ; and so I say that the sage aforesaid must have put it into your mouth and mind just now to call me ‘The Knight of the Rueful Countenance,’ as I intend to call myself from this day forward ; and that the said name may fit me better, I mean, when the opportunity offers, to have a very rueful countenance painted on my shield.”

“There is no occasion, señor, for wasting time or money on making that countenance,” said Sancho ; “for all that need be done is for your worship to show your own, face to face, to those who look at you, and without anything more, either image or shield, they will call you ‘Him of the Rueful Countenance’ ; and believe me I am telling you the truth, for I assure you, señor, hunger and the loss of your grinders have given you such an ill-favored face that, as I say, the rueful picture may be very well spared.”

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho’s pleasantry ; nevertheless he resolved to call himself by that name, and have his shield or buckler painted as he had devised.

Don Quixote would have looked to see whether the body in the litter were bones or not, but Sancho

would not have it, saying, "Señor, you have ended this perilous adventure more safely for yourself than any of those I have seen: perhaps these people, though beaten and routed, may bethink themselves that it is a single man that has beaten them, and feeling sore and ashamed of it may take heart and come in search of us and give us trouble. The ass is in proper trim, the mountains are near at hand, hunger presses, we have nothing more to do but make good our retreat, and, as the saying is, let the dead go to the grave and the living to the loaf"; and driving his ass before him he begged his master to follow, who, feeling that Sancho was right, did so without replying; and after proceeding some little distance between two hills they found themselves in a wide and retired valley where they alighted. Sancho unloaded his beast and, stretched on the green grass, with hunger for sauce, they breakfasted, dined, lunched, and supped all at once, satisfying their appetites with more than one store of cold meat which the dead man's clerical gentlemen (who seldom put themselves on short allowance) had brought with them on their sumpter mule. But another piece of ill-luck befell them, which Sancho held the worst of all, and that was that they had no wine to drink, or even water to moisten their lips; and as thirst tormented them, Sancho, observing that the meadow where they were was full of green and tender grass, said what will be told in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XVI

OF THE UNEXAMPLED AND UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURE
WHICH WAS ACHIEVED BY THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE
OF LA MANCHA WITH LESS PERIL THAN ANY EVER
ACHIEVED BY ANY FAMOUS KNIGHT IN THE WORLD

“**I**T cannot be, señor, but that this grass is a proof that there must be hard by some spring or brook to give it moisture, so it would be well done to move a little farther on, that we may find some place where we may quench this terrible thirst that plagues us.”

The advice seemed good to Don Quixote, and, he leading Rocinante by the bridle, and Sancho the ass by the halter, after he had packed away on him the remains of the supper, they advanced up the meadow feeling their way, for the darkness of the night made it impossible to see anything ; but they had not gone two hundred paces when a loud noise of water, as if falling from high rocks, struck their ears. The sound cheered them greatly ; but halting to make out by listening from what quarter it came they heard unseasonably another noise which spoiled the satisfaction the sound the water gave them, especially for Sancho who was by nature timid and faint-hearted ; they heard, I say, strokes falling with a measured beat,

and a certain rattling of iron and chains that, together with the furious din of the water, would have struck terror into any heart but Don Quixote's. The night was, as has been said, dark, and they had happened to reach a spot in among some tall trees, whose leaves stirred by a gentle breeze made a low ominous sound ; so that, what with the solitude, the place, the darkness, the noise of the water, and the rustling of the leaves, everything inspired awe and dread ; more especially as they perceived that the strokes did not cease, nor the wind lull, nor morning approach ; to all which might be added their ignorance as to where they were.

But Don Quixote, supported by his intrepid heart, leaped on Rocinante, and bracing his buckler on his arm, brought his pike to the slope, and said, "Friend Sancho, know that I by Heaven's will have been born in this our iron age to revive in it the age of gold ; I am he for whom perils, mighty achievements, and valiant deeds are reserved ; I am, I say again, he who is to revive the Knights of the Round Table, and he who is to consign to oblivion the whole herd of famous knights-errant of days gone by, performing in these in which I live such exploits, marvels, and feats of arms as shall obscure their brightest deeds. Thou dost mark well, faithful and trusty squire, the gloom of this night, its strange silence, the dull confused murmur of those trees, the awful sound of that water in quest of which we came, that seems as though it were precipitating and dashing itself down from the lofty mountains of the moon, and that incessant hammering that wounds and pains our ears ; which

things all together and each of itself are enough to instil fear, dread, and dismay into the breast of Mars himself. Well, then, all this that I put before thee is but an incentive and stimulant to my spirit, making my heart burst in my bosom through eagerness to engage in this adventure, arduous as it promises to be ; therefore tighten Rocinante's girths a little, and God be with thee ; wait for me here three days and no more, and if in that time I come not back, thou canst return to our village, and thence, to do me a favor and a service, thou wilt go to El Toboso, where thou shalt say to my incomparable lady Dulcinea that her captive knight hath died in attempting things that might make him worthy of being called hers."

When Sancho heard his master's words he began to weep in the most pathetic way, saying, "Señor, I know not why your worship wants to attempt this so dreadful adventure ; it is night now, no one sees us here, we can easily turn about and take ourselves out of danger, even if we don't drink for three days to come ; and as there is no one to see us, all the less will there be any one to set us down as cowards ; besides, I have many a time heard the curate of our village, whom your worship knows well, preach that he who seeks danger perishes in it ; so it is not right to tempt God by trying so tremendous a feat from which there can be no escape save by a miracle, and Heaven has performed enough of them for your worship in delivering you from being blanketed as I was, and bringing you out victorious and safe and sound from among all those enemies that were with the dead man ; and if all this

does not move or soften that hard heart, let this thought and reflection move it, that you will have hardly quitted this spot when from pure fear I shall yield my soul up to any one that will take it, and if your worship will not entirely give up attempting this feat, at least put it off till morning, for by what the lore I learned when I was a shepherd tells me it cannot want three hours of dawn now."

"Let it want what it may," replied Don Quixote, "it shall not be said of me now or at any time that tears or entreaties turned me aside from doing what was in accordance with knightly usage; and so I beg of thee, Sancho, to hold thy peace, for God, who has put it into my heart to undertake now this so unexampled and terrible adventure, will take care to watch over my safety and console thy sorrow; what thou hast to do is to tighten Rocinante's girths well, and wait here, for I shall come back shortly, alive or dead."

Sancho, perceiving it his master's final resolve, and how little his tears, counsels, and entreaties prevailed with him, determined to have recourse to his own ingenuity and compel him if he could to wait till daylight; and so, while tightening the girths of the horse, he quietly and without being felt, tied both Rocinante's fore legs, so that when Don Quixote strove to go he was unable as the horse could only move by jumps. Seeing the success of his trick, Sancho Panza said, "See there, señor! Heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has so ordered it that Rocinante cannot stir; and if you will be obstinate, and spur and strike him,

you will only provoke fortune, and kick, as they say, against the pricks."

Don Quixote at this was fain to resign himself and wait till daybreak or until Rocinante could move, firmly persuaded that all this came of something other than Sancho's ingenuity. So he said to him, "As it is so, Sancho, and as Rocinante cannot move, I am content to wait till dawn smiles on us, even though I weep while it delays its coming."

"There is no need to weep," answered Sancho, "for I will amuse your worship by telling stories from this till daylight, unless indeed you like to dismount and lie down to sleep a little on the green grass after the fashion of knights-errant, so as to be fresher when day comes and the moment arrives for attempting this extraordinary adventure you are looking forward to."

"What art thou talking about dismounting or sleeping for?" said Don Quixote. "Am I, thinkest thou, one of those knights that take their rest in the presence of danger?" and he bade him tell some story to amuse him as he had proposed, to which Sancho replied that he would if his dread of what he heard would let him; "Still," said he, "I will strive to tell a story which, if I can manage to relate it, and it escapes me not, is the best of stories, and let your worship give me your attention, for here I begin.

"In a village of Estremadura there was a goat-shepherd—that is to say, one who tended goats—which shepherd or goatherd, as my story goes, was called Lope Ruiz, and this Lope Ruiz was in love with a shepherdess called Torralva, which shepherdess

called Torralva was the daughter of a rich grazier, and this rich grazier — ”

“If that is the way thou tellest thy tale, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “repeating twice all thou hast to say, thou wilt not have done these two days; go straight on with it, and tell it like a reasonable man, or else say nothing.”

“Tales are always told in my country in the very way I am telling this,” answered Sancho, “and I cannot tell it in any other, nor is it right of your worship to ask me to make new customs.”

“Tell it as thou wilt,” replied Don Quixote; “and as fate will have it that I cannot help listening to thee, go on.”

“And so, lord of my soul,” continued Sancho, “as I have said, this shepherd was in love with Torralva the shepherdess, who was a wild buxom lass with something of the look of a man about her; I fancy I see her now.”

“Then you knew her?” said Don Quixote.

“I did not know her,” said Sancho, “but he who told me the story said it was so true and certain that when I told it to another I might safely declare and swear I had seen it all myself. And so in course of time the devil, who never sleeps and puts everything in confusion, contrived that the love the shepherd bore the shepherdess turned into hatred and ill-will, and the reason, according to evil tongues, was some little jealousy she caused him; and so much did the shepherd hate her from that time forward that, in order to escape from her, he determined to quit the

country and go where he would never set eyes on her again. Torralva, when she found herself spurned by Lope, was immediately smitten with love for him, though she had never loved him before."

"That is the natural way of women," said Don Quixote, "to scorn the one that loves them, and love the one that hates them : go on, Sancho."

"It came to pass," said Sancho, "that the shepherd carried out his intention, and driving his goats before him took his way across the plains of Estremadura to pass over into the Kingdom of Portugal. Torralva, who knew of it, went after him, and on foot and bare-foot followed him at a distance, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand and a scrip round her neck, in which she carried, it is said, a bit of looking-glass, and a piece of a comb, and some little pot or other of paint for her face ; but let her carry what she did, I am not going to trouble myself to prove it ; all I say is, that the shepherd came with his flock to cross over the river Guadiana, which was at that time swollen and almost overflowing its banks, and at the spot he came to there was neither ferry nor boat nor any one to carry him or his flock to the other side, at which he was much vexed, for he perceived that Torralva was approaching and would give him great annoyance with her tears and entreaties ; however, he went looking about so closely that he discovered a fisherman who had alongside of him a boat so small that it could only hold one person and one goat ; but for all that he spoke to him and agreed with him to carry himself and his three hundred goats across. The fisherman

got into the boat and carried one goat over ; he came back and carried another over ; he came back again, and again brought over another — let your worship keep count of the goats the fisherman is taking across, for if one escapes the memory there will be an end of the story, and it will be impossible to tell another word of it. To proceed, I must tell you the landing-place on the other side was miry and slippery, and the fisherman lost a great deal of time in going and coming ; still he returned for another goat, and another, and another.”

“Take it for granted he brought them all across,” said Don Quixote, “and don’t keep going and coming in this way, or thou wilt not make an end of bringing them over this twelvemonth.”

“How many have gone across so far ?” said Sancho.

“How the dickens do I know ?” replied Don Quixote.

“There it is,” said Sancho, “what I told you, that you must keep a good count ; well then, there is an end of the story, for there is no going any farther.”

“How can that be ?” said Don Quixote ; “is it so essential to the story to know to a nicety the goats that have crossed over, that if there be a mistake of one in the reckoning, thou canst not go on with it ?”

“No, señor, not a bit,” replied Sancho ; “for when I asked your worship to tell me how many goats had crossed, and you answered you did not know, at that very instant all I had to say passed away out of my memory, and faith, there was much virtue in it, and entertainment.”

“So, then,” said Don Quixote, “the story has come to an end?”

“As much as my mother has,” said Sancho.

With this and other talk master and man passed the night, till Sancho, perceiving that daybreak was coming on apace, very cautiously untied Rocinante. As soon as Rocinante found himself free, though by nature he was not at all mettlesome, he seemed to feel lively and began pawing—for as to capering, begging his pardon, he knew not what it meant. Don Quixote, then, observing that Rocinante could move, took it as a good sign and a signal that he should attempt the dread adventure. By this time day had fully broken and everything showed distinctly, and Don Quixote saw that he was among some tall trees, chestnuts, which cast a very deep shade; he perceived likewise that the sound of the strokes did not cease, but could not discover what caused it, and so without any further delay he let Rocinante feel the spur, and began to move towards that quarter whence the sound of the water and of the strokes seemed to come.

Sancho followed him on foot, leading by the halter, as his custom was, his ass, his constant comrade in prosperity or adversity; and advancing some distance through the shady chestnut trees they came on a little meadow at the foot of some high rocks, down which a mighty rush of water flung itself. At the foot of the rocks were some rudely constructed houses, from among which came, they perceived, the din and clatter of blows, which still continued without intermission. Rocinante took fright at the noise of the water

and of the blows, but quieting him Don Quixote advanced step by step towards the houses, commending himself with all his heart to his lady, imploring her support in that dread pass and enterprise, and on the way commending himself to God, too, not to forget him. Sancho, who never quitted his side, stretched his neck as far as he could and peered between the legs of Rocinante to see if he could now discover what it was that caused him such fear and apprehension. They went it might be a hundred paces farther, when on turning a corner the true cause, beyond the possibility of any mistake, of that dread-sounding and to them awe-inspiring noise that had kept them all the night in such fear and perplexity, appeared plain and obvious; and it was six fulling-hammers which by their alternate strokes made all the din.

When Don Quixote perceived what it was, he was struck dumb and rigid from head to foot. Sancho glanced at him and saw him with his head bent down on his breast in manifest mortification; and Don Quixote glanced at Sancho and saw him with his cheeks puffed out and his mouth full of laughter, and evidently ready to explode with it, and in spite of his vexation he could not help laughing at the sight of him; and when Sancho saw his master begin he let go so heartily that he had to hold his sides with both hands to keep himself from bursting with laughter.

CHAPTER XVII

WHICH TREATS OF THE EXALTED ADVENTURE AND RICH PRIZE OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET, TOGETHER WITH OTHER THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO OUR INVINCIBLE KNIGHT

IT now began to rain a little, and Sancho was for going into the fulling-mills, but Don Quixote had taken such a disgust to them on account of the late joke that he would not enter them on any account: so turning aside to the right they came on another road, different from that which they had taken the night before. Shortly afterwards Don Quixote perceived a man on horseback who wore on his head something that shone like gold, and the moment he saw him he turned to Sancho and said, "I think, Sancho, there is no proverb that is not true, all being maxims drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences, especially that one that says, 'Where one door shuts, another opens.' I say so because if last night fortune shut the door of the adventure we were looking for against us, cheating us with the fulling-mills, it now opens wide another one for a better and more certain adventure. I say this because, if I mistake not, there comes towards us one who wears on his head the helmet of Mambrino, concerning which I took the oath thou rememberest.

Tell me, seest thou not yonder knight coming towards us on a dappled gray steed, who has on his head a helmet of gold?"

"What I see and make out," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a gray ass like my own, who has something that shines on his head."

"Well, that is the helmet of Mambrino," said Don Quixote: "stand to one side and leave me alone with him; thou shalt see how, without saying a word, to save time, I shall bring this adventure to an issue and possess myself of the helmet I have so longed for."

The fact of the matter as regards the helmet, steed, and knight that Don Quixote saw, was this. In that neighborhood there were two villages, one of them so small that it had neither apothecary's shop, nor barber, which the other that was close to it had, so the barber of the larger served the smaller, and in it there was a sick man who required to be bled, and another man who wanted to be shaved, and on this errand the barber was going, carrying with him a brass basin; but as luck would have it, as he was on the way it began to rain, and not to spoil his hat, which probably was a new one, he put the basin on his head, and being clean it glittered at half a league's distance. He rode on a gray ass, as Sancho said, and this was what made it seem to Don Quixote to be a dapple-gray steed and a knight and a golden helmet; for everything he saw he made to fall in with his crazy chivalry notions; and when he saw the poor knight draw near, without entering into any parley with him, at Rocinante's top speed

he bore down on him with the pike pointed low, fully determined to run him through and through, and as he reached him, without checking the fury of his charge, he cried to him, "Defend thyself, miserable being, or yield me of thine own accord that which is so reasonably my due."

The barber, who without any expectation or apprehension of it saw this apparition coming down on him, had no other way of saving himself from the stroke of the lance but to let himself fall off his ass; and no sooner had he touched the ground than he sprang up more nimbly than a deer and sped away across the plain faster than the wind.

He left the basin on the ground, which Don Quixote told Sancho to pick up, and he taking it in his hands, handed it to his master, who immediately put it on his head, turning it round, now this way, now that, in search of the visor, and not finding it he said, "Clearly the pagan to whose measure this famous head-piece was first forged must have had a very large head; but the worst of it is half of it is wanting."

When Sancho heard him call the basin a head-piece he was unable to restrain his laughter.

"What art thou laughing at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"I am laughing," said he, "to think of the great head the pagan must have had who owned this helmet, for it looks exactly like a regular barber's basin."

"Dost thou know what I suspect, Sancho?" said Don Quixote; "that this wonderful enchanted helmet must by some strange accident have come into the

hands of some one who was unable to recognize or realize its value, and who, not knowing what he did, and seeing it to be of the purest gold, must have melted down one half for the sake of what it might be worth, and of the other made this which is like a barber's basin as thou sayest ; but be it as it may, to me who recognize it, its transformation makes no difference, for I will set it to rights at the first village where there is a blacksmith, and in such style that that helmet the god of smithies forged for the god of battles shall not surpass it or even come up to it ; and in the meantime I will wear it as well as I can, for something is better than nothing ; all the more as it will be quite enough to protect me from any chance blow of a stone."

"That is," said Sancho, "if it is not shot with a sling as they were in the battle of the two armies. But putting that aside, will your worship tell me what are we to do with this dapple-gray steed that looks like a gray ass, which this fellow your worship overthrew has left deserted here? for, from the way he took to his heels and bolted, he is not likely ever to come back for it ; and by my beard but the gray is a good one."

"I have never been in the habit," said Don Quixote, "of taking spoil of those whom I vanquish, nor is it the practice of chivalry to take away their horses and leave them to go on foot, unless indeed it be that the victor have lost his own in the combat, in which case it is lawful to take that of the vanquished as a thing won in lawful war ; therefore, Sancho, leave this horse,

or ass, or whatever thou wilt have it to be ; for when its owner sees us gone hence he will come back for it."

"God knows I should like to take it," returned Sancho, "or at least to change it for my own, which does not seem to me as good a one : verily the laws of chivalry are strict, since they cannot be stretched to let one ass be changed for another ; I should like to know if I might at least change trappings."

"On that head I am not quite certain," answered Don Quixote, "and the matter being doubtful, pending better information, I say thou mayest change them, if so be thou hast urgent need of them."

"So urgent is it," answered Sancho, "that if they were for my own person I could not want them more" ; and forthwith, fortified by this license, he rigged out his beast, making quite another thing of it. This done, they broke their fast on the remains of the spoils of war plundered from the sumpter mule, and drank of the brook that flowed from the fulling-mills, and, all anger and gloom removed, they mounted and, without taking any fixed road (not to fix on any being the proper thing for true knights-errant), they set out, guided by Rocinante's will, which carried along with it that of his master, not to say that of the ass, which always followed him wherever he led, lovingly and sociably ; nevertheless they returned to the highroad, and pursued it at a venture.

As they went along, then, in this way Sancho said to his master, "Señor, would your worship give me leave to speak a little to you?"

"Say on, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and be brief in thy discourse, for there is no pleasure in one that is long."

"Well then, señor," returned Sancho, "I say that for some days past I have been considering how little is got or gained by going in search of these adventures that your worship seeks in these wilds and cross-roads where even if the most perilous are victoriously achieved, there is no one to see or know them, and so they must be left untold forever, to the loss of your worship's object and the credit they deserve; therefore it seems to me it would be better if we were to go and serve some emperor or other great prince who may have some war on hand, in whose service your worship may prove the worth of your person, your great might, and greater understanding, on perceiving which the lord in whose service we may be will perforce have to reward us, each according to his merits; and there you will not be at a loss for some one to set down your achievements in writing so as to preserve their memory forever."

"Thou speakest not amiss, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "but before that point is reached it is requisite to roam the world, as it were on probation, seeking adventures, in order that by achieving some, name and fame may be acquired, such that when he betakes himself to the court of some great monarch, the knight may be already known by his deeds, and that the boys, the instant they see him enter the gate of the city, may all follow him and surround him, crying, 'This is the Knight of the Sun'—or the Serpent, or any other

title under which he may have achieved great deeds. 'This,' they will say, 'is he who vanquished in single combat the gigantic Brocabruno of mighty strength; he who delivered the great Mameluke of Persia out of the long enchantment under which he had been for almost nine hundred years.' So from one to another they will go proclaiming his achievements; and presently at the tumult of the boys and the others the king of that kingdom will appear at the windows of his royal palace, and as soon as he beholds the knight, recognizing him by his arms and the device on his shield, he will as a matter of course say, 'What ho! Forth all ye, the knights of my court, to receive the flower of chivalry who cometh hither!' At which command all will issue forth, and he himself, advancing half-way down the stairs, will embrace him closely, and salute him, kissing him on the cheek, and will then lead him to the queen's chamber, where the knight will find her with the princess her daughter, who will be one of the most beautiful and accomplished damsels that could with the utmost pains be discovered anywhere in the known world. Straightway it will come to pass that she will fix her eyes on the knight and he his on her, and each will seem to the other something more divine than human, and, without knowing how or why, they will be taken and entangled in the inextricable toils of love, and sorely distressed in their hearts not to see any way of making their pains and sufferings known by speech. Thence they will lead him, no doubt, to some richly adorned chamber of the palace, where, having removed his armor, they will bring him a rich mantle

of scarlet wherewith to robe himself, and if he looked noble in his armor he will look still more so in a doublet.

“When night comes he will sup with the king, queen, and princess; and all the time he will never take his eyes off her, stealing stealthy glances, unnoticed by those present, and she will do the same, and with equal cautiousness, being, as I have said, a damsel of great discretion. The tables being removed, suddenly through the door of the hall there will enter a hideous and diminutive dwarf followed by a fair dame, between two giants, who comes with a certain adventure, the work of an ancient sage; and he who shall achieve it shall be deemed the best knight in the world. The king will then command all those present to essay it, and none will bring it to an end and conclusion save the stranger knight, to the great enhancement of his fame, whereat the princess will be overjoyed and will esteem herself happy and fortunate in having fixed and placed her thoughts so high. And the best of it is that this king, or prince, or whatever he is, is engaged in a very bitter war with another as powerful as himself, and the stranger knight, after having been some days at his court, requests leave from him to go and serve him in the said war. The king will grant it very readily, and the knight will courteously kiss his hands for the favor done to him; and that night he will take leave of his lady the princess at the grating of the chamber where she sleeps, which looks on a garden, and at which he has already many times conversed with her, the go-between and confidante in the

matter being a damsel much trusted by the princess. He will sigh, she will swoon, the damsel will fetch water ; at last the princess will come to herself and will present her white hands through the grating to the knight, who will kiss them a thousand times, bathing them with his tears. It will be arranged between them how they are to inform each other of their good or evil fortunes, and the princess will entreat him to make his absence as short as possible, which he will promise to do with many oaths ; once more he kisses her hands, and takes his leave in such grief that he is well-nigh ready to die. He betakes himself thence to his chamber, flings himself on his bed, cannot sleep for sorrow at parting, rises early in the morning, goes to take leave of the king, queen, and princess, and, as he takes his leave of the pair, it is told him that the princess is indisposed and cannot receive a visit ; the knight thinks it is from grief at his departure, his heart is pierced, and he is hardly able to keep from showing his pain. The confidante is present, observes all, goes to tell her mistress, who listens with tears and says that one of her greatest distresses is not knowing who this knight is, and whether he is of kingly lineage or not ; the damsel assures her that so much courtesy, gentleness, and gallantry of bearing as her knight possesses could not exist in any save one who was royal and illustrious ; her anxiety is thus relieved, and she strives to be of good cheer lest she should excite suspicion in her parents, and at the end of two days she appears in public.

“Meanwhile the knight has taken his departure ;

he fights in the war, conquers the king's enemy, wins many cities, triumphs in many battles, returns to the court, sees his lady where he was wont to see her; and it is agreed that he shall demand her in marriage of her parents as the reward of his services; the king is unwilling to give her, as he knows not who he is, but nevertheless, whether carried off or in whatever other way it may be, the princess comes to be his bride, and her father comes to regard it as very good fortune; for it so happens that this knight is proved to be the son of a valiant king of some kingdom, I know not what, for I fancy it is not likely to be on the map: the father dies, the princess inherits, and in two words the knight becomes king. And here comes in at once the bestowal of rewards on his squire and all who have aided him in rising to so exalted a rank. He marries his squire to a damsel of the princess's who will be, no doubt, the one who was confidante in their amour, and is daughter of a very great duke."

"That's what I want, and no mistake about it!" said Sancho. "That's what I'm waiting for; for all this, word for word, is in store for your worship under the title of The Knight of the Rueful Countenance."

"Thou needst not doubt it, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "for in the same manner, and by the same steps as I have described here, knights-errant rise and have risen to be kings and emperors; all we want now is to find out what king, Christian or pagan, is at war and has a beautiful daughter; but there will be time enough to think of that, for, as I have told thee, fame must be won in other quarters before repairing to the

court. There is another thing, too, that is wanting ; for supposing we find a king who is at war and has a beautiful daughter, and that I have won incredible fame throughout the universe, I know not how it can be made out that I am of royal lineage, or even second cousin to an emperor ; for the king will not be willing to give me his daughter in marriage unless he is first thoroughly satisfied on this point, however much my famous deeds may deserve it ; so that by this deficiency I fear I shall lose what my arm has fairly earned. True it is I am a gentleman of a known house, of estate and property, and it may be that the sage who shall write my history will so clear up my ancestry and pedigree that I may find myself fifth or sixth in descent from a king ; I may be of such that after investigation my origin may prove great and famous, with which the king, my father-in-law that is to be, ought to be satisfied ; and should he not be, the princess will so love me that even though she well knew me to be the son of a water-carrier, she will take me for her lord and husband in spite of her father ; if not, then it comes to seizing her and carrying her off where I please ; for time or death will put an end to the wrath of her parents."

CHAPTER XVIII

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE WHICH BEFELL THE VAL-
IANT DON QUIXOTE WITH THE BOLD KNIGHT OF
THE GROVE.

THE night succeeding the day of the encounter with the barber, Don Quixote and his squire passed under some tall shady trees, and Don Quixote at Sancho's persuasion ate a little from the store carried by Dapple. After their supper Sancho felt a desire to let down the curtains of his eyes, as he used to say when he wanted to go to sleep; and stripping Dapple he left him at liberty to graze his fill. He did not remove Rocinante's saddle, as his master's express orders were that so long as they were in the field or not sleeping under a roof Rocinante was not to be stripped — the ancient usage established and observed by knights-errant being to take off the bridle and hang it on the saddle-bow, but to remove the saddle from the horse — never! Sancho acted accordingly, and gave him the same liberty he had given Dapple, between whom and Rocinante there was a friendship so unequalled and so strong, that it is handed down by tradition from father to son, how eagerly the two beasts would scratch one another when they were together, and how, when they were

tired or full, Rocinante would lay his neck across Dapple's, stretching half a yard or more on the other side, and the pair would stand thus, gazing thoughtfully on the ground, for three days, or at least so long as they were left alone, or hunger did not drive them to go and look for food.

Sancho at last fell asleep at the foot of a cork tree, while Don Quixote dozed at that of a sturdy oak; but a short time only had elapsed when a noise he heard behind him awoke him. Rising up startled, he listened and looked in the direction the noise came from, and perceived two men on horseback, one of whom, letting himself drop from the saddle, said to the other, "Dismount, my friend, and take the bridles off the horses, for, so far as I can see, this place will furnish grass for them, and the solitude and silence my love-sick thoughts have need of."

As he said this he stretched himself on the ground, and as he flung himself down, the armor in which he was clad rattled, whereby Don Quixote perceived that he must be a knight-errant; and going over to Sancho, who was asleep, he shook him by the arm and with no small difficulty brought him back to his senses, and said in a low voice, "Brother Sancho, we have got an adventure."

"God send us a good one," said Sancho; "and where, señor, may her ladyship the adventure be?"

"Where, Sancho?" replied Don Quixote; "turn thine eyes and look, and thou wilt see stretched there a knight-errant, who, it strikes me, is not over and above happy, for I saw him fling himself off his horse

and throw himself on the ground with a certain air of dejection, and his armor rattled as he fell."

"Well," said Sancho, "how does your worship make out that to be an adventure?"

"I do not mean to say," returned Don Quixote, "that it is a complete adventure, but that it is the beginning of one, for it is in this way adventures begin. But listen, for it seems he is tuning a lute or guitar, and from the way he is spitting and clearing his chest he must be getting ready to sing something."

"Faith, you are right," said Sancho, "and no doubt he is some enamoured knight."

"There is no knight-errant that is not," said Don Quixote; "but let us listen to him, for, if he sings, by that thread we shall extract the ball of his thoughts; because out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Sancho was about to reply to his master, but the Knight of the Grove's voice, which was neither very bad nor very good, stopped him, and listening attentively the pair heard him sing a sonnet.

With an "Ah me!" that seemed to be drawn from the inmost recesses of his heart, the Knight of the Grove brought his lay to an end, and shortly afterwards exclaimed in a melancholy and piteous voice, "O fairest and most ungrateful woman on earth! What! can it be, most serene Casildea de Vandalia, that thou wilt suffer this thy captive knight to waste away and perish in ceaseless wanderings and rude and arduous toils? Is it not enough that I have compelled

all the knights of Navarre, all the Leonese, all the Tartesians, all the Castilians, and finally all the knights of La Mancha, to confess thee the most beautiful in the world?"

"Not so," said Don Quixote at this, "for I am of La Mancha, and I have never confessed anything of the sort, nor could I nor should I confess a thing so much to the prejudice of my lady's beauty; thou seest how this knight is raving, Sancho. But let us listen, perhaps he will tell us more about himself."

"That he will," returned Sancho, "for he seems in a mood to bewail himself for a month at a stretch."

But this was not the case, for the Knight of the Grove, hearing voices near him, instead of continuing his lamentation, stood up and exclaimed in a distinct but courteous tone, "Who goes there? What are you? Do you belong to the number of the happy or of the miserable?"

"Of the miserable," answered Don Quixote.

"Then come to me," said he of the Grove, "and rest assured that it is to woe itself and affliction itself you come."

Don Quixote, finding himself answered in such a soft and courteous manner, went over to him, and so did Sancho.

The doleful knight took Don Quixote by the arm, saying, "Sit down here, Sir Knight; for, that you are one, and of those that profess knight-errantry, it is to me a sufficient proof to have found you in this place, where solitude and night, the natural couch and proper retreat of knights-errant, keep you company." To

which Don Quixote made answer, "A knight I am of the profession you mention ; and though sorrows, misfortunes, and calamities have made my heart their abode, the compassion I feel for the misfortunes of others has not been thereby banished from it."

In the meantime, they had seated themselves together on the hard ground peaceably and socially, just as if, as soon as day broke, they were not going to break one another's heads.

"Are you, Sir Knight, in love perchance?" asked he of the Grove of Don Quixote.

"By mischance I am," replied Don Quixote ; "though the ills arising from well-bestowed affections should be esteemed favors rather than misfortunes."

"That is true," returned he of the Grove, "if scorn did not unsettle our reason and understanding."

"I was never scorned by my lady," said Don Quixote.

"Certainly not," said Sancho, who stood close by.

"Is this your squire?" asked he of the Grove.

"He is," said Don Quixote.

"I never yet saw a squire," said he of the Grove, "who ventured to speak when his master was speaking ; at least, there is mine, and it cannot be proved that he has ever opened his lips when I am speaking."

"By my faith, then," said Sancho, "I have spoken, and am fit to speak, in the presence of one as much, or even — but never mind — it only makes it worse to stir it."

The Squire of the Grove took Sancho by the arm, saying to him, "Let us two go where we can talk in

squire style as much as we please, and leave these gentlemen our masters to fight it out over the story of their loves ; and, depend on it, daybreak will find them at it without having made an end of it."

"So be it by all means," said Sancho.

With this the two squires withdrew to one side.

The knights and the squires made two parties, these telling the story of their lives, the others the story of their loves. Withdrawing a little from the others, the Squire of the Grove said to Sancho, "A hard life it is we lead and live, señor, we that are squires to knights-errant ; verily we eat our bread in the sweat of our faces."

"It may be said, too," added Sancho, "that we eat it in the chill of our bodies ; for who gets more heat and cold than the miserable squires of knight-errantry ? Even so it would not be so bad if we had something to eat, for woes are lighter if there's bread ; but sometimes we go a day or two without breaking our fast, except with the wind that blows."

On this the Squire of the Grove said, "It seems to me that with all this talk of ours our tongues are sticking to the roofs of our mouths ; but I have a pretty good loosener hanging from the saddle-bow of my horse," and getting up he came back the next minute with a large bota of wine and a pasty half a yard across.

Sancho ate without requiring to be pressed, and said he : "You are a proper trusty squire, one of the right sort, sumptuous and grand, as this banquet shows, which, if it has not come here by magic art, at any

rate has the look of it ; not like me, unlucky beggar, that have nothing more in my alforjas than a scrap of cheese, so hard that one might brain a giant with it, and, to keep it company, a few dozen filberts and walnuts ; thanks to the austerity of my master, and the idea he has, and the rule he follows, that knights-errant must not live or sustain themselves on anything except dried fruits and the herbs of the field."

"By my faith, brother," said he of the Grove, "my stomach is not made for thistles, or wild pears, or roots out of the woods ; let our masters do as they like, with their chivalry notions and laws, and eat what those enjoin ; I carry my prog-basket and this bota hanging to the saddle-bow, whatever they may think " ; and so saying he thrust the latter into Sancho's hands, who, raising it aloft pressed to his mouth, gazed at the stars for a quarter of an hour.

The end of it was that the two squires talked so much and drank so much that sleep had to tie their tongues and moderate their thirst, for to quench it was impossible ; and so the pair of them fell asleep clinging to the now nearly empty bota and with half-chewed morsels in their mouths ; and there we will leave them for the present, to relate what passed between the Knight of the Grove and him of the Rueful Countenance.

CHAPTER XIX

WHEREIN IT IS TOLD AND MADE KNOWN WHO THE
KNIGHT OF THE GROVE AND HIS SQUIRE WERE

AMONG the many things that passed between Don Quixote and the Knight of the Wood, he of the Grove said to Don Quixote : “ In fine, Sir Knight, I would have you know that my destiny led me to fall in love with the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. This same Casildea requited my honorable passion and gentle aspirations by compelling me to engage in many perils of various sorts, at the end of each promising me that, with the end of the next, the object of my hopes should be attained ; but my labors have gone on increasing link by link until they are past counting. Last of all she has commanded me to go through all the provinces of Spain and compel all the knights-errant wandering therein to confess that she surpasses all women alive to-day in beauty, and that I am the most valiant and the most deeply enamoured knight on earth ; in support of which claim I have already travelled over the greater part of Spain, and have there vanquished several knights who have dared to contradict me ; but what I most plume and pride myself on is having vanquished in single combat that so famous knight Don Quixote of

La Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea ; and in this one victory I hold myself to have conquered all the knights in the world ; for this Don Quixote that I speak of has vanquished them all, and I having vanquished him, his glory, his fame, and his honor have passed and are transferred to my person ; for

The more the vanquished hath of fair renown,
The greater glory gilds the victor's crown.

Thus the innumerable achievements of the said Don Quixote are now set down to my account and have become mine."

Don Quixote was amazed when he heard the Knight of the Grove, and was a thousand times on the point of telling him he lied, and had the lie direct already on the tip of his tongue ; but he restrained himself as well as he could, in order to force him to confess the lie with his own lips ; so he said to him quietly, "As to what you say, Sir Knight, about having vanquished most of the knights of Spain, or even of the whole world, I say nothing ; but that you have vanquished Don Quixote of La Mancha I consider doubtful ; it may have been some other that resembled him, although there are few like him."

"How ! not vanquished ?" said he of the Grove ; "by the heaven that is above us I fought Don Quixote and overcame him and made him yield ; and he is a man of tall stature, gaunt features, long, lank limbs, with hair turning gray, an aquiline nose rather hooked, and large, black, drooping mustaches ; he does battle

under the name of 'The Knight of the Rueful Countenance,' and he has for squire a peasant called Sancho Panza ; he presses the loins and rules the reins of a famous steed called Rocinante ; and lastly, he has for the mistress of his will a certain Dulcinea del Toboso. If all these tokens are not enough to vindicate the truth of what I say, here is my sword, that will compel incredulity itself to give credence to it."

"Calm yourself, Sir Knight," said Don Quixote, "and give ear to what I am about to say to you. I would have you know that this Don Quixote you speak of is the greatest friend I have in the world ; I cannot think that he is the one you have vanquished ; unless indeed it be that, as he has many enemies who are enchanters, some one of these may have taken his shape in order to allow himself to be vanquished, so as to defraud him of the fame that his exalted achievements as a knight have earned and acquired for him throughout the known world. And if this does not suffice to convince you of the truth of what I say, here is Don Quixote himself, who will maintain it by arms, on foot or on horseback or in any way you please."

And so saying he stood up and laid his hand on his sword, waiting to see what the Knight of the Grove would do, who in an equally calm voice said in reply : "He who has succeeded in vanquishing you once when transformed, Sir Don Quixote, may fairly hope to subdue you in your own proper shape ; but as it is not becoming for knights to perform their feats of arms in the dark, like highwaymen and bullies, let us

wait till daylight, that the sun may behold our deeds ; and the conditions of our combat shall be that the vanquished shall be at the victor's disposal, to do all that he may enjoin, provided the injunction be such as shall be becoming a knight."

"I am more than satisfied with these conditions and terms," replied Don Quixote ; and so saying, they betook themselves to where their squires lay, and found them snoring, and in the same posture they were in when sleep fell on them. They roused them up, and bade them get the horses ready, as at sunrise they were to engage in a bloody and arduous single combat ; at which intelligence Sancho was aghast and thunderstruck, trembling for the safety of his master because of the mighty deeds he had heard the Squire of the Grove ascribe to his ; but without a word the two squires went in quest of their cattle ; for by this time the three horses and the ass had smelt one another out, and were all together.

On the way, he of the Grove said to Sancho, "You must know, brother, that it is the custom with the fighting men of Andalusia, when they are godfathers in any quarrel, not to stand idle with folded arms while their godsons fight ; I say so to remind you that while our masters are fighting, we, too, have to fight and knock one another to shivers."

"That custom, Sir Squire," replied Sancho, "may hold good among those bullies and fighting men you talk of, but certainly not among the squires of knights-errant ; at least, I have never heard my master speak of any custom of the sort, and he knows all the laws

of knight-errantry by heart ; but granting it is true that there is an express law that squires are to fight while their masters are fighting, I don't mean to obey it, but to pay the penalty that may be laid on peacefully minded squires like myself.

And now gay-plumaged birds of all sorts began to warble in the trees, and with their varied and glad-some notes seemed to welcome and salute the fresh morn that was beginning to show the beauty of her countenance at the gates and balconies of the east. The brooks babbled, the woods rejoiced, and the meadows arrayed themselves in all their glory at her coming. But hardly had the light of day made it possible to see and distinguish things, when the first object that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho Panza was the Squire of the Grove's nose, which was so big that it almost overshadowed his whole body. It was, in fact, of enormous size, hooked in the middle, covered with warts, and of a mulberry color like an egg-plant ; it hung down two fingers'-lengths below his mouth, and the size, the color, the warts, and the bend of it, made his face so hideous that Sancho, as he looked at him, began to tremble hand and foot like a child in convulsions.

Don Quixote examined his adversary, and found that he already had his helmet on and the visor lowered, so that he could not see his face ; he observed, however, that he was a sturdily built man, but not very tall in stature. Over his armor he wore a surcoat or cassock of what seemed to be the finest cloth of gold, all bespangled with glittering mirrors like

little moons, which gave him an extremely gallant and splendid appearance ; above his helmet fluttered a great quantity of plumes, green, yellow, and white, and his lance, which was leaning against a tree, was very long and stout, and had a steel point more than a palm in length.

Don Quixote observed all, and took note of all, and from what he saw and observed he concluded that the said knight must be a man of great strength, but he did not for all that give way to fear ; on the contrary, with a composed and dauntless air, he said to the Knight of the Mirrors, "If, Sir Knight, your great eagerness to fight has not banished your courtesy, by it I would entreat you to raise your visor a little, in order that I may see if the comeliness of your countenance corresponds with that of your equipment."

"Whether you come victorious or vanquished out of this emprise, Sir Knight," replied he of the Mirrors, "you will have more than enough time and leisure to see me ; and if now I do not comply with your request, it is because it seems to me I should do a serious wrong to the fair Casildea de Vandalia in wasting time while I stopped to raise my visor before compelling you to confess what you are already aware I maintain."

"Well then," said Don Quixote, "while we are mounting you can at least tell me if I am that Don Quixote whom you said you vanquished."

"To that we answer you," said he of the Mirrors, "that you are as like the very knight I vanquished

as one egg is like another, but as you say enchanters persecute you, I will not venture to say positively whether you are the said person or not."

"That," said Don Quixote, "is enough to convince me that you are under a deception ; however, entirely to relieve you of it, let our horses be brought, and in less time than it would take you to raise your visor, if God, my lady, and my arm stand me in good stead, I shall see your face, and you shall see that I am not the vanquished Don Quixote you take me to be."

With this, cutting short the colloquy, they mounted, and Don Quixote wheeled Rocinante round in order to take a proper distance to charge back on his adversary, and he of the Mirrors did the same ; but Don Quixote had not moved away twenty paces when he heard himself called by the other, and, each returning half-way, he of the Mirrors said to him, "Remember, Sir Knight, that the terms of our combat are, that the vanquished, as I said before, shall be at the victor's disposal."

"I am aware of it already," said Don Quixote ; "provided what is commanded and imposed on the vanquished be things that do not transgress the limits of chivalry."

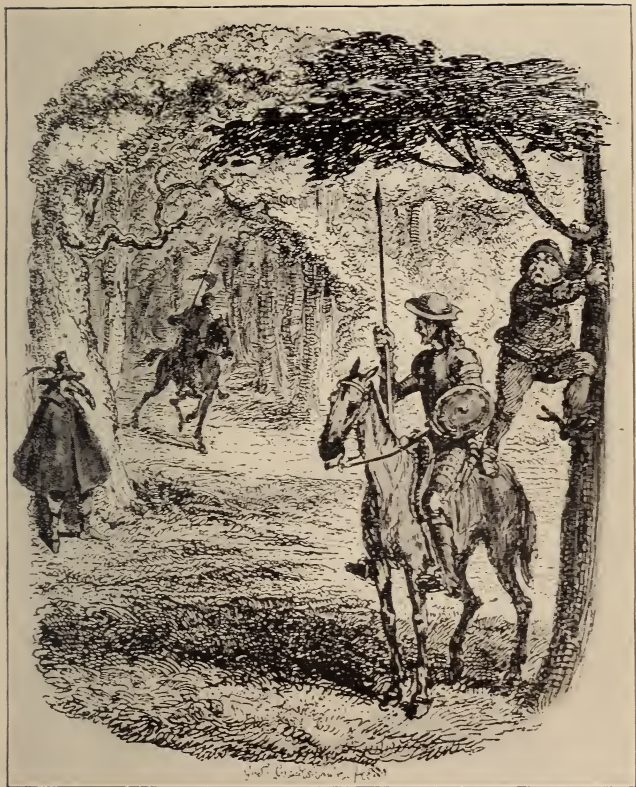
"That is understood," replied he of the Mirrors.

At that moment the extraordinary nose of the squire presented itself to Don Quixote's view, and he was no less amazed than Sancho at the sight ; insomuch that he set him down as a monster of some kind, or a human being of some new species or unearthly breed. Sancho, seeing his master retiring to run his

course, did not like to be left alone with the nosy man: so that he ran after his master, holding on to Rocinante's stirrup-leather, and when it seemed to him time to turn about, he said, "I implore of your worship, señor, before you turn to charge, to help me up into this cork tree, from which I will be able to witness the gallant encounter your worship is going to have with this knight, more to my taste and better than from the ground. To tell the truth, the monstrous nose of that squire has filled me with fear and terror, and I dare not stay near him."

"It is," said Don Quixote, "such a one that were I not what I am it would terrify me too; so, come, I will help thee up where thou wilt."

While Don Quixote waited for Sancho to mount into the cork tree, he of the Mirrors took as much ground as he considered requisite, and supposing Don Quixote to have done the same, without waiting for any sound of trumpet or other signal to direct them, he wheeled his horse, which was not more agile or better looking than Rocinante, and at his top speed, which was an easy trot, he proceeded to charge his enemy; seeing him, however, engaged in putting Sancho up, he drew rein, and halted in mid-career, for which his horse was very grateful, as he was already unable to go. Don Quixote, fancying that his foe was coming down on him flying, drove his spurs vigorously into Rocinante's lean flanks and made him scud along in such style that on this occasion he was known to make something like running, for on all others it was a simple trot with him; and with this



THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS

unparalleled fury he bore down where he of the Mirrors stood digging his spurs into his horse without being able to make him stir a finger's length from the spot where he had come to a standstill in his course. At this lucky moment and crisis, Don Quixote came on his adversary, in trouble with his horse, and embarrassed with his lance, which he either could not manage, or had no time to lay in rest. Don Quixote however, paid not attention to these difficulties, and in perfect safety to himself and without any risk encountered him of the Mirrors with such force that he brought him to the ground in spite of himself over the haunches of his horse, and with so heavy a fall that he lay to all appearance dead, not stirring hand or foot.

The instant Sancho saw him fall he slid down from the cork tree, and made all haste to where his master was, who, dismounting from Rocinante, went and stood over him of the Mirrors, and unlacing his helmet to see if he was dead, and to give him air if he should happen to be alive, he saw the very countenance, the very face, the very look, the very physiognomy, the very effigy, the very image of the bachelor Samson Carrasco, a recent graduate of Salamanca, and son of one of Don Quixote's own neighbors! As soon as the victor saw Carrasco he called out in a loud voice, "Make haste here, friend Sancho, and behold what thou art to see but not to believe; quick, my son, and see what magic can do and wizards and enchanters are capable of."

Sancho came up, and when he saw the countenance

of the bachelor Carrasco, he fell to crossing himself a thousand times, and blessing himself as many more. All this time the prostrate knight showed no signs of life, and Sancho said to Don Quixote, "It is my opinion, señor, that in any case your worship should take and thrust your sword into the mouth of this one here that looks like the bachelor Samson Carrasco; perhaps in him you will kill one of your enemies, the enchanters."

"Thy advice is not bad," said Don Quixote, "for of enemies the fewer the better"; and he was drawing his sword to carry into effect Sancho's counsel and suggestion, when the Squire of the Mirrors came up, now without the nose which had made him so hideous, and cried out in a loud voice, "Mind what you are about, Señor Don Quixote; that is your friend, the bachelor Samson Carrasco, you have at your feet, and I am his squire."

"And the nose?" said Sancho, seeing him without the hideous feature he had before; to which he replied, "I have it here in my pocket," and putting his hand into his right pocket, he pulled out a masquerade nose of varnished pasteboard of the make already described; and Sancho, examining him more and more closely, exclaimed aloud in a voice of amazement: "Holy Mary be good to me! Isn't it Tom Cecial, my neighbor and gossip?"

"Why, to be sure I am!" returned the now unnosed squire; "Tom Cecial I am, gossip and friend Sancho Panza; and beg and entreat of your master not to touch, maltreat, wound, or slay the Knight of

the Mirrors whom he has at his feet ; because, beyond all dispute, it is the rash and ill-advised bachelor Samson Carrasco, our fellow townsman."

At this moment he of the Mirrors came to himself, and Don Quixote perceiving it, held the naked point of his sword over his face, and said to him, " You are a dead man, knight, unless you confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels your Casildea de Vandalia in beauty ; and in addition to this you must promise, if you should survive this encounter, to go to the city of El Toboso and present yourself before her on my behalf, that she deal with you according to her good pleasure ; and if she leaves you free to do yours, you are in like manner to return and seek me out (for the trail of my mighty deeds will serve you as a guide to lead you to where I may be), and tell me what may have passed between you and her — conditions which, in accordance with what we stipulated before our combat, do not transgress the just limits of knight-errantry."

" I confess," said the fallen knight, " the beauty of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso ; and I promise to go and to return from her presence to yours, and to give you a full and particular account of all you demand of me."

" You must also confess and believe," added Don Quixote, " that the knight you vanquished was not and could not be Don Quixote of La Mancha, but some one else in his likeness, just as I confess and believe that you, though you seem to be the bachelor Samson Carrasco, are not so, but some other resem-

bling him, who my enemies have here put before me in his shape, in order that I may restrain and moderate the vehemence of my wrath, and make a gentle use of the glory of my victory."

"I confess, hold, and think everything to be as you believe, hold, and think it," replied the crippled knight; "let me rise, I entreat you; if, indeed, the shock of my fall will allow me, for it has left me in a sorry plight enough."

Don Quixote helped him to rise, with the assistance of his squire Tom Cecial; from whom Sancho never took his eyes, and to whom he put questions, the replies to which furnished clear proof that he was really and truly the Tom Cecial he said; but the impression made on Sancho's mind by what his master said about the enchanters having changed the face of the Knight of the Mirrors into that of the bachelor Samson Carrasco, would not permit him to believe what he saw with his eyes. In fine, both master and man remained under the delusion; and, down in the mouth, and out of luck, he of the Mirrors and his squire parted from Don Quixote and Sancho, he meaning to go look for some village where he could plaster and strap his ribs.

The bachelor Samson Carrasco's attempt at knight-errantry was in consequence of having been previously in conclave with the curate and the barber on the means to be adopted to induce Don Quixote to stay at home in peace and quiet without worrying himself with his ill-starred adventures; at which consultation it was decided by the unanimous vote of all,

that Samson should sally forth to meet him as a knight-errant, and do battle with him, for there would be no difficulty about a cause, and vanquish him, that being looked on as an easy matter ; and that it should be agreed and settled that the vanquished was to be at the mercy of the victor. Then, Don Quixote being vanquished, the bachelor knight was to command him to return to his village and his house, and not quit it for two years, or until he received further orders from him ; all which it was clear Don Quixote would unhesitatingly obey, rather than contravene or fail to observe the laws of chivalry ; and during the period of his seclusion he might perhaps forget his folly, or there might be an opportunity of discovering some ready remedy for his madness. Carrasco undertook the task, and Tom Cecial, a gossip and neighbor of Sancho Panza's, a lively, feather-headed fellow, offered himself as his squire. Carrasco armed himself in the fashion described, and Tom Cecial, that he might not be known by his gossip when they met, fitted on over his own natural nose the false masquerade one that has been mentioned ; and so they followed the same route Don Quixote took, and finally encountered him in the grove, where all that the sagacious reader has been reading about took place.

Tom Cecial, seeing how ill they had succeeded, and what a sorry end their expedition had come to, said to the bachelor, " Sure enough, Señor Samson Carrasco, we are served right. Don Quixote a madman, and we sane ; he goes off laughing, safe, and sound, and you are left sore and sorry ! I'd like to know now

which is the madder, he who is so because he cannot help it, or he who is so of his own choice?"

To which Samson replied, "The difference between the two sorts of madmen is, that he who is so will he nill he, will be one always, while he who is so of his own accord can leave off being one whenever he likes."

"In that case," said Tom Cecial, "I was a madman of my own accord when I volunteered to become your squire, and, of my own accord, I'll leave off being one and go home."

"And I will do likewise," said Samson.

Thus discoursing, the pair proceeded until they reached a town where it was their good luck to find a bone-setter, with whose help the unfortunate Samson was cured. That done, the two left for home.

CHAPTER XX

OF THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BARK

DON QUIXOTE pursued his journey in great high spirits, satisfaction and complacency, fancying himself the most valorous knight-errant of the age in the world because of his late victory. He however met with no further adventure that day and at the approach of evening he returned to spend the night in the grove where he had vanquished the Knight of the Mirrors. Don Quixote settled himself at the foot of an elm and Sancho at the foot of a beech, for trees of this kind and others like them have feet but no hands. With the appearance of daylight they pursued their journey, and they had not been long on the way when they came to the banks of a river. The sight of it was a great delight to Don Quixote as he contemplated the clearness of its stream, the gentleness of its current, and the abundance of its crystal waters.

The Don and his squire had just begun to follow down the stream when they discovered a small boat, without oars or any other gear, that lay at the water's edge tied to the stem of a tree growing on the bank. Don Quixote looked all round, and seeing nobody, at once, without more ado, dismounted from Rocinante

and bade Sancho get down from Dapple and tie both beasts securely to the trunk of a poplar or willow that stood there. Sancho asked him the reason of this sudden dismounting and tying. Don Quixote made answer : "Thou must know, Sancho, that this bark here is plainly, and without the possibility of any alternative, calling and inviting me to enter it, and in it go to give aid to some knight or other person of distinction in need of it, who is no doubt in some sore strait ; for this is the way of the books of chivalry and of the enchanters who figure and speak in them. When a knight is involved in some difficulty from which he cannot be delivered save by the hand of another knight, though they may be at a distance of two or three thousand leagues or more one from the other, they either take him up on a cloud, or they provide a bark for him to get into, and in less than the twinkling of an eye they carry him where they will and where his help is required ; and so, Sancho, this bark is placed here for the same purpose ; tie Dapple and Rocinante together, and then in God's hand be it to guide us."

"As that's the case," said Sancho, "there's nothing for it but to obey, but for all that I want to warn your worship that it is my opinion this bark is no enchanted one, but belongs to some of the fishermen of the river."

As Sancho said this, he tied the beasts, leaving them to the care and protection of the enchanters.

"Now they are tied," said Sancho ; "what are we to do next?"

“What?” said Don Quixote, “cross ourselves and weigh anchor; I mean, embark and cut the moorings by which the bark is held”; and jumping into it, followed by Sancho, he cut the rope, and the bark began to drift away slowly from the bank.

But when Sancho saw himself somewhere about two yards out in the river, he began to tremble and give himself up for lost; but nothing distressed him more than hearing Dapple bray and seeing Rocinante struggling to get loose, and said he to his master, “Dapple is braying in grief at our leaving him, and Rocinante is trying to escape and plunge in after us. O dear friends, peace be with you, and may this madness that is taking us away from you, turned into sober sense, bring us back to you.”

They now came in sight of some large water-mills, and the instant Don Quixote saw them he cried out to Sancho, “Seest thou there, my friend? there stands the city, castle, or fortress, where there is, no doubt, some knight in durance, or ill-used queen, in aid of whom I am brought hither.”

“What is your worship talking about, señor?” said Sancho; “don’t you see that those are mills to grind corn?”

“Hold thy peace, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “though they look like mills they are not so; I have already told thee that enchantments transform things and change their proper shapes.”

By this time the boat, having reached the middle of the stream, began to move less slowly than hitherto. The millers belonging to the mills, when they saw the

boat coming down the river, and on the point of being sucked in by the draught of the wheels, ran out in haste, several of them, with long poles to stop it, and being all mealy, with faces and garments covered with flour, they presented a sinister appearance. They raised loud shouts, crying, "Devils of men, where are you going to? Are you mad? Do you want to drown yourselves, or dash yourselves to pieces among these wheels?"

"Did I not tell thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote at this, "that we had reached the place where I am to show what the might of my arm can do? See what ruffians and villains come out against me; see what monsters oppose me; see what hideous countenances come to frighten us! You shall soon see, scoundrels!" And then standing up in the boat he began in a loud voice to hurl threats at the millers, exclaiming, "Ill-conditioned and worse-counselled rabble, restore to liberty and freedom the person ye hold in durance in this your fortress or prison, high or low or of whatever rank or quality he be, for I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, for whom, by the disposition of heaven above, it is reserved to give a happy issue to this adventure"; and so saying he drew his sword and began making passes in the air at the millers, who, hearing but not understanding all this nonsense, strove to stop the boat, which was now getting into the rushing channel of the wheels. Sancho fell on his knees devoutly appealing to Heaven to deliver him from such imminent peril; which it did by the activity and quickness of the millers, who, pushing against the



IN THE ENCHANTED BARK

boat with their poles, stopped it, not, however, without upsetting it and throwing Don Quixote and Sancho into the water ; and lucky it was for Don Quixote that he could swim like a goose, though the weight of his armor carried him twice to the bottom. The millers plunged in and hoisted them both out, and more drenched than thirsty, they were landed. The fishermen, the owners of the boat, which the mill-wheels had knocked to pieces, now came up, and seeing it smashed they proceeded to demand payment for it from Don Quixote ; but he with great calmness, just as if nothing had happened him, told the millers and fishermen that he would pay for the bark most cheerfully, on condition that they delivered up to him, free and unhurt, the person or persons that were in durance in that castle of theirs.

“What persons or what castle art thou talking of, madman?” said one of the millers ; “art thou for carrying off the people who come to grind corn in these mills?”

“That’s enough,” said Don Quixote to himself, “it would be preaching in the desert to attempt by entreaties to induce this rabble to do any virtuous action. In this adventure two mighty enchanters must have encountered one another, and one frustrates what the other attempts ; one provided the bark for me, and the other upset me ; God help us, this world is all machinations and schemes at cross purposes one with the other. I can do no more.” And then turning towards the mills he said aloud, “Friends, whoe’er ye be that are immured in that prison, forgive me that,

to my misfortune and yours, I cannot deliver you from your misery ; this adventure is doubtless reserved and destined for some other knight."

So saying he settled with the fishermen, and paid fifty reals for the boat, which Sancho handed to them very much against the grain, saying, "With a couple more bark businesses like this we shall have sunk our whole capital."

The fishermen and the millers stood staring in amazement at the two figures, so very different to all appearance from ordinary men, and were wholly unable to make out the drift of the observations and questions Don Quixote addressed to them ; and coming to the conclusion that they were madmen, they left them and betook themselves, the millers to their mills, and the fishermen to their huts. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to their beasts, and this was the end of the adventure of the enchanted bark.

CHAPTER XXI

OF THE HAPPILY ACHIEVED ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS

ABSORBED in his thoughts Don Quixote had not proceeded above half a league from the river when raising his head, he perceived a cart covered with royal flags coming along the road they were travelling; and persuaded that this must be some new adventure, he called aloud to Sancho to come and bring him his helmet.

As Sancho approached, Don Quixote exclaimed to him, "Give me that helmet, my friend, for either I know little of adventures, or what I observe yonder is one that will, and does, call on me to arm myself."

Sancho, on hearing this, looked in all directions, but could perceive nothing, except a cart coming towards them with two or three small flags, which led him to conclude it must be carrying treasure of the king's, and he said so to Don Quixote. He, however, would not believe him, being always persuaded and convinced that all that happened to him must be adventures and still more adventures; so he replied, "He who is prepared has his battle half fought; nothing is lost by my preparing myself, for I know by experience that I have enemies, visible and invisible, and I know not when, or where, or at what moment, or in what shapes they will attack me."

Don Quixote put on his helmet, and settling himself firmly in his stirrups, easing his sword in the scabbard, and grasping his lance, he cried, "Now, come who will, here am I, ready to try conclusions with Satan himself in person!"

By this time the cart with the flags had come up, unattended by any one except the carter on a mule, and a man sitting in front. Don Quixote planted himself before it and said, "Whither are you going, brothers? What cart is this? What have you got in it? What flags are those?"

To this the carter replied, "The cart is mine; what is in it is a pair of fine caged lions, which the governor of Oran is sending to court as a present to his Majesty; and the flags are our lord the King's, to show that what is here is his property."

"And are the lions large?" asked Don Quixote.

"So large," replied the man who sat at the door of the cart, "that larger, or as large, have never crossed from Africa to Spain; I am the keeper, and I have brought over others, but never any like these. They are male and female; the male is in that first cage and the female in the one behind, and they are hungry now, for they have eaten nothing to-day, so let your worship stand aside, for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them."

Hereon, smiling slightly, Don Quixote exclaimed, "Get down, my good fellow, and as you are the keeper open the cages, and turn me out those beasts, and in the midst of this plain I will let them know who Don Quixote of La Mancha is, in spite and

in the teeth of the enchanters who sent them to me."

At this instant Sancho came up, saying to the keeper of the lions, "Señor, for God's sake do something to keep my master, Don Quixote, from tackling these lions; for if he does they'll tear us all to pieces here."

"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you leave this business to me"; and then turning to the keeper he exclaimed:—

"By all that's good, Sir Scoundrel, if you don't open the cages this very instant, I'll pin you to the cart with this lance."

The carter, seeing the determination of this apparition in armor, said to him, "Please your worship, for charity's sake, señor, let me unyoke the mules and place myself in safety along with them before the lions are turned out; for if they kill them on me I am ruined for life, for all I possess is this cart and mules."

"O man of little faith," replied Don Quixote, "get down and unyoke; you will soon see that you are exerting yourself for nothing, and that you might have spared yourself the trouble."

The carter got down and with all speed unyoked the mules, and the keeper called out at the top of his voice, "I call all here to witness that against my will and under compulsion I open the cages and let the lions loose, and that I warn this gentleman that he will be accountable for all the harm and mischief which these beasts may do, and for my salary and dues as well." Then speaking to the carter and Sancho he

said, "You, gentlemen, place yourselves in safety before I open, for I know they will do me no harm."

Sancho, with tears in his eyes, entreated his master to give up an enterprise compared with which all the feats he had attempted in the whole course of his life, were cakes and fancy bread. "Look ye, señor," said Sancho, "there's no enchantment here, nor anything of the sort, for between the bars and chinks of the cage I have seen the paw of a real lion, and judging by that I reckon the lion such a paw could belong to must be bigger than a mountain."

"Fear, at any rate," replied Don Quixote, "will make him look bigger to thee than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me; and if I die here thou knowest our old compact; thou wilt repair to Dulcinea—I say no more." And renewing his commands to the keeper and repeating his threats, he gave warning to Sancho to spur his Dapple, and the carter his mules, and both strove to get away from the cart as far as they could before the lions broke loose. Sancho was weeping over his master's death, for this time he firmly believed it was in store for him from the claws of the lions; and he cursed his fate and called it an unlucky hour when he thought of taking service with him; but with all his tears and lamentations he did not forget to thrash Dapple so as to put a good space between himself and the cart. The keeper, seeing that the fugitives were now some distance off, once more entreated and warned Don Quixote as he had entreated and warned him before; but he replied that



DON QUIXOTE BRAVING THE LION

he heard him, and that he need not trouble himself with any further warnings or entreaties, as they would be fruitless, and bade him make haste.

During the delay that occurred while the keeper was opening the first cage, Don Quixote was considering whether it would not be well to do battle on foot, instead of on horseback, and finally resolved to fight on foot, fearing that Rocinante might take fright at the sight of the lions; he therefore sprang off his horse, flung his lance aside, braced his buckler on his arm, and drawing his sword, advanced slowly with marvellous intrepidity and resolute courage, to plant himself in front of the cart, commending himself with all his heart, first to God, and then to his lady Dulcinea.

The keeper, seeing that Don Quixote had taken up his position, and that it was impossible for him to avoid letting out the male without incurring the enmity of the fiery and daring knight, flung open the doors of the first cage, containing, as has been said, the lion, which was now seen to be of enormous size, and grim and hideous mien. The first thing he did was to turn round in the cage in which he lay, and protrude his claws, and stretch himself thoroughly; he next opened his mouth, and yawned very leisurely, and with near two palms'-length of tongue that he had thrust forth, he licked the dust out of his eyes and washed his face; having done this, he put his head out of the cage and looked all round with eyes like glowing coals, a spectacle and demeanor to strike terror into temerity itself. Don Quixote merely ob-

served him steadily, longing for him to leap from the cart and come to close quarters with him, when he hoped to hew him in pieces.

So far did his unparalleled madness go; but the noble lion, more courteous than arrogant, not troubling himself about silly bravado, after having looked all round, as has been said, turned about and presented his hind-quarters to Don Quixote, and very coolly and tranquilly lay down again in the cage. Seeing this, Don Quixote ordered the keeper to take a stick to him and provoke him to make him come out.

"That I won't," said the keeper; "for if I anger him, the first he'll tear in pieces will be myself. Be satisfied, Sir Knight, with what you have done, which leaves nothing more to be said on the score of courage, and do not seek to tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open; he is free to come out or not to come out: but as he has not come out so far, he will not come out to-day. The greatness of your worship's courage has been fully manifested already; no brave champion, so it strikes me, is bound to do more than challenge his enemy and wait for him on the field; if his adversary does not come, on him lies the disgrace, and he who waits for him carries off the crown of victory."

"That is true," said Don Quixote; "close the door, my friend, and let me have, in the best form thou canst, what thou hast seen me do, by way of certificate; to wit, that thou didst open for the lion, that I waited for him, that he did not come out, that I still waited for him, and that still he did not come out,

and lay down again. I am not bound to do more; enchantments avaunt, and God uphold the right, the truth, and true chivalry! Close the door as I bade thee, while I make signals to the fugitives that have left us, that they may learn this exploit from thy lips."

The keeper obeyed, and Don Quixote, fixing on the point of his lance his kerchief, proceeded to recall the others, who still continued to fly, looking back at every step. Sancho, however, happening to observe the signal, exclaimed, "May I die, if my master has not overcome the wild beasts, for he is calling to us."

They stopped, and perceived that it was Don Quixote who was making signals, and shaking off their fears to some extent, they approached slowly until they were near enough to hear distinctly Don Quixote's voice calling to them. They returned at length to the cart, and as they came up, Don Quixote said to the carter, "Put your mules to once more, brother, and continue your journey; and do thou, Sancho, give him two gold crowns for himself and the keeper, to compensate for the delay they have incurred through me."

"That will I give with all my heart," said Sancho: "but what has become of the lions? Are they dead or alive?"

The keeper, then, in full detail, and bit by bit, described the end of the contest, exalting to the best of his power and ability the valor of Don Quixote, at the sight of whom the lion quailed, and would not and dared not come out of the cage, although he had

held the door open ever so long ; and showing how, in consequence of his having represented to the knight that it was tempting God to provoke the lion in order to force him out, which he wished to have done, he very reluctantly, and altogether against his will, had allowed the door to be closed.

“What dost thou think of this, Sancho?” said Don Quixote. “Are there any enchantments that can prevail against true valor? The enchanter may be able to rob me of good fortune, but of fortitude and courage they cannot.”

Sancho paid the crowns, the carter put to, the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands for the bounty bestowed on him, and promised to give an account of the valiant exploit to the king himself, as soon as he saw him at court.

The cart went its way, and Don Quixote and Sancho went theirs.

CHAPTER XXII

OF THE FREEDOM DON QUIXOTE CONFERRED ON SEVERAL UNFORTUNATES WHO AGAINST THEIR WILL WERE BEING CARRIED WHERE THEY HAD NO WISH TO GO

THEY had not proceeded more than two leagues on their journey when Don Quixote raised his eyes and saw coming along the road he was following some dozen men on foot strung together by the neck, like beads on a great iron chain, and all with manacles on their hands. With them there came also three men on horseback and two on foot; the leader with a musket, the others with javelins and swords, and as soon as Sancho saw them he said, "That is a chain of galley slaves, on the way to the galleys by force of the king's orders."

"How by force?" asked Don Quixote: "is it possible that the king uses force against any one, and that these people are going where they are taking them by force and not of their own will?"

"Just so," said Sancho.

"Then if so," said Don Quixote, "here is a case for the exercise of my office, to put down force and to succor and help the wretched."

"Recollect, your worship," said Sancho, "Justice,

which is the king himself, is not doing wrong to such persons, but punishing them for their crimes."

The chain of galley slaves had by this time come up, and Don Quixote in very courteous language asked those who were in custody of it to be good enough to tell him the reason or reasons for which they were conducting these people in this manner. One of the guards on horseback answered that they were galley slaves belonging to his majesty, that they were going to the galleys, and that was all that was to be said and all he had any business to know.

"Nevertheless," replied Don Quixote, "I should like to know from each of them separately the reason of his misfortune"; to this he added more to the same effect to induce them to tell him what he wanted so civilly that the other mounted guards said to him:

"Though we have here the register and certificate of the sentence of every one of these wretches, this is no time to take them out or read them; come and ask themselves; they can tell if they choose, and they will, for these fellows take a pleasure in doing and talking about rascalities."

With this permission, which Don Quixote would have taken even had they not granted it, he approached the chain and asked the first for what offences he was now in such a sorry case.

He made answer that it was for being a lover.

"For that only?" replied Don Quixote; "why if for being lovers they send people to the galleys I might have been rowing in them long ago."

"The love is not the sort your worship is thinking

of," said the galley slave ; " mine was that I loved a washerwoman's basket of clean linen so well, and held it so close in my embrace, that if the arm of the law had not forced it from me, I should never have let it go of my own will to this moment ; I was caught in the act, the case was settled, they treated me to a hundred lashes on the back, and three years of galleys besides, and that was the end of it."

Don Quixote asked the same question of the second, who made no reply, so downcast and melancholy was he ; but the first answered for him, and said, " He, sir, goes as a musician and a singer."

"What !" said Don Quixote, "for being musicians and singers do people go to the galleys too?"

But one of the guards said to him, "Sir, to sing under suffering means with the criminal fraternity to confess under torture ; they put this sinner to the torture, and he confessed his crime, which was being a cattle-stealer, and on his confession they sentenced him to six years in the galleys, besides two hundred lashes that he has already had on the back ; and he is always dejected and downcast because the other thieves that march here ill-treat, and snub, and jeer, and despise him for confessing and not having spirit enough to say nay ; and to my thinking they are not very far out."

"And I think so too," answered Don Quixote ; then passing on to the third he asked him what he had asked the others, and the man answered very readily : "I am here because I carried the joke too far with a couple of cousins of mine. I got no favor, I had no

money, I was near having my neck stretched, they sentenced me to the galleys for six years; I am a young man; let life only last, and with that all will come right." This one was in the dress of a student, and one of the guards said he was a great talker and a very elegant Latin scholar.

Behind all these there came a man of thirty, a very personable fellow, except that when he looked his eyes turned in a little one towards the other. He was bound differently from the rest, for he had to his leg a chain so long that it was wound all round his body, and two rings on his neck, from which hung two irons reaching to his waist with two manacles fixed to them in which his wrists were secured by a big padlock, so that he could neither raise his hands to his mouth nor lower his head to his hands. Don Quixote asked why this man carried so many more chains than the others. The guard replied that it was because he alone had committed more crimes than all the rest put together, and was so daring and such a villain, that though they marched him in that fashion they did not feel sure of him, but were in dread of his making his escape.

"He goes for ten years," said the guard, "and all that need be said is that this good fellow is the famous Gines de Pasamonte, otherwise called Ginesillo de Parapilla."

"Gently, Señor Commissary," said the galley slave at this, "let us have no fixing of names or surnames; my name is Gines, not Ginesillo, and my family name is Pasamonté, not Parapilla as you say; let each one mind his own business, and he will be doing enough."

The commissary lifted his staff to strike Pasamonte, but Don Quixote came between them, and begged him not to ill-use him, as it was not too much to allow one who had his hands tied to have his tongue a trifle free ; and turning to the whole chain of them he said, " From all you have told me, dear brethren, I make out clearly that though they have punished you for your faults, the punishments you are about to endure do not give you much pleasure, and that you go to them very much against the grain and against your will, and that perhaps this one's want of courage under torture, that one's want of money, the other's want of advocacy, and lastly the perverted judgment of the judge may have been the cause of your ruin and of your failure to obtain the justice you had on your side. All which presents itself now to my mind, urging, persuading, and even compelling me to demonstrate in your case the purpose for which Heaven sent me into the world and caused me to make profession of the order of chivalry to which I belong, and the vow I took therein to give aid to those in need and under the oppression of the strong. But as I know that it is a mark of prudence not to do by foul means what may be done by fair, I will ask these gentlemen, the guards and commissary, to be so good as to release you and let you go in peace, as there will be no lack of others to serve the king under more favorable circumstances."

" Nice nonsense ! " said the commissary ; " a fine piece of pleasantry he has come out with at last ! He wants us to let the king's prisoners go, as if we had

any authority to release them, or he to order us to do so ! Go your way, sir, and good luck to you ; put that basin straight that you've got on your head, and don't go looking for five feet on a cat."

" 'Tis you that are the cat, rat, and rascal," replied Don Quixote, and acting on the word he fell on him so suddenly that without giving him time to defend himself he brought him to the ground sorely wounded with a lance-thrust ; and lucky it was for Don Quixote that it was the one that had the musket.

The other guards stood thunderstruck and amazed at this unexpected event, but recovering presence of mind, those on horseback seized their swords, and those on foot their javelins, and attacked Don Quixote, who was waiting for them with great calmness ; and no doubt it would have gone badly with him if the galley slaves seeing the chance before them of liberating themselves had not effected it by contriving to break the chain on which they were strung. Such was the confusion, that the guards, now rushing at the galley slaves who were breaking loose, now to attack Don Quixote who was waiting for them, did nothing at all that was of any use. Sancho, on his part, gave a helping hand to release Gines de Pasamonte, who was the first to leap forth on the plain free and unfettered, and who, attacking the prostrate commissary, took from him his sword and the musket, with which, aiming at one and levelling at another, he, without ever discharging it, drove every one of the guards off the field, for they took to flight, as well to escape Pasamonte's musket, as the showers of stones the now

released galley slaves were raining on them. Sancho was greatly grieved at the affair, because he anticipated that those who had fled would report the matter to the Holy Brotherhood, who at the summons of the alarm-bell would at once sally forth in quest of the offenders ; and he said so to his master, and entreated him to leave the place at once, and go into hiding in the sierra that was close by.

“ That is all very well,” said Don Quixote, “ but I know what must be done now ” ; and calling together all the galley slaves, he collected them round him to hear what he had to say, and addressed them as follows : “ To be grateful for benefits received is the part of persons of good birth, and one of the sins most offensive to God is ingratitude ; I say so because, sirs, ye have already seen by manifest proof the benefit ye have received of me ; in return for which I desire, and it is my good pleasure that, laden with that chain which I have taken off your necks, ye at once set out and proceed to the city of El Toboso, and there present yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and say to her that her knight, he of the Rueful Countenance, sends to commend himself to her ; and that ye recount to her in full detail all the particulars of this notable adventure, up to the recovery of your longed-for liberty ; and this done ye may go where ye will, and good fortune attend you.”

Gines de Pasamonte made answer for all, saying, “ That which you, sir, our deliverer, demand of us, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to comply with, because we cannot go together along the roads,

but only singly and separate, and each one his own way, endeavoring to hide ourselves in the bowels of the earth to escape the Holy Brotherhood, which, no doubt, will come out in search of us. What your worship may do, and fairly do, is to change this service and tribute as regards the lady Dulcinea del Toboso for a certain quantity of ave-marias and credos which we will say for your worship's intention, and this is a condition that can be complied with by night as well as by day, running or resting, in peace or in war ; but to imagine that we are going now to return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, I mean to take up our chain and set out for El Toboso, is like asking pears of the elm tree."

"Then by all that's good," said Don Quixote (now stirred to wrath), "Don Ginesillo de Paropillo, or whatever your name is, you will have to go yourself alone, and the whole chain on your back."

Pasamonte, who was anything but meek (being by this time thoroughly convinced that Don Quixote was not quite right in his head as he had committed such a vagary as trying so set them free), finding himself abused in this fashion, gave the wink to his companions, and falling back they began to shower stones on Don Quixote at such a rate that he was quite unable to protect himself with his buckler, and poor Rocinante no more heeded the spur than if he had been made of brass. Sancho planted himself behind his ass, and with him sheltered himself from the hailstorm that poured on both of them. Don Quixote was unable to shield himself so well but that more pebbles

than I could count struck him full on the body with such force that they brought him to the ground ; and the instant he fell the student pounced on him, snatched the basin from his head, and with it struck three or four blows on his shoulders, and as many more on the ground, knocking it almost to pieces. They then stripped him of a jacket that he wore over his armor, and they would have stripped off his stockings if his greaves had not prevented them. From Sancho they took his coat, leaving him in his shirt-sleeves ; and dividing among themselves the remaining spoils of the battle, they went each one his own way, more solicitous about keeping clear of the Holy Brotherhood they dreaded, than about burdening themselves with the chain, or going to present themselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The ass and Rocinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, were all that were left on the spot ; the ass with drooping head, serious, shaking his ears from time to time as if he thought the storm of stones that assailed them was not yet over ; Rocinante stretched beside his master, for he too had been brought to the ground by a stone ; Sancho stripped, and trembling with fear of the Holy Brotherhood ; and Don Quixote fuming to find himself so served by the very persons for whom he had done so much.

CHAPTER XXIII

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE IN THE SIERRA MORENA, WHICH WAS ONE OF THE RAREST ADVENTURES RELATED IN THIS VERACIOUS HISTORY.

SEEING himself served in this way, Don Quixote said to his squire, "I have always heard it said, Sancho, that to do good to boors is to throw water into the sea. If I had believed thy words, I should have avoided this trouble ; but it is done now, it is only to have patience and take warning from this for the future."

"Your worship will take warning as much as I am a Turk," returned Sancho ; " but, as you say this mischief might have been avoided if you had believed me, believe me now, and a still greater one will be avoided ; for I tell you chivalry is of no account with the Holy Brotherhood, and they don't care two maravedis for all the knights-errant in the world ; and I can tell you I fancy I hear their arrows whistling past my ears this minute."

" Thou art a coward by nature, Sancho," said Don Quixote, " but lest thou shouldst say I am obstinate, and that I never do as thou dost advise, this once I will take thy advice, and withdraw out of reach of that fury thou so dreatest ; but it must be on one

condition, that never, in life or in death, thou art to say to any one that I retired or withdrew from this danger out of fear, but only in compliance with thy entreaties."

"Señor," replied Sancho, "to retire is not to flee, and there is no wisdom in waiting when danger outweighs hope, and it is the part of wise men to preserve themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not risk all in one day; and let me tell you, though I am a clown and a boor, I have some notion of what they call safe conduct: so repent not of having taken my advice, but mount Rocinante and follow me."

Don Quixote mounted without replying, and, Sancho leading the way on his ass, they entered the side of the Sierra Morena, which was close by, as it was Sancho's design to hide for some days among its crags so as to escape the search of the Brotherhood should they come to look for them. He was encouraged in this by perceiving that the stock of provisions carried by the ass had come safe out of the fray with the galley slaves, a circumstance that he regarded as a miracle, seeing how they pillaged and ransacked.

That night they reached the very heart of the Sierra Morena, where it seemed prudent to Sancho to pass the night and even some days, at least as many as the stores he carried might last, and so without dismounting they stopped to wait for morning between two rocks among some cork trees; but fatal destiny, which directs, arranges, and settles everything in its own way, so ordered it that Gines de Pasamonte, the famous knave and thief who by the virtue and

madness of Don Quixote had been released from the chain, resolved to take hiding in the mountains; and his fate and fear led him to the same spot to which Don Quixote and Sancho Panza had been led by theirs, just in time to recognize them and leave them to fall asleep: and as the wicked are always ungrateful, Gines made up his mind to steal Sancho Panza's ass, not troubling himself about Rocinante, as being a prize that was no good either to pledge or sell.

Now Don Quixote and Sancho had ensconced themselves in a thicket between two rocks as has been said, the master leaning on his lance and Sancho seated on his Dapple. Bothered and weary with the day's exertions, they fell asleep as if it had been on four feather beds. Sancho, in particular slept so soundly, that Gines was able to come and prop him up on four stakes, which he put under the four corners of the pack-saddle in such a way that he left the worthy squire mounted on it, and took away Dapple from under him without awakening him. Before day came Gines and the ass were far out of reach.

Aurora made her appearance bringing gladness to the earth, but sadness to Sancho Panza, for the moment he stretched himself the stakes gave way, and he fell to the ground with a mighty come-down. As soon as he found that his Dapple was missing, he began the saddest and most doleful lament in the world, so loud that Don Quixote awoke at his exclamations and heard him saying, "O my children's plaything, my wife's joy, the envy of my neighbors, relief of my burdens, and, lastly, half supporter of myself, for with the



GINES DE PASSAMONTE STEALING DAPPLE

six-and-twenty maravedis thou didst earn me daily I met half my charges."

Don Quixote, when he heard the lament and learned the cause, consoled Sancho with the best arguments he could, entreating him to be patient, and promising to give him a letter of exchange ordering three out of five ass-colts that he had at home to be given to him. Sancho took comfort at this, dried his tears, suppressed his sobs, and returned thanks for the kindness shown him.

Don Quixote on his part was rejoiced to the heart on entering the mountains, as they seemed to him to be just the place for the adventures he was in quest of. They brought back to his memory the marvellous adventures that had befallen knights-errant in like solitudes and wilds, and he went along reflecting on these things, so absorbed and carried away by them that he had no thought for anything else. Nor had Sancho any other care (now that he fancied he was travelling in a safe quarter) than to satisfy his appetite with such remains as were left of the clerical spoils, and so he marched behind his master laden with what Dapple used to carry, emptying the sack and packing his paunch; and so long as he could go that way, he would not have given a farthing to meet with another adventure.

While so engaged he raised his eyes and saw that his master had halted, and was trying with the point of his pike to lift some bulky object that lay on the ground, on which he hastened to join him and help him if it were needful, and reached him just as with

the point of the pike he was raising a saddle-pad with a valise attached to it, half or rather wholly rotten and torn ; but so heavy were they that Sancho had to help to take them up, and his master directed him to see what the valise contained. Sancho did so with great alacrity, and though the valise was secured by a chain and padlock, from its torn and rotten condition he was able to see its contents, which were four shirts of fine holland, and other articles of linen, and in a handkerchief he found a good lot of gold crowns, and as soon as he saw them he exclaimed, "Blessed be all Heaven for sending us an adventure that is good for something !"

Searching further he found a little memorandum book, richly bound ; this Don Quixote asked of him, telling him to take the money and keep it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favor, and cleared the valise of its linen, which he stowed away in the provision sack. Considering the whole matter, Don Quixote observed, "It seems to me, Sancho, that some stray traveller must have crossed this sierra and been attacked and slain by foot-pads, who brought him to this remote spot to bury him."

"That cannot be," answered Sancho, "because if they had been robbers they would not have left this money."

"Thou art right," said Don Quixote, "and I cannot guess or explain what this may mean ; but stay ; let us see if in this memorandum book there is anything written by which we may be able to trace out or discover what we want to know."

He opened it, but the pages were blank.

Sancho examined the valise, not leaving a corner in the whole of it or in the pad that he did not search, peer into, and explore, or seam that he did not rip, or tuft of wool that he did not pick to pieces, lest anything should escape for want of care and pains ; so keen was the covetousness excited in him by the discovery of the crowns, which amounted to near a hundred ; and though he found no more booty, he held the blanket flights, balsam vomits, stake benedictions, carriers' fisticuffs, missing alforjas, stolen coat, and all the hunger, thirst, and weariness he had endured in the service of his good master, cheap at the price ; as he considered himself more than fully indemnified for all by the payment he received in the gift of the treasure-trove.

The Knight of the Rueful Countenance was still very anxious to find out who the owner of the valise could be, but as in that uninhabited and rugged spot there was no one to be seen of whom he could inquire, he saw nothing else for it but to push on, taking whatever road Rocinante chose—which was where he could make his way—firmly persuaded that among these wilds he could not fail to meet some rare adventure. As he went along, then, occupied with these thoughts, he perceived on the summit of a height that rose before their eyes a man who went springing from rock to rock and from tussock to tussock with marvellous agility. As well as he could make out he had a thick black beard, long tangled hair, and bare legs and feet, while his thighs were covered by breeches

apparently of tawny velvet but so ragged that they showed his skin in several places. He was bare-headed, and notwithstanding the swiftness with which he passed, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance observed and noted all these trifles, and though he made the attempt, he was unable to follow him, for it was not granted to the feebleness of Rocinante to make way over such rough ground, he being, moreover, slow-paced and sluggish by nature. Don Quixote at once came to the conclusion that this was the owner of the saddle-pad and of the valise, and made up his mind to go in search of him, even though he should have to wander a year in those mountains before he found him, and so he directed Sancho to take a short cut over one side of the mountain, while he himself went by the other, and perhaps by this means they might light on this man who had passed so quickly out of their sight.

"I could not do that," said Sancho, "for when I separate from your worship fear at once lays hold of me, and assails me with all sorts of panics and fancies; and let what I now say be a notice that from this time forth I am not going to stir a finger's length from your presence."

"It shall be so," said he of the Rueful Countenance, "and I am very glad that thou art willing to rely on my courage, which will never fail thee, even though the soul in thy body fail thee; so come on now behind me slowly as well as thou canst, and make lanterns of thine eyes; let us make the circuit of this ridge: perhaps we shall find this man that we saw,

who no doubt is no other than the owner of what we found."

To which Sancho made answer, "Far better would it be not to look for him, for if we find him, and he happens to be the owner of the money, it is plain I must restore it; it would be better, therefore, that without taking this needless trouble, I should keep possession of it until in some other less meddlesome and officious way the real owner may be discovered; and perhaps that will be when I shall have spent it."

"Thou art wrong there, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for now that we have a suspicion who the owner is, and have him almost before us, we are bound to seek him and make restitution; and if we do not seek him, the strong suspicion we have as to his being the owner makes us as guilty as if he were so; and so, friend Sancho, let not our search for him give thee any uneasiness, for if we find him it will relieve mine."

So saying he gave Rocinante the spur, and Sancho followed him on foot, and after having partly made the circuit of the mountain they found lying in a ravine, dead and half devoured by dogs and pecked by crows, a mule saddled and bridled, all which still further strengthened their suspicion that he who had fled was the owner of the mule and the saddle-pad.

As they stood looking at it they heard a whistle like that of a shepherd watching his flock, and suddenly on their left there appeared a great number of goats, and behind them on the summit of the mountain the goatherd in charge of them, a man advanced in years. Don Quixote called aloud to him and begged him

to come down to where they stood. He shouted in return, asking what had brought them to that spot, seldom or never trodden except by the feet of goats, or of the wolves and other wild beasts that roamed around. Sancho in return bade him come down, and they would explain all to him.

The goatherd descended, and reaching the place where Don Quixote stood, he said, "I will wager you are looking at that hack mule that lies dead in the hollow there, and, faith, it has been lying there now these six months; tell me, have you come on its master about here?"

"We have come on nobody," answered Don Quixote, "nor on anything except a saddle-pad and a little valise that we found not far from this."

"I found it too," said the goatherd, "but I would not lift it nor go near it for fear of some ill-luck or being charged with theft, for the devil is crafty, and things rise up under one's feet to make one stumble and fall without knowing why or wherefore."

"Tell me, good man," said Don Quixote, "do you know who is the owner of this property?"

"All I can tell you," said the goatherd, "is that about six months ago, more or less, there arrived at a shepherd's hut three leagues away from this, a youth of well-bred appearance and manners mounted on that same mule which lies dead here, and with the same saddle-pad and valise which you say you found. He asked us what part of this sierra was the most rugged and retired; we told him that it was where we now are; and so in truth it is, for if you push on

half a league farther, perhaps you will not be able to find your way out ; and I am wondering how you have managed to come here, for there is no road or path that leads to this spot. I say, then, that on hearing our answer the youth turned about and made for the place we pointed out to him, leaving us wondering at his question and the haste with which we saw him depart in the direction of the sierra ; and after that we saw him no more, until some days afterwards he crossed the path of one of our shepherds, and without saying a word to him, came up to him and gave him several cuffs and kicks, and then turned to the ass with our provisions and took all the bread and cheese it carried, and having done this made off back again into the sierra with extraordinary swiftness. When some of us goatherds learned this we went in search of him for about two days through the most remote portion of this sierra, at the end of which we found him lodged in the hollow of a large thick cork tree.

“ He came out to meet us with great gentleness, with his dress now torn and his face so disfigured and burned by the sun, that we hardly recognized him. He saluted us courteously, and in a few well-spoken words he told us not to wonder at seeing him going about in this guise, as it was binding on him in order that he might work out a penance which for his many sins had been imposed on him. We asked him to tell us who he was, but we were never able to find out from him ; we begged of him too, when he was in want of food, which he could not do without, to tell us where we should find him, as we would bring it to him with

all good-will and readiness ; or if this were not to his taste, at least to come and ask it of us and not take it by force from the shepherds. He thanked us for the offer, begged pardon for the late assault, and promised for the future to ask it in God's name without offering violence to anybody. As for fixed abode, he said he had no other than that which chance offered wherever night might overtake him.

“In the midst of his conversation he stopped and became silent, keeping his eyes fixed on the ground for some time, during which we stood still waiting anxiously to see what would come of this abstraction ; and with no little pity, for from his behavior, we could perceive plainly that a fit of madness of some kind had come on him ; and before long he showed that what we imagined was the truth, for he arose in a fury from the ground where he had thrown himself, and attacked the first he found near him with such rage and fierceness that if we had not dragged him off, he would have beaten or bitten him to death, all the while exclaiming, ‘O faithless Fernando, here, here shalt thou pay the penalty of the wrong thou hast done me ; these hands shall tear out that heart of thine, abode and dwelling of all iniquity,’ and to these he added other words all in effect upbraiding this Fernando and charging him with treachery and faithlessness. We forced him to release his hold with no little difficulty, and without another word he left us, and rushing off plunged in among these brakes and brambles, so as to make it impossible for us to follow him ; from this we suppose that madness comes on him from time to

time, and that some one called Fernando must have done him a wrong of a grievous nature. All this has been since then confirmed on those occasions, and they have been many, on which he has crossed our path, at one time to beg the shepherds to give him some of the food they carry, at another to take it from them by force ; for when there is a fit of madness on him, even though the shepherds offer it freely, he will not accept it but snatches it from them by dint of blows ; but when he is in his senses he begs it for the love of God, courteously and civilly, and receives it with many thanks and not a few tears.

“And to tell you the truth, sirs,” continued the goatherd, “it was yesterday that we resolved, I and four of the lads, two of them our servants, and the other two friends of mine, to go in search of him until we find him, and when we do to take him, whether by force or of his own consent, to the town of Almodóvar, which is eight leagues from this, and there strive to cure him (if indeed his malady admits of a cure), or learn when he is in his senses who he is, and if he has relatives to whom we may give notice of his misfortune.”

Don Quixote was filled with amazement at what he heard from the goatherd, and more eager than ever to discover who the unhappy madman was ; and in his heart he resolved, as he had done before, to search for him all over the mountain, not leaving a corner or cave unexamined until he had found him. But chance arranged matters better than he expected or hoped, for at that very moment, in a gorge on the

mountain that opened where they stood, the youth he wished to find made his appearance. Approaching them, the youth greeted them in a harsh and hoarse voice but with great courtesy. Don Quixote returned his salutation with equal politeness, and dismounting from Rocinante advanced with well-bred bearing and grace to embrace him, and held him for some time close in his arms as if he had known him for a long time. The other, whom we may call the Ragged One of the Sorry Countenance, as Don Quixote was of the Rueful, after submitting to the embrace pushed him back a little and, placing his hands on Don Quixote's shoulders, stood gazing at him as if seeking to see whether he knew him, not less amazed, perhaps, at the sight of the face, figure, and armor of Don Quixote than Don Quixote was at the sight of him. To be brief, the first to speak after embracing was the Ragged One, and he said what will be told farther on.

CHAPTER XXIV

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE
SIERRA MORENA

IT was with the greatest attention that Don Quixote listened to the ill-starred Knight of the Sierra, who began by saying: "Of a surety, señor, whoever you are, for I know you not, I thank you for the proofs of kindness and courtesy you have shown me, and would I were in a condition to requite with something more than good-will that which you have displayed towards me in the cordial reception you have given me ; but my fate does not afford me any other means of returning kindnesses done me save the hearty desire to repay them."

"Mine," replied Don Quixote, "is to be of service to you, so much so that I had resolved not to quit these mountains until I had found you, and learned of you whether there is any kind of relief to be found for that sorrow under which from the strangeness of your life you seem to labor. And if my good intentions deserve to be acknowledged with any kind of courtesy, I entreat you, señor, to tell me who you are and the cause that has brought you to live or die in these solitudes like a brute beast, dwelling among them in a manner so foreign to your condition as

your garb and appearance show. And I swear," added Don Quixote, "by the order of knighthood which I, though unworthy and a sinner, have received, and by my vocation of knight-errant, if you gratify me in this, to serve you with all the zeal my calling demands of me, either in relieving your misfortune if it admits of relief, or in joining you in lamenting it."

The Knight of the Thicket, hearing him of the Rueful Countenance talk in this strain, did nothing but stare at him, and stare at him again, and again survey him from head to foot; and when he had thoroughly examined him, he said to him, "If you have anything to give me to eat, for God's sake give it me, and after I have eaten I will do all you ask in acknowledgment of the good-will you have displayed towards me."

Sancho from his sack, and the goatherd from his pouch, furnished the Ragged One with the means of appeasing his hunger, and what they gave him he ate like a half-witted being, so hastily that he took no time between mouthfuls, gorging rather than swallowing; and while he ate neither he nor they who observed him uttered a word. As soon as he had done he made signs to them to follow him, which they did, and he led them to a green plat which lay a little farther off round the corner of a rock. On reaching it he stretched himself on the grass, and the others did the same, all keeping silence, until the Ragged One, settling himself in his place, said, "If it is your wish, sirs, that I should disclose in a few words the surpassing extent of my misfortunes, you must promise

not to break the thread of my sad story with any question or other interruption, for the instant you do so the tale I tell will come to an end."

Don Quixote gave the promise for himself and the others, and with this assurance he began as follows : —

"My name is Cardenio, my birthplace one of the best cities of this Andalusia, my family noble, my parents rich. In that same country there was a heaven in which love had placed all the glory I could desire ; such was the beauty of Luscinda, a damsel as noble and as rich as I, but of less firmness than was due to so worthy a passion as mine. This Luscinda I loved, worshipped, and adored from my earliest and tenderest years, and she loved me in all the innocence and sincerity of childhood.

"Our parents were aware of our feelings, and were not sorry to perceive them, for they saw clearly that as they ripened they must lead at last to a marriage between us, a thing that seemed almost prearranged by the equality of our families and wealth. We grew up, and with our growth grew the love between us, so that at length growing impatient, I resolved to ask her of her father for my lawful wife, which I did. To this his answer was that he thanked me for the disposition I showed to do honor to him and to regard myself as honored by the bestowal of his treasure ; but that as my father was alive it was his by right to make this demand, for if it were not in accordance with his full will and pleasure, Luscinda was not to be taken or given by stealth. I thanked him for his

kindness, reflecting that there was reason in what he said, and that my father would assent to it as soon as I should tell him, and with that view I went the very same instant to let him know what my desires were. When I entered the room where he was I found him with an open letter in his hand, which, before I could utter a word, he gave me, saying, 'By this letter thou wilt see, Cardenio, the disposition the Duke Ricardo has to serve thee.'

"This Duke Ricardo, as you, sirs, probably know already, is a grandee of Spain who has his seat in the best part of this Andalusia. I took and read the letter, which was couched in terms so flattering that even I myself felt it would be wrong in my father not to comply with the request the duke made in it, which was that he would send me immediately to him, as he wished me to become the companion of his eldest son, and would take on himself the charge of placing me in a position corresponding to the esteem in which he held me. On reading the letter my voice failed me, and still more when I heard my father say, 'Two days hence thou wilt depart, Cardenio, in accordance with the duke's wish, and give thanks to God who is opening a road to thee by which thou mayest attain what I know thou dost deserve'; and to these words he added others of fatherly counsel.

"The time for my departure arrived; I spoke one night to Luscinda, I told her all that had occurred, as I did also her father, entreating him to allow some delay, and to defer the disposal of her hand until I

should see what the Duke Ricardo sought of me : he gave me the promise, and she confirmed it with vows and swoonings unnumbered. Finally I presented myself to the duke, and was received and treated by him so kindly that very soon envy began to do its work, the old servants growing envious of me, and regarding the duke's inclination to show me favor as an injury to themselves. But the one to whom my arrival gave the greatest pleasure was the duke's second son, Fernando by name, a gallant youth, of noble, generous, and amorous disposition, who very soon made so intimate a friend of me that it was remarked by everybody ; for though the elder was attached to me, and showed me kindness, he did not carry his affectionate treatment to the same length as Don Fernando. It so happened, then, that as the intimacy I enjoyed with Don Fernando had grown into friendship, he made all his thoughts known to me, and in particular a love affair which troubled his mind a little. He was deeply in love with a peasant girl. I strove by the best arguments and the most forcible examples I could think of to restrain and dissuade him ; but perceiving I produced no effect I resolved to make the Duke Ricardo, his father, acquainted with the matter ; but Don Fernando, being sharp-witted and shrewd, foresaw and apprehended this, and so, to mislead and deceive me, he told me he could find no better way of effacing from his mind the beauty that so enslaved him than by absenting himself for some months, and that he wished the absence to be effected by our going, both of us, to my father's house under the pre-

tence, which he would make to the duke, of going to see and buy some fine horses that were in my city. When I heard him say so, even if his resolution had not been so good a one I should have hailed it as one of the happiest that could be imagined, seeing what a favorable chance and opportunity it offered me of returning to see my Luscinda. With this thought and wish I commended his idea and encouraged his design, advising him to put it into execution as quickly as possible.

“The duke gave him permission, and ordered me to accompany him ; we arrived at my city, and my father gave him the reception due to his rank ; I saw Luscinda without delay, and, though it had not been dead or deadened, my love gathered fresh life. To my sorrow I told the story of it to Don Fernando, I extolled her beauty, her gayety, her wit, so warmly, that my praises excited in him a desire to see a damsel adorned by such attractions. To my misfortune I yielded to it, showing her to him one night by the light of a taper at a window where we used to talk to one another. As she appeared to him in her dressing-gown, she drove all the beauties he had seen until then out of his recollection ; speech failed him, his head turned, he was spell-bound, and in the end love-smitten, and to inflame still further his passion, which he hid from me and revealed to Heaven alone, it so happened that one day he found a note of hers entreating me to demand her of her father in marriage, so delicate, so modest, and so tender, that on reading it he told me that in Luscinda alone were combined all the charms of beauty and understanding that were distributed among all the

other women in the world. It is true, and I own it now, that though I knew what good cause Don Fernando had to praise Luscinda, it gave me uneasiness to hear these praises from his mouth, and I began to fear, and with reason to feel distrust of him. Don Fernando contrived always to read the letters I sent to Luscinda and her answers to me under the pretence that he enjoyed the wit and sense of both. It so happened, then, that Luscinda having begged of me a book of chivalry to read, one that she was very fond of, ‘*Amadis of Gaul*’ —”

Don Quixote no sooner heard a book of chivalry mentioned, than he said, “Had your worship told me at the beginning of your story that the lady Luscinda was fond of books of chivalry, no other laudation would have been requisite to impress on me the superiority of her understanding, for it could not have been of the excellence you describe had a taste for such delightful reading been wanting; so, as far as I am concerned, you need waste no more words in describing her beauty, worth, and intelligence: for, on merely hearing what her taste was, I declare her to be the most beautiful and the most intelligent woman in the world; — but pardon me for having broken the promise we made not to interrupt your discourse; for when I hear chivalry or knights-errant mentioned, I can no more help talking about them than the rays of the sun can help giving heat, or those of the moon moisture; pardon me, therefore, and proceed, for that is more to the purpose now.”

While Don Quixote was saying this, Cardenio allowed his head to fall on his breast, and seemed plunged in deep thought ; and though twice Don Quixote bade him go on with his story, he neither looked up nor uttered a word in reply ; but after some time he raised his head and said, " I cannot get rid of the idea, nor will any one in the world remove it, or make me think otherwise, — and he would be a blockhead who would hold or believe anything else than that that arrant knave Master Elisabad had eloped with Countess Madasima."

" That is not true, by all that's good," said Don Quixote in high wrath, turning on him angrily, as his way was ; " and whoever maintains the contrary lies like a great scoundrel, and I will give him to know it, on foot or on horseback, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or as he likes best."

Cardenio was looking at him steadily, and his mad fit having now come on him, he had no disposition to go on with his story, nor would Don Quixote have listened to it, so much had what he had heard about Madasima disgusted him. Cardenio, then, being, as I said, now mad, when he heard himself given the lie, and called a scoundrel and other insulting names, not relishing the jest, snatched up a stone that he found near him, and with it delivered such a blow on Don Quixote's breast that he laid him on his back. Sancho Panza, seeing his master treated in this fashion, attacked the madman ; but the Ragged One received him in such a way that with a blow of his fist he stretched him at his feet ; the goatherd, who came to the rescue, shared

the same fate; and having beaten and pommelled them all he left them and quietly withdrew to his hiding-place on the mountain. Sancho rose, and with the rage he felt at finding himself so belabored without deserving it, ran to take vengeance on the goatherd, accusing him of not giving them warning that this man was at times taken with a mad fit, for if they had known it they would have been on their guard to protect themselves. The goatherd replied that he had said so, and that if he had not heard him, that was no fault of his. Sancho retorted, and the goatherd rejoined, and the altercation ended in their seizing each other by the beard, and exchanging such fisticuffs that if Don Quixote had not made peace between them, they would have knocked one another to pieces. "Leave me alone, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance," said Sancho, grappling with the goatherd, "for of this fellow, who is a clown like myself, and no dubbed knight, I can safely take satisfaction for the affront he has offered me, fighting with him hand to hand like an honest man."

"That is true," said Don Quixote, "but I know that he is not to blame for what has happened."

With this he pacified them, and again asked the goatherd if it would be possible to find Cardenio, as he felt the greatest anxiety to know the end of his story. The goatherd told him, as he had told him before, that there was no knowing of a certainty where his lair was; but that if he wandered about much in that neighborhood he could not fail to fall in with him either in or out of his senses.

CHAPTER XXV

WHICH TREATS OF THE STRANGE THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO THE STOUT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA IN THE SIERRA MORENA, AND OF HIS IMITATION OF THE PENANCE OF BELTENEBROS

DON QUIXOTE took leave of the goatherd, and once more mounting Rocinante, bade Sancho follow him, which he, having no ass, did very discontentedly. They proceeded slowly, making their way into the most rugged part of the mountain, Sancho all the while dying to have a talk with his master, and longing for him to begin, so that there should be no breach of the injunction laid on him; but unable to keep silence so long he said to him, "Señor Don Quixote, give me your worship's blessing and dismissal, for I'd like to go home at once to my wife and children with whom I can at any rate talk and converse as much as I like; for to want me to go through these solitudes day and night and not speak to you when I have a mind is burying me alive. If luck would have it that animals spoke as they did in the days of Æsop it would not be so bad, because I could talk to Rocinante about whatever came into my head, and so put up with my ill-fortune; but it is a hard case, and not to be borne with patience, to go seeking adventures all one's life and get nothing

but kicks and blanketings, brickbats and punches, and with all this to have to sew up one's mouth without daring to say what is in one's heart, just as if one were dumb."

"I understand thee, Sancho," replied Don Quixote ; "thou art dying to have the interdict I placed on thy tongue removed ; consider it removed, and say what thou wilt, on condition that the removal is not to last longer than while we are wandering in these mountains."

"So be it," said Sancho ; "let me speak now, for God knows what will happen by-and-by ; and to take advantage of the permit at once, I ask, is it a good rule of chivalry that we should go astray through these mountains without path or road, looking for a madman who when he is found will perhaps take a fancy to finish what he began, not his story, but your worship's head and my ribs, and end by breaking them altogether for us?"

"Peace, I say again, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for let me tell thee it is not so much the desire of finding that madman that leads me into these regions as that which I have of performing among them an achievement wherewith I shall win eternal name and fame throughout the known world ; and it shall be such that I shall thereby set the seal on all that can make a knight-errant perfect and famous."

"And is it very perilous, this achievement?" asked Sancho.

"No," replied he of the Rueful Countenance ; "though all will depend on thy diligence."

"On my diligence!" said Sancho.

"Yes," said Don Quixote, "for if thou dost return soon from the place where I mean to send thee, my penance will be soon over, and my glory will soon begin. But as it is not right to keep thee any longer in suspense, waiting to see what comes of my words, I would have thee know, Sancho, that the famous Amadis of Gaul was the pole-star, day-star, sun of valiant and devoted knights, whom all we who fight under the banner of love and chivalry are bound to imitate. Now one of the instances in which this knight most conspicuously showed his prudence, worth, valor, patience, fortitude, and love, was when he withdrew, rejected by the lady Oriana, to do penance on Mont St. Michel, changing his name into that of Beltenebros,¹ a name assuredly significant and appropriate to the life which he had voluntarily adopted. So, as it is easier for me to imitate him in this than in cleaving giants asunder, cutting off serpents' heads, slaying dragons, routing armies, destroying fleets, and breaking enchantments, and as this place is so well suited for a similar purpose, I must not allow the opportunity to escape which now so conveniently offers."

"What is it in reality," said Sancho, "that your worship means to do in such an out-of-the-way place as this?"

"Have I not told thee," answered Don Quixote, "that I mean to imitate Amadis here, playing the victim of despair, the madman, the maniac?"

"It seems to me," said Sancho, "that the knights

¹ *Beltenebros*; means "fair-obscure."

who behaved in this way had provocation and cause for those follies and penances ; but what cause has your worship for going mad ? What lady has rejected you ? ”

“ There is the point,” replied Don Quixote, “ and that is the beauty of this business of mine ; no thanks to a knight-errant for going mad when he has a cause ; the thing is to turn crazy without any provocation, and to let my lady know, if I do this in the dry, what I would do in the moist ; moreover I have abundant cause in the long separation I have endured from my lady till death, Dulcinea del Toboso ; and so, friend Sancho, waste no time in advising me against so rare, so happy, and so unheard-of an imitation ; mad I am, and mad I must be until thou returnest with the answer to a letter that I mean to send by thee to my lady Dulcinea. But tell me, Sancho, hast thou got Mambrino’s helmet safe ; for I saw thee take it up from the ground when that wretch tried to break it in pieces but could not, by which the fineness of its temper may be seen ? ”

To which Sancho made answer, “ By the living God, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I cannot endure or bear with patience some of the things that your worship says. I have the basin in my sack all dinted, and I am taking it home to have it mended, to trim my beard in it, if, by God’s grace, I am allowed to see my wife and children some day or other.”

“ Look here, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ by him thou didst swear by just now I swear thou hast the

most limited understanding that any squire in the world has or ever had. Is it possible that all this time thou hast been going about with me thou hast never found out that all things belonging to knights-errant seem to be illusions and nonsense and ravings, and to go always by contraries? Rare foresight it was in the sage who is on my side to make what is really and truly Mambrino's helmet seem a basin to everybody, for, being held in such estimation as it is, all the world would pursue me to rob me of it; but when they see it is only a barber's basin they do not take the trouble to obtain it."

Thus talking they reached the foot of a high mountain which stood like an isolated peak among the others that surrounded it. Past its base there flowed a gentle brook, all around it spread a meadow so green and luxuriant that it was a delight to the eyes to look on it, and forest trees in abundance, and shrubs and flowers, added to the charms of the spot. On this place the Knight of the Rueful Countenance fixed his choice for the performance of his penance, and as he beheld it exclaimed in a loud voice as though he were out of his senses, "This is the place, O ye heavens, that I select and choose for bewailing the misfortune in which ye yourselves have plunged me; this is the spot where the overflowings of mine eyes shall swell the waters of yon little brook, and my deep and endless sighs shall stir unceasingly the leaves of these mountain trees, in testimony and token of the pain my persecuted heart is suffering. O ye rural deities, whoever ye be that haunt this lone spot, give ear to

the complaint of a wretched lover whom long absence and brooding jealousy have driven to bewail his fate among these wilds and complain of the hard heart of that fair and ungrateful one, the end and limit of all human beauty! O Dulcinea del Toboso, day of my night, glory of my pain, guide of my path, star of my fortune, so may Heaven grant thee in full all thou seekest of it, bethink thee of the condition to which absence from thee has brought me, and make that return that is due to my fidelity! O thou, my squire, pleasant companion in my prosperous and adverse fortunes, fix well in thy memory what thou shalt see me do here, so that thou mayest relate and report it to the sole cause of all," and so saying he dismounted from Rocinante, and in an instant relieved him of saddle and bridle, and giving him a slap, said, "He gives thee freedom who is bereft of it himself, O steed as excellent in deed as thou art unfortunate in thy lot; begone where thou wilt."

Seeing this Sancho said, "Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, if my departure and your worship's madness are to come off in earnest, it will be as well to saddle Rocinante again in order that he may supply the want of Dapple, because it will save me time in going and returning; for if I go on foot I don't know when I shall get there or when I shall get back, as I am, in truth, a bad walker."

"I declare, Sancho," returned Don Quixote, "it shall be as thou wilt, for thy plan does not seem to me a bad one, and three days hence thou wilt depart, for I wish thee to observe in the meantime what I do

and say for her sake, that thou mayest be able to tell it."

"But what more have I to see besides what I have seen?" said Sancho.

"Much thou knowest about it!" said Don Quixote. "I have now got to tear up my garments, to scatter about my armor, knock my head against these rocks, and more of the same sort of thing, which thou must witness."

"For the love of God," said Sancho, "be careful, your worship, how you give yourself those knocks on the head, for you may come across such a rock, and in such a way, that the very first may put an end to the whole contrivance of this penance; and I should think, if indeed knocks on the head seem necessary to you, and this business cannot be done without them, you might be content—as the whole thing is feigned, and counterfeit, and in joke—you might be content, I say, with giving them to yourself against something soft, like cotton. I beg of you, too, to reckon as past the three days you allowed me for seeing the mad things you do, for I take them as seen already and pronounced on, and I will tell wonderful stories to my lady; so write the letter and send me off at once, for I long to return and take your worship out of this purgatory where I am leaving you."

"But how shall we manage to write the letter?" said he of the Rueful Countenance.

"And the ass-colt order too," added Sancho.

"All shall be included," said Don Quixote; "and as there is no paper, it would be well done to write it

on the leaves of trees, as the ancients did. But it has just occurred to me how it may be conveniently written, and that is in the note-book that belonged to Cardenio, and thou wilt take care to have it copied on paper, in a good hand, at the first village thou comest to where there is a schoolmaster, or if not, any sacristan will copy it ; but see thou give it not to any notary to copy, for they write a law hand that Satan could not make out."

"But what is to be done about the signature?" said Sancho.

"The letters of Amadis were never signed," said Don Quixote.

"That is all very well," said Sancho, "but the order must needs be signed, and if it is copied they will say the signature is false, and I shall be left without asscolts."

"The order shall go signed in the same book," said Don Quixote, "and on seeing it my niece will make no difficulty about obeying it ; as to the love-letter, thou canst put by way of signature, '*Yours till death, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.*' And it will be no great matter if it is in some other person's hand, for, as well as I recollect, Dulcinea can neither read nor write, nor in the whole course of her life has she seen handwriting or letter of mine, for my love and hers have been always platonic, not going beyond a modest look, and even that so seldom that I can safely swear I have not seen her four times in all these twelve years I have been loving her ; and perhaps even of those four times she has not once perceived that I was

looking at her : such is the retirement and seclusion in which her father Lorenzo Corchuelo and her mother Aldonza Nogales have brought her up."

"So, so !" said Sancho ; " Lorenzo Corchuelo's daughter is the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, otherwise called Aldonza Lorenzo ? "

" She it is," said Don Quixote, " and she it is that is worthy to be lady of the universe."

" I know her well," said Sancho, " and let me tell you she can fling a crowbar as well as the lustiest lad in all the town. Giver of all good ! but she is a brave lass, and a right and stout one, and fit to be helpmate to any knight-errant that is or is to be, who may make her his lady : the wench, what pith she has and what a voice ! I can tell you one day she posted herself on the top of the belfry of the village to call some laborers of theirs that were in a ploughed field of her father's, and though they were better than half a league off they heard her as well as if they were at the foot of the tower ; and the best of her is that she has plenty of affability, and jokes with everybody, and has a grin and a jest for everything. So, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I say you not only may and ought to do mad freaks for her sake, but you have a good right to give way to despair and hang yourself ; and no one who knows of it but will say you did well, though the devil should take you ; and I wish I were on my road already, simply to see her, for it is many a day since I saw her, and she must be altered by this time, for going about the fields always, and the sun and the air spoil women's looks greatly. But I must own the truth

to your worship, Señor Don Quixote ; until now I have been under a great mistake, for I believed truly and honestly that the lady Dulcinea must be some princess your worship was in love with, or some person great enough to deserve the rich presents you have sent her, such as the Biscayan and the galley slaves, and many more no doubt, for your worship must have won many victories in the time when I was not yet your squire. But all these things considered, what good can it do the lady Aldonza Lorenzo (I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboso) to have the vanquished your worship sends or will send coming to her and going down on their knees before her? Because maybe when they came she'd be hackling flax or threshing on the threshing floor, and they'd be ashamed to see her, and she'd laugh, or resent the present."

"I have before now told thee many times, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that thou art a mighty great chatterer, and that with a blunt wit thou art always striving at sharpness ; for all I want with Dulcinea del Toboso she is just as good as the most exalted princess on earth. It is not to be supposed that all those poets who sang the praises of ladies under the fancy names they give them, had any such mistresses. Thinkest thou that the Amaryllises, the Phillises, the Sylvias, the Dianas, and all the rest of them, that the books, the ballads, the barbers' shops, the theatres are full of, were really and truly ladies of flesh and blood, and mistresses of those that glorify and have glorified them? Nothing of the kind ; they only

invent them for the most part to furnish a subject for their verses, so it is enough for me to think and believe that the good Aldonza Lorenzo is fair and virtuous ; and as to her pedigree it is very little matter, for no one will examine into it, and I, for my part, reckon her the most exalted princess in the world. For thou shouldst know, Sancho, if thou dost not know, that two things alone beyond all others are incentives to love, and these are great beauty and a good name, and these two things are to be found in Dulcinea in the highest degree. I persuade myself that all I say is as I say, neither more nor less, and I picture her in my imagination as I would have her to be, as well in beauty as in condition ; Helen approaches her not nor does Lucretia come up to her, nor any other of the famous women of times past, Greek, Barbarian, or Latin ; and let each say what he will, for if in this I am taken to task by the ignorant, I shall not be censured by the critical."

"I say that your worship is entirely right," said Sancho, "and that I am an ass ; but now for the letter, and then, God be with you, I am off."

Don Quixote took out the note-book, and, retiring to one side, very deliberately began to write the letter, and when he had finished it he called to Sancho, saying he wished to read it to him, so that he might commit it to memory, in case of losing it on the road ; for with evil fortune like his, anything might be apprehended. To which Sancho replied, "Write it two or three times there in the book and give it to me, and I will carry it very carefully, because to expect me to

keep it in my memory is all nonsense, for I have such a bad one that I often forget my own name ; but for all that repeat it to me, as I shall like to hear it, for surely it will run as if it was in print."

"Listen," said Don Quixote, "this is what it says :

"Sovereign and exalted Lady, —The pierced by the point of absence, the wounded to the heart's core, sends thee, sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, the health that he himself enjoys not. If thy beauty despises me, if thy worth is not for me, if thy scorn is my affliction, though I be sufficiently long-suffering, hardly shall I endure this anxiety, which, besides being oppressive, is protracted. My good squire Sancho will relate to thee in full, fair ingrate, dear enemy, the condition to which I am reduced on thy account : if it be thy pleasure to give me relief, I am thine ; if not, do as may be pleasing to thee ; for by ending my life I shall satisfy thy cruelty and my desire.

"Thine till death,

"The Knight of the Rueful Countenance."

"By the life of my father," said Sancho, when he heard the letter, "it is the loftiest thing I ever heard. Body of me ! how your worship says everything as you like in it ! And how well you fit in 'The Knight of the Rueful Countenance' into the signature. I declare your worship is indeed the very devil, and there is nothing you don't know."

"Everything is needed for the calling I follow," said Don Quixote.

“Now then,” said Sancho, “let your worship put the order for the three ass-colts on the other side, and sign it very plainly, that they may recognize it at first sight.”

“With all my heart,” said Don Quixote, and as soon as he had written it he read it to this effect:

“Mistress Niece,— Please pay to Sancho Panza, my squire, three of the five ass-colts I left at home in your charge. Done in the heart of the Sierra Morena, the twenty-seventh of August of this present year.”

“That will do,” said Sancho; “now let me go and saddle Rocinante, and be ready to give me your blessing, for I mean to go at once without seeing the fooleries your worship is going to do; I’ll say I saw you do so many that she will not want any more.”

“At any rate, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “I should like — and there is reason for it — I should like thee, I say, to see me performing a dozen or two of insanities, which I can get done in less than half an hour; for having seen them with thine own eyes, thou canst then safely swear to the rest that thou wouldst add; and I promise thee thou wilt not tell of as many as I mean to perform.”

“But apart from all this,” said Sancho, “what has your worship to eat until I come back? Will you sally out on the road like Cardenio to force it from the shepherds?”

“Let not that anxiety trouble thee,” replied Don Quixote, “for even if I had it I should not eat any



DON QUIXOTE DOING PENANCE IN THE SIERRA MORENA

thing but the herbs and the fruits which this meadow and these trees may yield me; the beauty of this business of mine lies in not eating, and in performing other mortifications."

"Do you know what I am afraid of?" said Sancho on this; "that I shall not be able to find my way back to this spot where I am leaving you, it is such an out-of-the-way place."

"Observe the landmarks well," said Don Quixote, "for I will try not to go far from this neighborhood, and I will even take care to mount the highest of these rocks to see if I can discover thee returning; however, not to miss me and lose thyself, the best plan will be to cut some branches of the broom that is so abundant about here, and as thou goest to lay them at intervals until thou hast come out on the plain; these will serve thee as marks and signs for finding me on thy return."

"So I will," said Sancho Panza, and having cut some, he asked his master's blessing, and not without many tears on both sides took his leave of him, and mounting Rocinante, of whom Don Quixote charged him earnestly to have as much care as of his own person, he set out for the plain, strewing at intervals the branches of broom as his master had recommended him; and so he went his way, though Don Quixote still entreated him to see him do were it only a couple of mad acts.

CHAPTER XXVI

IN WHICH ARE CONTINUED THE REFINEMENTS WHERE-
WITH DON QUIXOTE PLAYED THE PART OF A LOVER
IN THE SIERRA MORENA

DON QUIXOTE climbed up to the top of a high rock, and there set himself to consider what he had several times before considered without ever coming to any conclusion on the point, namely whether it would be better and more to his purpose to imitate the outrageous madness of Roland, or the melancholy madness of Amadis ; and communing with himself he said, " I see that Amadis of Gaul, without losing his senses and without doing anything mad, acquired as a lover as much fame as the most famous ; for, according to his history, on finding himself rejected by his lady Oriana, who had ordered him not to appear in her presence until it should be her pleasure, all he did was to retire to the Peña Pobre in company with a hermit, and there he took his fill of weeping until Heaven sent him relief in the midst of his great grief and need. And if this be true, as it is, why should I now take the trouble to do mischief to these trees which have done me no harm, or why am I to disturb the clear waters of these brooks which will give me to drink whenever I have

a mind? Long live the memory of Amadis, and let him be imitated so far as is possible by Don Quixote of La Mancha, of whom it will be said, as was said of the other, that if he did not achieve great things, he died in attempting them; and if I am not repulsed or rejected by my Dulcinea, it is enough for me, as I have said, to be absent from her. And so, now to business; come to my memory ye deeds of Amadis, and show me how I am to begin to imitate you. I know already that what he chiefly did was to pray and commend himself to God; but what am I to do for a rosary, for I have not one?" And then it occurred to him how he might make one, and that was by tearing a great strip off the tail of his shirt, and making eleven knots on it, one bigger than the rest, and this served him for a rosary all the time he was there, during which he repeated countless ave-marias. But what distressed him greatly was not having another hermit there to confess him and receive consolation from; and so he solaced himself with pacing up and down the little meadow, and writing and carving on the bark of the trees and on the fine sand a multitude of verses all in harmony with his sadness, and some in praise of Dulcinea.

In this way, and in sighing and calling on the fauns and satyrs of the woods and the nymphs of the streams, and Echo, moist and mournful, to answer, console, and hear him, as well as in looking for herbs to sustain him, he passed his time until Sancho's return; and had that been delayed three weeks, as it was three days, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance

would have worn such an altered countenance that his own mother would not have known him: and here it will be well to leave him, wrapped up in sighs and verses, to relate how Sancho Panza fared on his mission.

As for him, coming out on the high-road, he made for El Toboso, and the next day reached the inn where the mishap of the blanket had befallen him. As soon as he recognized it he felt as if he were once more flying through the air, and he could not bring himself to enter it though it was an hour when he might well have done so, for it was dinner-time, and he longed to taste something hot, as it had been all cold fare with him for many days past. This craving drove him to draw near to the inn, still undecided whether to go in or not, and as he was hesitating there came out two persons who at once recognized him, and said one to the other, "Señor Licentiate, is not he on the horse there Sancho Panza who, our adventurer's housekeeper told us, went off with her master as esquire?"

"So it is," said the licentiate, "and that is our friend Don Quixote's horse"; and if they knew him so well it was because they were the curate and the barber of his own village, the same who had carried out the scrutiny and sentence on the books; and as soon as they recognized Sancho Panza and Rocinante, being anxious to hear of Don Quixote, they approached, and calling him by his name the curate said, "Friend Sancho Panza, where is your master?"

Sancho recognized them at once, and determined

to keep secret the place and circumstances where and under which he had left his master, so he replied that his master was engaged in a certain quarter on a certain matter of great importance to him, which he could not disclose for the eyes in his head.

"Nay, nay," said the barber, "if you don't tell us where he is, Sancho Panza, we will suspect that you have murdered and robbed him, for here you are mounted on his horse; in fact, you must produce the master of the hack, or else take the consequences."

"There is no need of threats with me," said Sancho, "for I am not a man to rob or murder anybody; my master is engaged very much to his taste doing penance in the midst of these mountains"; and then, offhand and without stopping, he told them how he had left him, what adventures had befallen him, and how he was carrying a letter to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, with whom he was over head and ears in love. They were both amazed at what Sancho Panza told them; for though they were aware of Don Quixote's madness and the nature of it, each time they heard of it they were filled with fresh wonder. They then asked Sancho Panza to show them the letter he was carrying to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. He said it was written in a note-book, and that his master's directions were that he should have it copied on paper at the first village he came to. On this the curate said if he showed it to him he himself would make a fair copy of it. Sancho put his hand into his bosom in

search of the note-book but could not find it, nor, if he had been searching until now, could he have found it, for Don Quixote had kept it, and had never given it to him, nor had he himself thought of asking for it. When Sancho discovered he could not find the book his face grew deadly pale, and in great haste he again felt his body all over, and seeing plainly it was not to be found, without more ado he seized his beard with both hands and plucked away half of it, and then, as quick as he could and without stopping, gave himself half a dozen cuffs on the face and nose.

Seeing this the curate and the barber asked him what had happened him that he gave himself such rough treatment.

"I have lost the note-book," said Sancho, "that contained the letter to Dulcinea, and an order signed by my master in which he directed his niece to give me three ass-colts out of four or five he had at home"; and he then told them about the loss of Dapple.

The curate consoled him, telling him that when his master was found he would get him to renew the order, and make a fresh draft on paper, as was usual and customary; for those made in note-books were never accepted or honored.

Sancho comforted himself with this, and said if that were so the loss of Dulcinea's letter did not trouble him much, for he had it almost by heart, and it could be taken down from him wherever and whenever they liked.

"You speak like a man of sense," said the curate,

“but what must now be done is to take steps to coax your master out of that useless penance you say he is performing ; and we had best turn into this inn to consider what plan to adopt, and also to dine, for it is now time.”

Sancho said they might go in, but that he would wait there outside, and that he would tell them afterwards the reason why he was unwilling, and why it did not suit him to enter it ; but he begged them to bring him out something to eat, and to let it be hot, and also to bring barley for Rocinante. They left him and went in, and presently the barber brought him out something to eat. By-and-by, after they had between them carefully thought over what they should do to carry out their object, the curate hit on an idea very well adapted to humor Don Quixote, and effect their purpose ; and his notion, which he explained to the barber, was that he himself should assume the disguise of a wandering damsel, while the other should try as best he could to pass for a squire, and that they should thus proceed to where Don Quixote was, and he, pretending to be an aggrieved and distressed damsel, should ask a favor of him, which as a valiant knight-errant he could not refuse to grant ; and the favor he meant to ask him was that he should accompany her whither she would conduct him, in order to redress a wrong which a wicked knight had done her, while at the same time she should entreat him not to require her to remove her mask, nor ask her any question touching her circumstances until he had righted her with the wicked knight. And he had no doubt that

Don Quixote would comply with any request made in these terms, and that in this way they might remove him and take him to his own village, where they would endeavor to find out if his extraordinary madness admitted of any kind of remedy.

CHAPTER XXVII

OF HOW THE CURATE AND THE BARBER PROCEEDED
WITH THEIR SCHEME ; TOGETHER WITH OTHER
MATTERS WORTHY OF RECORD IN THIS GREAT
HISTORY

THE curate's plan did not seem a bad one to the barber, but on the contrary so good that they immediately set about putting it in execution. They begged a petticoat and hood of the landlady, leaving her in pledge a new cassock of the curate's ; and the barber made a beard out of a red oxtail in which the landlord used to stick his comb. The landlady asked them what they wanted these things for, and the curate told her in a few words about the madness of Don Quixote, and how this disguise was intended to get him away from the mountain where he then was. The landlord and landlady immediately came to the conclusion that the madman was their guest, the balsam man and master of the blanketed squire, and they told the curate all that had passed between him and them, not omitting what Sancho had been so silent about. Finally the landlady dressed up the curate in a style that left nothing to be desired ; she put on him a cloth petticoat with black velvet stripes a palm broad, and

a bodice of green velvet set off by a binding of white satin. The curate would not let them cover him with the hood, but put on his head a little quilted linen cap which he used for a night-cap, and bound his forehead with a strip of black silk, while with another he made a mask with which he concealed his beard and face very well. He then put on his hat, which was broad enough to serve him for an umbrella, and enveloping himself in his cloak seated himself woman-fashion on his mule, while the barber mounted his with a beard down to the waist. They took leave of all, and of the good Maritornes, who promised to pray a rosary of prayers that God might grant them success in such an arduous and Christian undertaking as that they had in hand.

But hardly had he sallied forth from the inn when it struck the curate that he was doing wrong in rigging himself out in that fashion, as it was an indecorous thing for a priest to dress himself that way even though much might depend on it; and saying so to the barber he begged him to change dresses, as it was fitter he should be the distressed damsel, while he himself would play the squire's part, which would be less derogatory to his dignity; otherwise he was resolved to have nothing more to do with the matter, and let the devil take Don Quixote. Just at this moment Sancho came up, and on seeing the pair in such a costume he was unable to restrain his laughter; the barber, however, agreed to do as the curate wished, and, altering their plan, the curate went on to instruct him how to play his part and what to say to Don

Quixote to induce and compel him to come with them and give up his fancy for the place he had chosen for his idle penance. The barber told him he could manage it properly without any instruction, and as he did not care to dress himself up until they were near where Don Quixote was, he folded up the garments, and the curate adjusted his beard, and they set out under the guidance of Sancho Panza, who went along telling them of the encounter with the madman they met in the sierra, saying nothing, however, about the finding of the valise and its contents ; for with all his simplicity the lad was a trifle covetous.

The next day they reached the place where Sancho had laid the broom-branches as marks to direct him to where he had left his master, and recognizing it he told them that here was the entrance, and that they would do well to dress themselves, if that was required to deliver his master ; for they had already told him that going in this guise and dressing in this way were of the highest importance in order to rescue his master from the pernicious life he had adopted ; and they charged him strictly not to tell his master who they were, or that he knew them, and should he ask, as ask he would, if he had given the letter to Dulcinea, to say he had, and that, as she did not know how to write, she had given an answer by word of mouth, saying that she commanded him, on pain of her displeasure, to come and see her at once ; and it was a very important matter for himself, because in this way and with what they meant to say to him they felt sure of bringing him back to a better mode of

life. Sancho said that it would be as well for him to go on before them to find him, and give him his lady's answer; for that perhaps might be enough to bring him away from the place without putting them to all this trouble. They approved of what Sancho proposed, and resolved to wait for him until he brought back word of having found his master.

Sancho pushed into the glens of the sierra, leaving them in one through which there flowed a little gentle rivulet, and where the rocks and trees afforded a cool and grateful shade. It was an August day with all the heat of one, and the heat in those parts is intense, and the hour was three in the afternoon, all which made the spot the more inviting and tempted them to wait there for Sancho's return, which they did. They were reposing, then, in the shade, when a voice unaccompanied by the notes of any instrument, but sweet and pleasing in its tone, reached their ears. And still more surprised were they when they perceived that what they heard sung were the verses, not of rustic shepherds, but of the polished wits of the city.

The song ended with a deep sigh, and the listeners determined to find out who the unhappy being could be whose voice was as rare as his sighs were piteous, and they had not proceeded far when on turning the corner of a rock they discovered a man of the same aspect and appearance as Sancho had described to them when he told them the story of Cardenio. The curate, who recognized him by the description, being a man of good address, approached him and in a few

sensible words entreated and urged him to quit a life of such misery. Cardenio was then in his right mind, free from any attack of that madness which so frequently carried him away, and he replied to them thus, "I see plainly, sirs, whoever you may be, that Heaven sends me, though I deserve it not, those who seek to draw me away from this to some better retreat, showing me by many and forcible arguments how unreasonably I act in leading the life I do. If it be, sirs, that you are here with the same design as others have come with, before you proceed with your wise arguments, I entreat you to hear the story of my countless misfortunes, for perhaps when you have heard it you will spare yourselves the trouble you would take in offering consolation to grief that is beyond the reach of it."

As they, both of them, desired nothing more than to hear from his own lips the cause of his suffering, they entreated him to tell it, promising not to do anything for his relief or comfort that he did not wish; and thereon the unhappy gentleman began his sad story in nearly the same words and manner in which he had related it to Don Quixote and the goatherd a few days before, when, through Don Quixote's scrupulous observance of what was due to chivalry, the tale was left unfinished, but now fortunately the mad fit kept off, and allowed him to tell it to the end; and so, coming to the incident of the note which Don Fernando had found in the volume of "Amadis of Gaul," Cardenio said that he remembered it perfectly and that it was in these words: —

“*Luscinda to Cardenio.*

“‘Every day I discover merits in you that compel me to hold you in higher estimation ; so if you desire to relieve me of this obligation, you may easily do so. I have a father who knows you and loves me dearly, who without putting any constraint on my inclination will grant what will be reasonable for you to have, if it be that you value me as you say and as I believe you do.’

“By this letter Luscinda came to be regarded by Don Fernando as one of the most discreet and prudent women of the day, and this letter it was that suggested his design of ruining me. I told Don Fernando that all Luscinda’s father was waiting for was that mine should ask her of him, which I did not dare to suggest to him, fearing that he would not consent to do so, because I was aware that he did not wish me to marry so soon, before seeing what the duke Ricardo would do for me. To this Don Fernando answered that he would take it on himself to speak to my father and persuade him to speak to Luscinda’s father. Who could have thought that Don Fernando, a high-born gentleman, intelligent, bound to me by gratitude for my services, could have become so morbid, as they say, as to rob me of my one ewe lamb that was not even yet in my possession ?

“Don Fernando, finding my presence an obstacle to the execution of his treacherous and wicked design, resolved to send me to his elder brother under the

pretext of asking money from him to pay for six horses which, purposely, and with the sole object of sending me away that he might the better carry out his infernal scheme, he had purchased the very day he offered to speak to my father, and the price of which he now desired me to fetch.

“I reached the place whither I had been sent, gave the letter to Don Fernando’s brother, and was kindly received but not promptly dismissed, for he desired me to wait, very much against my will, eight days in some place where the duke his father was not likely to see me, as his brother wrote that the money was to be sent without his knowledge. But four days later there came a man in quest of me with a letter which he gave me, and which by the address I perceived to be from Luscinda, as the writing was hers. I opened the letter and read these words :—

“ ‘The promise Don Fernando gave you to urge your father to speak to mine, he has fulfilled much more to his own satisfaction than to your advantage. He has demanded me for a wife, and my father, led away by what he considers Don Fernando’s superiority over you, has favored his suit so cordially, that in two days hence the betrothal is to take place with such secrecy and so privately that the only witnesses are to be the heavens above and a few of the household. The issue of the affair will show you whether I love you or not. God grant this may come to your hand before mine shall be forced to link itself with his who keeps so ill the faith that he has pledged.’

“Such, in brief, were the words of the letter, words that made me set out at once without waiting any longer for reply or money. The exasperation I felt against Don Fernando, joined with the fear of losing the prize I had won by so many years of love and devotion, lent me wings ; so that almost flying I reached home the same day. I arrived unobserved, and left the mule on which I had come at the house of the worthy man who had brought me the letter, and fortune was pleased to be for once so kind that I found Luscinda at the grating that was the witness of our loves. As soon as Luscinda saw me she said, ‘Cardenio, I am in my bridal dress, and the treacherous Don Fernando and my covetous father are waiting for me in the hall with the other witnesses, who shall be the witnesses of my death before they witness my betrothal. Contrive to be present at this sacrifice, and if that cannot be prevented by my words, I have a dagger concealed which will prevent more deliberate violence.’

“I replied to her distractedly and hastily. I think she could not have heard all my words, for I perceived that they called her away in haste, as the bridegroom was waiting. Reflecting how important it was that I should be present at what might take place on the occasion, I nerved myself as best I could and went in. With the confusion that pervaded the house, no one perceived me, and I found an opportunity of placing myself in the recess formed by a window concealed by two tapestries, from between which I could, without being seen, see all that took place in the room. The bridegroom entered the hall in his usual

dress, without ornament of any kind ; as groomsman he had with him a cousin of Luscinda's, and except the servants of the house there was no one else in the chamber. Soon afterwards Luscinda came out from an ante-chamber, attended by her mother and two of her damsels, arrayed and adorned as became her rank and beauty, and in full festival and ceremonial attire.

"All being assembled in the hall, the priest of the parish came in, and as he took the pair by the hand to perform the requisite ceremony, at the words, 'Will you, Señora Luscinda take Señor Don Fernando, here present, for your lawful husband, as the holy Mother Church ordains?' I thrust my head and neck out from between the tapestries, and with eager ears and throbbing heart set myself to listen to Luscinda's answer, awaiting in her reply the sentence of death or the grant of life.

"The priest stood waiting for the answer of Luscinda, who for a long time withheld it ; and just as I thought she was taking out the dagger to save her honor, or struggling for words to make some declaration of the truth on my behalf, I heard her say in a faint and feeble voice, 'I will' ; Don Fernando said the same, and giving her the ring they stood linked by a knot that could never be loosed. The bridegroom then approached to embrace his bride ; and she, pressing her hand on her heart, fell fainting in her mother's arms. They were all thrown into confusion by Luscinda's fainting, and as her mother was unlacing her to give her air a sealed paper was discovered in her

bosom which Don Fernando seized at once and began to read by the light of one of the torches. As soon as he had read it he seated himself in a chair leaning his cheek on his hand in the attitude of one deep in thought, without taking any part in the efforts that were being made to recover his bride from her fainting fit.

“Seeing all the household in confusion, I ventured to come out regardless whether I were seen or not, and I quitted the house and reached that of the man with whom I had left my mule ; I made him saddle it for me, mounted without bidding him farewell, and rode out of the city ; and when I found myself alone in the open country, screened by the darkness of the night, and tempted by the stillness to give vent to my grief without apprehension or fear of being heard or seen, then I broke silence and lifted up my voice in maledictions on Luscinda and Don Fernando, as if I could thus avenge the wrong they had done me.

“Thus agitated, I journeyed onward for the remainder of the night, and by daybreak I reached one of the passes of these mountains, among which I wandered for three days more without taking any path or road, until I came to some meadows lying on I know not which side of the mountains, and there I inquired of some herdsmen in what direction the most rugged part of the range lay. They told me that it was in this quarter, and I at once directed my course hither, intending to end my life here ; but as I was making my way among these crags, my mule dropped dead through fatigue and hunger. I was worn out, famishing, without any one to help

me or any thought of seeking help ; and I lay stretched on the ground, how long I know not, after which I rose up free from hunger, and found beside me some goatherds, who no doubt were the persons who had relieved me in my need, for they told me how they had found me, and how I had been uttering ravings that showed plainly I had lost my reason ; and since then I am conscious that I am not always in full possession of it, but at times so deranged and crazed that I do a thousand mad things, tearing my clothes, crying aloud in these solitudes, cursing my fate, and idly calling on the dear name of her who is my enemy, and only seeking to end my life in lamentation ; and when I recover my senses I find myself so exhausted and weary that I can scarcely move. Most commonly my dwelling is the hollow of a cork tree large enough to shelter this miserable body ; the herdsmen who frequent these mountains, moved by compassion, furnish me with food, leaving it by the wayside or on the rocks, where they think I may perhaps pass and find it. Thus do I pass the wretched life that remains to me, until it be Heaven's will to bring it to a close, or so to order my memory that I no longer recollect the beauty and treachery of Luscinda, or the wrong done me by Don Fernando."

Here Cardenio brought to a close his long discourse ; but just as the curate was going to address some words of comfort to him, he was stopped by a voice that reached his ear, saying in melancholy tones what will be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVIII

WHICH TREATS OF THE STRANGE AND DELIGHTFUL ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL THE CURATE AND THE BARBER IN THE SAME SIERRA

“O GOD! is it possible,” said the voice, “I have found a place that may serve as a secret grave for the weary load of this body that I support so unwillingly? How much more grateful to my mind will be the society of these rocks and brakes that permit me to complain of my misfortune to Heaven, than that of any human being, for there is none on earth to look to for counsel in doubt, comfort in sorrow, or relief in distress!”

All this was heard distinctly by the curate and those with him, and as it seemed to them to be uttered close by, they got up to look for the speaker, and before they had gone twenty paces they discovered behind a rock, seated at the foot of an ash tree, a youth in the dress of a peasant, whose face they were unable at the moment to see as he was leaning forward, bathing his feet in the brook that flowed past. They approached so silently that he did not perceive them, and so, finding they had not been noticed, the curate, who was in front, made a sign to the other two to conceal themselves behind some fragments of rock that lay there; which they

did, observing closely what the youth was about. He had on a loose double-skirted gray jacket bound tight to his body with a white cloth; he wore besides breeches and gaiters of gray cloth, and on his head a gray cap.

As soon as he had done bathing his feet, he raised his face, and those who were watching him had an opportunity of seeing a beauty so exquisite that Cardenio said to the curate in a whisper, "As this is not Luscinda, it is no human creature but a divine being."

The youth then took off the cap, and shaking his head from side to side there broke loose and spread out a mass of hair that the beams of the sun might have envied; by this they knew that what had seemed a peasant was a lovely woman. The long auburn tresses not only covered her shoulders, but, such was their length and abundance, concealed her all round beneath their masses, so that except the feet nothing of her form was visible. All which increased not only the admiration of the three beholders, but their anxiety to learn who she was. With this object they resolved to show themselves, and at the stir they made in getting on their feet the fair damsel looked to see who had made the noise, and the instant she perceived them she started to her feet, and without waiting to put on her shoes or gather up her hair, hastily endeavored to take flight; but before she had gone six paces she fell to the ground; seeing which, the curate addressing her said, "Stay, señora, whoever you may be, for those whom you see here only desire

to be of service to you. What your dress would hide, señora, is made known to us by your hair; a clear proof that it can be no trifling cause that has disguised your beauty in a garb so unworthy of it, and sent it into solitudes like these where we have had the good fortune to find you, if not to relieve your distress, at least to offer you comfort. And so, señora, or señor, or whatever you prefer to be, dismiss the fears that our appearance has caused you and make us acquainted with your good or evil fortunes."

While the curate was speaking, the disguised damsel stood looking at them without opening her lips or uttering a word; but on the curate addressing some further words to the same effect to her, sighing deeply she broke silence and said, "Since the solitude of these mountains has been unable to conceal me, and the escape of my dishevelled tresses will not allow my tongue to deal in falsehoods, I feel bound to tell what I would willingly keep secret if I could."

To fulfil her promise, she, first modestly covering her feet and gathering up her hair, seated herself on a stone and, after an effort to restrain some tears that came to her eyes, began her story thus: —

"In this Andalusia there is a town from which a duke takes a title which makes him one of those that are called *grandees* of Spain. This nobleman has two sons, the elder heir to his dignity and apparently to his good qualities; the younger heir to I know not what, unless it be the treachery of Vellido and the

falsehood of Ganelon. My parents are this lord's vassals, lowly in origin, but so wealthy that if birth had conferred as much on them as fortune, they would have had nothing left to desire, nor should I have had reason to fear trouble like that in which I find myself now. As they have no other child to make their heir, and are affectionate parents, I was one of the most indulged daughters that ever parents indulged.

"I was the staff of their old age, and the object in which all their wishes centred; and as I was mistress of their hearts, so was I also of their possessions. Through me they engaged or dismissed their servants; through my hands passed the accounts and returns of what was sown and reaped; the oil-mills, the wine-presses, the count of the flocks and herds, the beehives, all in short that a rich farmer like my father has or can have, I had under my care. The leisure hours left to me after I had given the requisite orders to the shepherds, head men, and laborers, I passed in such employments as are not only allowable but necessary for young girls, those that the needle, embroidery cushion, and spinning wheel usually afford, and if to refresh my mind I quitted them for a while, I found recreation in reading some devotional book or playing the harp. The truth is, that I was leading this busy life in a retirement that might compare with that of a monastery. In spite of all this, the eyes of love, or idleness, discovered me, with the help of the assiduity of Don Fernando; for that is the name of the younger son of the duke I told you of."

The moment the speaker mentioned the name of Don Fernando, Cardenio changed color and broke into a sweat, with such signs of emotion that the curate and the barber, who observed it, feared that one of the mad fits which they heard attacked him sometimes was coming on him; but Cardenio showed no further agitation and remained quiet, regarding the peasant girl with fixed attention, for he began to suspect who she was. She, however, without noticing the excitement of Cardenio, went on to say:—

“And they had hardly discovered me, when, as he owned afterwards, he was smitten with a violent love for me. But to shorten the long recital of my woes, I will pass over in silence all the artifices employed by Don Fernando for declaring his passion for me. He bribed all the household, he gave and offered gifts and presents to my parents; every day was like a holiday or a merry-making in our street; by night no one could sleep for the music; the love letters that used to come to my hand, no one knew how, were innumerable, full of tender pleadings and pledges. It gave me a certain sort of satisfaction to find myself so sought and prized by a gentleman of such distinction, and I was not displeased at seeing my praises in his letters. At length he learned that my parents were contemplating marriage for me; and then it was he begged, and I, after some hesitation, consented to a secret marriage with him. But a few days after this marriage Don Fernando, with no explanation, ceased to visit me, and before a month

passed it was reported in the town that Don Fernando had been married in a neighboring city to a maiden of rare beauty, the daughter of parents of distinguished position, though not so rich that her portion would entitle her to look for so brilliant a match; it was said, too, that her name was Luscinda.

“This sad intelligence reached my ears, and, instead of being struck with a chill, with such wrath and fury did my heart burn that I scarcely restrained myself from rushing out into the streets, crying aloud and proclaiming openly the perfidy and treachery of which I was the victim; but this transport of rage was for the time checked by a resolution I formed, to be carried out the same night, and that was to assume this dress, which I got from a servant of my father’s. I at once packed up in a linen pillow-case a woman’s dress, and some jewels and money to provide for emergencies, and in the silence of the night, I sallied forth from the house, and on foot set out for the city, if not to prevent what I presumed to be already done, at least to call on Don Fernando to tell me with what conscience he had done it. I reached my destination in two days and a half, and on entering the city inquired for the house of Luscinda’s parents. The first person I asked gave me more in reply than I sought to know; he showed me the house, and told me all that had occurred at the betrothal of the daughter of the family, an affair of such notoriety in the city that it was the talk of every knot of idlers in the street.

“He said that on the night of Don Fernando’s

betrothal with Luscinda, as soon as she had consented to be his bride by saying 'Yes,' she was taken with a sudden fainting fit, and that on the bridegroom approaching to unlace the bosom of her dress to give her air, he found a paper in her own handwriting, in which she said and declared that she could not be Don Fernando's bride, because she was already Cardenio's, who, according to the man's account, was a gentleman of distinction of the same city; and that if she had accepted Don Fernando, it was only in obedience to her parents. In short, the words of the paper made it clear she meant to kill herself on the completion of the betrothal; all which was confirmed, it was said, by a dagger they found somewhere in her clothes. On seeing this, Don Fernando, persuaded that Luscinda had befooled, slighted, and trifled with him, assailed her before she had recovered from her swoon, and tried to stab her with the dagger that had been found, and would have succeeded had not her parents and those who were present prevented him. It was said, moreover, that Don Fernando went away at once, and that Luscinda did not recover from her prostration until the next day, when she told her parents how she was really the bride of that Cardenio I have mentioned. I learned besides that Cardenio, according to report, had been present at the betrothal; and that on seeing her betrothed contrary to his expectation, he had quitted the city in despair, leaving behind him a letter declaring the wrong Luscinda had done him, and his intention of going where no one should ever

see him again. All this was a matter of notoriety in the city, and every one spoke of it; especially when it became known that Luscinda was missing from her father's house and from the city, for she was not to be found anywhere, to the distraction of her parents, who knew not what steps to take to recover her.

“While I was in the city, uncertain what to do, as I could not find Don Fernando, I heard notice given by the public crier offering a great reward to any one who should find me, and giving the particulars of my age and of the very dress I wore. The instant I heard the notice I quitted the city, and I made my way into the mountains, without any other thought or purpose save that of hiding myself among them, and escaping my father and those despatched in search of me by his orders.”

CHAPTER XXIX

WHICH TREATS OF THE DROLL DEVICE AND METHOD
ADOPTED TO EXTRICATE OUR LOVE-STRICKEN KNIGHT
FROM THE SEVERE PENANCE HE HAD IMPOSED ON
HIMSELF

“SUCH, sirs, is the true story of my sad adventures ; judge for yourselves now whether the sighs and lamentations you heard had not sufficient cause.”

With these words she became silent. The listeners felt as much pity as wonder at her misfortunes ; but as the curate was just about to offer her some consolation and advice Cardenio forestalled him, saying, “So then, señora, you are the fair Dorothea, the only daughter of the rich Clenardo?”

Dorothea was astonished at hearing her father's name, and at the miserable appearance of him who mentioned it, so she said to him, “And who may you be, brother, who seem to know my father's name so well? For so far, if I remember rightly, I have not mentioned it in the whole story of my misfortunes.”

“I am that unhappy being, señora,” he replied, “the unfortunate Cardenio, whom the wrong-doing of him who has brought you to your present condition has reduced to the state you see me in. I, Dorothea,

am he who witnessed the wrong done by Don Fernando, and waited to hear the 'Yes' uttered, by which Luscinda owned herself his betrothed; I am he who had not courage enough to see how her fainting fit ended, or what came of the paper that was found in her bosom, because my heart had not the fortitude to endure so many strokes of ill-fortune at once; and so losing patience I quitted the house, and leaving a letter with my host, which I entreated him to place in Luscinda's hands, I betook myself to these solitudes, resolved to end here the life I hated as if it were my mortal enemy. But fate would not rid me of it, contenting itself with robbing me of my reason, perhaps to preserve me for the good fortune I have had in meeting you; for if that which you have just told us be true, as I believe it to be, it may be that Heaven has yet in store for both of us a happier termination to our misfortunes than we look for."

The licentiate now begged, advised, and urged them both to come with him to his village, where they might furnish themselves with what they needed, and take measures to discover Don Fernando, and do what seemed to them most advisable. Cardenio and Dorothea thanked him, and accepted the kind offer he made them; and the barber, who had been listening to all attentively and in silence, on his part said some kindly words also, and with no less goodwill than the curate offered his services in any way that might be of use to them. He also explained to them in a few words the object that had brought them there, and the strange nature of Don Quixote's mad-

ness, and how they were waiting for his squire, who had gone in search of him.

At this moment they heard a shout, and recognized it as coming from Sancho Panza, who, not finding them where he had left them, was calling aloud to them. They went to meet him, and in answer to their inquiries about Don Quixote, he told them how he had found him half dead with hunger, and sighing for his lady Dulcinea; and although he had told him that she commanded him to quit that place and come to El Toboso, where she was expecting him, he had answered that he was determined not to appear in the presence of her beauty until he had done deeds to make him worthy of her favor. The licentiate in reply told him not to be uneasy, for they would fetch him away in spite of himself. He then told Cardenio and Dorothea what they had proposed to do to cure Don Quixote, or at any rate take him home; on which Dorothea said that she could play the distressed damsel better than the barber; especially as she had there the dress in which to do it to the life, and that they might trust to her acting the part in every particular requisite for carrying out their scheme, for she had read a great many books of chivalry, and knew exactly the style in which afflicted damsels begged boons of knights-errant.

"In that case," said the curate, "there is nothing more required than to set about it at once."

Dorothea then took out of her pillow-case a complete petticoat of some rich stuff, and a green mantle of some other fine material, and a necklace and other

ornaments out of a little box, and with these in an instant she so arrayed herself that she looked like a great and rich lady. All this, and more, she said, she had taken from home in case of need, but that until then she had had no occasion to make use of it. They were all highly delighted with her grace, air, and beauty. But the one who admired her most was Sancho Panza, for it seemed to him that in all the days of his life he had never seen such a lovely creature; and he asked the curate with great eagerness who this beautiful lady was, and what she wanted in these out-of-the-way quarters."

"This fair lady, brother Sancho," replied the curate, "is no less a personage than the heiress in the direct male line of the great kingdom of Micomicon, who has come in search of your master to beg a boon of him, which is that he redress a wrong or injury that a wicked giant has done her."

"A lucky seeking and a lucky finding!" said Sancho Panza at this; "especially if my master has the good fortune to redress that injury, and right that wrong; and kill that giant your worship speaks of; as kill him he will if he meets him, unless, indeed, he happens to be a phantom; for my master has no power at all against phantoms."

By this time Dorothea had seated herself on the curate's mule, and the barber had fitted the ox-tail beard to his face, and they now told Sancho to conduct them to where Don Quixote was. Neither the curate nor Cardenio, however, thought fit to go with them; Cardenio lest he should remind Don Quixote

of the quarrel he had with him, and the curate as there was no necessity for his presence just yet, so they allowed the others to go on before them, while themselves followed slowly on foot. The curate did not forget to instruct Dorothea how to act, but she said they might make their minds easy, as everything would be done exactly as the books of chivalry required and described.

They had gone about three-quarters of a league when they discovered Don Quixote in a wilderness of rocks; and as soon as Dorothea saw him and was told by Sancho that that was Don Quixote, she whipped her palfrey, the well-bearded barber following her, and on coming up to him her squire sprang from his mule and came forward to receive her in his arms, and she dismounting with great ease of manner advanced to kneel before the feet of Don Quixote; and though he strove to raise her up, she without rising addressed him in this fashion, "From this spot I will not rise, O valiant and doughty knight, until your goodness and courtesy grant me a boon, which will redound to the honor and renown of your person and render a service to the most disconsolate and afflicted damsel the sun has seen; and if the might of your strong arm corresponds to the repute of your immortal fame, you are bound to aid the helpless being who hath come from far distant lands to seek your aid in her misfortunes."

"I will not answer a word, beauteous lady," replied Don Quixote, "nor will I listen to anything further concerning you, until you rise from the earth."

"I will not rise, señor," answered the afflicted damsel, "unless of your courtesy the boon I ask is first granted me."

"I grant and accord it," said Don Quixote, "provided without detriment or prejudice to my king, my country, or her who holds the key of my heart and freedom, it may be complied with."

"It will not be to the detriment or prejudice of any of them, my worthy lord," said the afflicted damsel; and here Sancho Panza drew close to his master's ear and said to him very softly, "Your worship may very safely grant the boon she asks; it's nothing at all; only to kill a big giant; and she who asks it is the exalted princess Micomicona, queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon of Ethiopia."

"Let her be who she may," replied Don Quixote, "I will do what is my bounden duty, and what my conscience bids me, in conformity with what I have professed"; and turning to the damsel he said, "Let your great beauty rise, for I grant the boon which you would ask of me."

"Then what I ask," said the damsel, "is that your magnanimous person accompany me at once whither I will conduct you, and that you promise not to engage in any other adventure or quest until you have avenged me of a traitor who, against all human and divine law, has usurped my kingdom."

"I repeat that I grant it," replied Don Quixote; "and so, lady, you may from this day forth lay aside the melancholy that distresses you, and let your failing hopes gather new life and strength, for with the

help of God and of my arm you will soon see yourself restored to your kingdom, and seated on the throne of your ancient and mighty realm, notwithstanding and despite of the felons who would gainsay it; and now hands to the work, for, as they say, in delay there is apt to be danger."

The distressed damsel strove with much pertinacity to kiss his hands; but Don Quixote, who was in all things a polished and courteous knight, would by no means allow it, but made her rise and embraced her with great courtesy and politeness, and ordered Sancho to look to Rocinante's girths, and to arm him without a moment's delay. Sancho took down the armor, which was hung up in a tree like a trophy, and having seen to the girths, armed his master in a trice, who as soon as he found himself in his armor exclaimed, "Let us be gone in the name of God to bring aid to this great lady."

The barber was all this time on his knees at great pains to hide his laughter and not let his beard fall, for had it fallen maybe their fine scheme would have come to nothing; but now seeing the boon granted, and the promptitude with which Don Quixote prepared to set out in compliance with it, he rose and took his lady's hand, and between them they placed her on the mule. Don Quixote then mounted Rocinante, and the barber settled himself on his beast, Sancho being left to go on foot, which made him feel anew the loss of his Dapple, finding the want of him now. But he bore all with cheerfulness, being persuaded that his master had now fairly

started and was just on the point of becoming an emperor; for he felt no doubt at all that he would marry this princess, and be king of Micomicon at least.

Cardenio and the curate were watching all this from among some bushes, not knowing how to join company with the others; but the curate, who was very fertile in devices, soon hit on a way of effecting their purpose, and with a pair of scissors that he had in a case he quickly cut off Cardenio's beard, and putting on him a gray jerkin of his own he gave him a black cloak, leaving himself in his breeches and doublet, while Cardenio's appearance was so different from what it had been that he would not have known himself had he seen himself in a mirror. Having effected this, although the others had gone on ahead while they were disguising themselves, they easily came out on the high-road before them, for the brambles and awkward places they encountered did not allow those on horseback to go as fast as those on foot. They then posted themselves on the level ground at the outlet of the sierra, and as soon as Don Quixote and his companions emerged from it the curate began to examine him very deliberately, as though he were striving to recognize him, and after having stared at him for some time he hastened towards him with open arms exclaiming, "A happy meeting with the mirror of chivalry, my worthy compatriot Don Quixote of La Mancha, the flower and cream of high breeding, the protection and relief of the distressed, the quintessence of knights-errant!"

And so saying he clasped in his arms the knee of Don Quixote's left leg. He, astonished at the stranger's words and behavior, looked at him attentively, and at length recognized him, very much surprised to see him there, and made great efforts to dismount. This, however, the curate would not allow, on which Don Quixote said, "Permit me, Señor Licentiate, for it is not fitting that I should be on horseback and so reverend a person as your worship on foot."

"On no account will I allow it," said the curate; "your mightiness must remain on horseback, for it is on horseback you achieve the greatest deeds and adventures that have been beheld in our age; as for me, an unworthy priest, it will serve me well enough to mount on the haunches of one of the mules of these gentlefolk who accompany your worship, if they have no objection."

"Nor even that will I consent to, Señor Licentiate," answered Don Quixote, "and I know it will be the good pleasure of my lady the princess, out of love for me, to order her squire to give up the saddle of his mule to your worship, and he can sit behind if the beast will bear it."

"It will, I am sure," said the princess, "and I am sure, too, that I need not order my squire, for he is too courteous and too good a Christian to allow a Churchman to go on foot when he might be mounted."

"That he is," said the barber, and at once alighting, he offered his saddle to the curate, who accepted it without much entreaty; but unfortunately as the barber was mounting behind, the mule lifted its hind

hoofs and let fly a couple of kicks in the air. These so took the barber by surprise that he came to the ground, giving so little heed to his beard that it fell off, and all he could do when he found himself without it was to cover his face hastily with both his hands and moan that his teeth were knocked out. Don Quixote when he saw all that bundle of beard detached from the face of the fallen squire, exclaimed, "By the living God, but this is a great miracle! it has knocked off and plucked away the beard from his face as if it had been shaved off designedly."

The curate, seeing the danger of discovery that threatened his scheme, at once pounced on the beard and hastened with it to where Master Nicholas lay, still uttering moans, and drawing his head to his breast had it on in an instant, muttering over him some words which he said were a certain special charm for sticking on beards, as they would see; and as soon as he had it fixed he left him, and the squire appeared well bearded and whole as before, whereat Don Quixote was beyond measure astonished, and begged the curate to teach him that charm when he had an opportunity, as he was persuaded its virtue must extend beyond the sticking on of beards.

"And so it does," said the curate, and he promised to teach it to him on the first opportunity. They then agreed that for the present the curate should mount, and that the three should ride by turns until they reached the inn, which might be about six leagués from where they were.

Three then being mounted, that is to say, Don

Quixote, the princess, and the curate, and three on foot, Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho Panza, Don Quixote said to the damsel, "Let your highness, lady, lead on whithersoever is most pleasing to you"; but before she could answer the licentiate said, "Towards what kingdom would your ladyship direct our course? Is it perchance towards that of Micomicon? It must be, or else I know little about kingdoms."

She, being ready on all points, said, "Yes, señor, my way lies towards that kingdom."

"In that case," said the curate, "we must pass right through my village, and there your worship will take the road to Cartagena, where you will be able to embark, fortune favoring."

"Now," said Don Quixote, "I would ask the Señor Licentiate to tell me what it is that has brought him to these parts, alone, unattended, and so lightly clad that I am filled with amazement."

"I will answer that briefly," replied the curate. "You must know then, Señor Don Quixote, that Master Nicholas, our friend, and I were going to Seville; and passing by this place yesterday we were attacked by four footpads, who took our purses and half the cloths off our backs; and the story goes in the neighborhood that those who attacked us belong to a number of galley slaves, who, they say, were set free almost on the very same spot by a man of such valor that, in spite of the commissary and of the guards, he released the whole of them. Beyond all doubt he must have been out of his senses, or he must

be as great a scoundrel as they to let the wolf loose among the sheep, the fox among the hens. He has defrauded justice, and opposed his king and lawful master, for he opposed the king's just commands; he has, I say, robbed the galleys, stirred up the Holy Brotherhood which for many years past has been quiet, and, lastly, has done a deed by which his soul may be lost without any gain to his body."

Sancho had told the curate and the barber of the adventure of the galley slaves, which, so much to his glory, his master had achieved, and hence the curate in alluding to it made the most of it to see what would be said or done by Don Quixote; who changed color at every word, not daring to say that it was he who had been the liberator of those worthy people. "These, then," said the curate, "were they who robbed us; and God in his mercy pardon him who would not let them go to the punishment they deserved."

CHAPTER XXX

WHICH TREATS OF THE ADDRESS DISPLAYED BY THE
FAIR DOROTHEA, WITH OTHER MATTERS PLEASANT
AND AMUSING

THE curate had hardly ceased speaking, when Sancho said, "In faith, then, Señor Licentiate, he who did that deed was my master; and it was not for want of my telling him beforehand and warning him to mind what he was about, and that it was a sin to set them at liberty, as they were all on the march there because they were special scoundrels."

"Blockhead!" said Don Quixote at this, "it is no business or concern of knights-errant to inquire whether any persons in affliction, in chains, or oppressed that they may meet on the high-roads go that way and suffer as they do because of their faults or because of their misfortunes. It only concerns them to aid them as persons in need of help, having regard to their sufferings and not to their rascalities. I encountered a chaplet or string of miserable and unfortunate people, and did for them what my sense of duty demands of me, and as for the rest be that as it may; and whoever takes objection to it, saving the sacred dignity of the Señor Licentiate, I say he knows little about chivalry and lies like a villain, and this I will give him to know to the fullest extent with my

sword"; and so saying he settled himself in his stirrups and pressed down his morion; for the barber's basin he carried hanging at the saddle-bow until he could repair the damage done to it by the galley slaves.

Dorothea, who was shrewd and sprightly, and by this time thoroughly understood Don Quixote's crazy turn, and that all except Sancho Panza were making game of him, said to him, on observing his irritation, "Sir Knight, remember the boon you have promised me, and that in accordance with it you must not engage in any other adventure, be it ever so pressing."

"I will hold my peace, señora," said Don Quixote, "and I will curb the natural anger that had arisen in my breast, and will proceed in peace and quietness until I have fulfilled my promise; but in return for this consideration I entreat you to tell me what is the nature of your trouble, and on whom I am to take vengeance on your behalf?"

"That I will do with all my heart," replied Dorothea, "if it will not be wearisome to you to hear of miseries and misfortunes."

"It will not be wearisome, señora," said Don Quixote; to which Dorothea replied, "Well, if that be so, give me your attention."

As soon as she said this, Cardenio and the barber drew close to her side, eager to hear what sort of story the quick-witted Dorothea would invent for herself; and Sancho did the same, for he was as much taken in by her as his master; and she having settled herself comfortably in the saddle, and with the

help of coughing and other preliminaries taken time to think, began with great sprightliness of manner in this fashion.

“First of all, I would have you know, sirs, that my name is the Princess Micomicona, lawful heiress of the great kingdom of Micomicon. The king my father, who was called Tinacrio the Sapiient, was very learned in what they call magic arts, and became aware by his craft that my mother, who was called Queen Jaramilla, was to die before he did, and that soon after he too was to depart this life, and I was to be left an orphan without father or mother. But all this, he declared, did not so much grieve or distress him as his certain knowledge that a prodigious giant, the lord of a great island close to our kingdom, Pandafilando of the Scowl by name, on becoming aware of my orphan condition would overrun my kingdom with a mighty force and strip me of all, not leaving me even a small village to shelter me. My father said, too, that when he was dead, and I saw Pandafilando about to invade my kingdom, I was not to wait and attempt to defend myself if I wished to avoid the death and total destruction of my good and loyal vassals, for there would be no possibility of defending myself against the giant’s devilish power; and that I should at once set out for Spain, where I should obtain relief in my distress on finding a certain knight-errant whose fame by that time would extend over the whole kingdom, and who would be called, if I remember rightly, Don Azote or Don Gigote.”

“‘Don Quixote,’ he must have said, *señora*,” observed Sancho at this, “otherwise called the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.”

“That is it,” said Dorothea.

“There is no more to add,” said Dorothea, “save that in finding Don Quixote I have had such good fortune, that I already reckon and regard myself queen and mistress of my entire dominions, since of his courtesy and magnanimity he has granted me the boon of accompanying me whithersoever I may conduct him, which will be only to bring him face to face with Pandafilando of the Scowl, that he may slay him and restore to me what has been unjustly usurped by him: for all this must come to pass satisfactorily since my good father Tinacrio the Sapient foretold it, who likewise left it declared in writing that if this predicted knight, after having cut the giant’s throat, should be disposed to marry me I was to offer myself at once without demur as his lawful wife, and yield him possession of my kingdom.”

“What thinkest thou now, friend Sancho?” said Don Quixote at this. “Hearest thou that? Did I not tell thee so? See how we have already got a kingdom to govern and a queen to marry!”

“On my oath it is so,” said Sancho; and so saying he cut a couple of capers in the air with every sign of extreme satisfaction, and then ran to seize the bridle of Dorothea’s mule, and halting it fell on his knees before her, begging her to give him her hand to kiss in token of his acknowledgment of her as his queen and mistress. Dorothea therefore gave

her hand, and promised to make him a great lord in her kingdom, when Heaven should be so good as to permit her to recover and enjoy it.

"This, sirs," continued Dorothea, "is my story; it only remains to tell you that of all the attendants I took with me from my kingdom I have none left except this well-bearded squire, for all were drowned in a great tempest we encountered when in sight of port; and he and I came to land on a couple of planks as if by a miracle; and indeed the whole course of my life is a miracle and a mystery; and if I have been over minute in any respect or not as precise as I ought, let it be accounted for by the fact that constant and excessive troubles deprive the sufferers of their memory."

"They shall not deprive me of mine, exalted and worthy princess," said Don Quixote, "however great and unexampled those which I shall endure in your service may be; and here I confirm anew the boon I have promised you, and I swear to go with you to the end of the world until I find myself in the presence of your fierce enemy, whose haughty head I trust by the aid of God and of my arm to cut off; and when it has been cut off and you have been put in peaceful possession of your realm it shall be left to your own decision to dispose of your person as may be most pleasing to you; for so long as my memory is occupied, my will enslaved, and my understanding inthrallled by her — I say no more — it is impossible for me for a moment to contemplate marriage."

The last words of his master about not wanting to

marry were so disagreeable to Sancho that raising his voice he exclaimed with great irritation, "By my oath, Señor Don Quixote, you are not in your right senses; for how can your worship possibly object to marrying such an exalted princess as this? Do you think Fortune will offer you behind every stone such a piece of luck as is offered you now? Is my lady Dulcinea fairer, perchance? Not she; I will even go so far as to say she does not come up to the shoe of this one here. A poor chance I have of getting that county I am waiting for if your worship goes looking for dainties in the bottom of the sea. In the devil's name, marry, marry, and take this kingdom that comes to hand without any trouble, and when you are king make me a marquis or governor of a province."

Don Quixote, when he heard such blasphemies uttered against his lady Dulcinea, could not endure it, and lifting his pike, without saying anything to Sancho or uttering a word, he gave him two such thwacks that he brought him to the ground. "Do you think," he said, "you scurvy clown, that you are to be always interfering with me, and that you are to be always offending and I always pardoning? Don't fancy it, impious scoundrel, for that beyond a doubt thou art, since thou hast set thy tongue going against the peerless Dulcinea. Know you not, lout, vagabond, beggar, that were it not for the might which she infuses into my arm I should not have strength enough to kill a flea? Say, O scoffer with a viper's tongue, what think you has won this kingdom and cut off this

giant's head and made you a marquis (for all this I count as already accomplished and decided), but the might of Dulcinea, employing my arm as the instrument of her achievements? O scoundrel, how ungrateful you are, you see yourself raised from the dust of the earth to be a titled lord, and the return you make for so great a benefit is to speak evil of her who has conferred it on you!"

Sancho was not so stunned but that he heard all his master said, and rising with some degree of nimbleness he ran to place himself behind Dorothea's palfrey, and from that position he said to his master, "Tell me, señor; if your worship is resolved not to marry this great princess, it is plain the kingdom will not be yours; and not being so, how can you bestow favors on me? That is what I complain of."

"That is enough," said Dorothea; "run, Sancho, and kiss your lord's hand and beg his pardon, and henceforward be more circumspect with your praise and abuse; and say nothing in disparagement of that lady Tobosa, of whom I know nothing save that I am her servant; and put your trust in God, for you will not fail to obtain some dignity so as to live like a prince."

Sancho advanced hanging his head and begged his master's hand, which Don Quixote with dignity presented to him, giving him his blessing as soon as he had kissed it; he then bade him come with him on ahead a little, as he had questions to ask him and matters of great importance to discuss with him. Sancho obeyed, and when the two had gone some distance in advance Don Quixote said to him,

"Since thy return I have had no opportunity or time to ask thee any particulars touching thy mission and the answer thou hast brought back, and now that chance has granted us the time and opportunity, deny me not the happiness thou canst give me by such good news."

While he spoke they saw coming along the road they were following a man mounted on an ass, who seemed to be a gypsy; but Sancho Panza, whose eyes and heart were there wherever he saw asses, no sooner beheld the man than he knew him to be Gines de Pasamonte; and the beast he rode Sancho felt certain was his own Dapple. In fact Pasamonte, to escape recognition and to sell the ass had disguised himself as a gypsy. Sancho the instant he saw and recognized him shouted, "Ginesillo, you thief, give up my treasure, quit my ass, leave my delight, be off, get thee gone."

There was no necessity for so many words or oburgations, for at the first one Gines jumped down, and at a trot like racing speed made off and got clear of them all. Sancho hastened to his Dapple, and embracing him he said, "How hast thou fared, my blessing, Dapple of my eyes, my comrade?" all the while kissing and caressing him as if he were a human being. The ass held his peace, and let himself be kissed and caressed without answering a single word. The others all came up and congratulated Sancho on having found Dapple, Don Quixote especially, who told him that notwithstanding this he would not cancel the order for the three ass-colts.

CHAPTER XXXI

OF THE DELECTABLE DISCUSSION BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE
AND SANCHE PANZA, HIS SQUIRE, TOGETHER WITH
OTHER INCIDENTS

THE party now went on, and Don Quixote resumed his conversation with Sancho, saying, "Friend Panza, let us forgive and forget as to our quarrels, and tell me now, dismissing anger and irritation, where, how, and when didst thou find Dulcinea? What was she doing? What didst thou say to her? What did she answer? How did she look when she was reading my letter? Who copied it out for thee? and everything in the matter that seems to thee worth knowing, asking, and learning; neither adding nor falsifying to give me pleasure, nor yet curtailing lest you should deprive me of it."

"Señor," replied Sancho, "if the truth is to be told, nobody copied out the letter for me, for I carried no letter at all."

"It is as thou sayest," said Don Quixote, "for the note-book in which I wrote it I found in my own possession two days after thy departure, which gave me very great vexation, as I knew not what thou wouldst do on finding thyself without any letter; and I made sure thou wouldst return from the place where thou didst first miss it."

"So I should have done," said Sancho, "if I had not got it by heart when your worship read it to me, so that I repeated it to a sacristan, who copied it out for me from hearing it, so exactly that he said in all the days of his life he had never seen or read so pretty a letter as that."

"And hast thou got it still in thy memory, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"No, señor," replied Sancho, "for as soon as I had repeated it, seeing there was no further use for it, I set about forgetting it; and if I recollect any of it, it is that about 'Sovereign Lady,' and the end, 'Yours till death, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance'; and between these two I put into it more than three hundred 'my souls' and 'my life's' and 'my eyes.' "

"All that is not unsatisfactory to me," said Don Quixote. "Go on; thou didst reach her; and what was that queen of beauty doing? Surely thou didst find her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device in gold thread for this her enslaved knight."

"I did not," said Sancho, "but I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in the yard of her house."

"Then depend on it," said Don Quixote, "the grains of that wheat were pearls when touched by her hands; and didst thou look, friend? was it white wheat or brown?"

"It was neither, but red," said Sancho.

"Then I promise thee," said Don Quixote, "that, winnowed by her hands, beyond a doubt the bread it made was of the whitest; but go on; when thou gavest her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she per-

form any ceremony befitting such a letter, or what did she do?"

"When I went to give it to her," replied Sancho, "she was hard at it, swaying from side to side with a lot of wheat she had in the sieve, and she said to me, 'Lay the letter, friend, on the top of that sack, for I cannot read it until I have done sifting all this.'"

"Discreet lady!" said Don Quixote; "that was in order to read it at her leisure and enjoy it; proceed, Sancho; while she was engaged in her occupation what converse did she hold with thee? What did she ask about me, and what answer didst thou give? Make haste; tell me all, and let not an atom be left behind in the ink-bottle."

"She asked me nothing," said Sancho; "but I told her how your worship was left doing penance in her service in among these mountains like a savage, sleeping on the ground, not eating bread off a tablecloth nor combing your beard, weeping and cursing your fortune."

"In saying I cursed my fortune thou saidst wrong," said Don Quixote; "for rather do I bless it and shall bless it all the days of my life for having made me worthy of aspiring to love so lofty a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso. And doth she not of a truth accompany and adorn this greatness with a thousand million charms of mind! But one thing thou wilt not deny, Sancho; when thou camest close to her didst thou not perceive a Sabæan odor, an aromatic fragrance, an exhalation, as if thou wert in the shop of some dainty glover?"

"All I can say is," said Sancho, "that I did perceive a little odor, something goaty; it must have been that she was all in a sweat with hard work."

"It could not be that," said Don Quixote, "but thou must have been suffering from a cold in the head."

"Maybe so," replied Sancho.

"Well then," continued Don Quixote, "now she has done sifting the corn and sent it to the mill; what did she do when she read the letter?"

"As for the letter," said Sancho, "she did not read it, for she said she could neither read nor write; instead of that she tore it up into small pieces, saying that she did not want to let any one read it lest her secrets should become known in the village, and that what I had told her by word of mouth about the love your worship bore her, and the extraordinary penance you were doing for her sake, was enough; and, to make an end of it, she told me to tell your worship that she kissed your hands, and that she entreated and commanded you to come out of these thickets, and to have done with carrying on absurdities, and to set out at once for El Toboso, for she had a great desire to see your worship. She laughed greatly when I told her how your worship was called the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; I asked her if that Biscayan the other day had been there; and she told me he had, and that he was a very honest fellow; I asked her too about the galley slaves, but she said she had not seen any as yet."

"So far all goes well," said Don Quixote; "but tell me what jewel was it that she gave thee on taking

thy leave, in return for thy tidings of me? For it is a usual and ancient custom with knights and ladies errant to give the squires, damsels, or dwarfs who bring tidings of their ladies to the knights, or of their knights to the ladies, some rich jewel as a guerdon for good news, and acknowledgment of the message."

"That is very likely," said Sancho; "but that must have been in days gone by, for now it would seem to be the custom only to give a piece of bread and cheese; because that was what my lady Dulcinea gave me over the top of the yard-wall when I took leave of her."

"She is generous in the extreme," said Don Quixote, "and if she did not give thee a jewel of gold, no doubt it must have been because she had not one to hand there to give thee. But knowest thou what amazes me, Sancho? It seems to me thou must have gone and come through the air, for thou hast taken but little more than three days to go to El Toboso and return, though it is more than thirty leagues from here to there. From which I am inclined to think that the sage magician who is my friend, and watches over my interests (for of necessity there is and must be one, or else I should not be a right knight-errant), that this same, I say, must have helped thee to travel without thy knowledge; for some of these sages will catch up a knight-errant sleeping in his bed, and without his knowing how or in what way it happened, he wakes up the next day more than a thousand leagues away from the place where he went to sleep.

And if it were not for this, knights-errant would not be able to give aid to one another in peril, as they do at every turn. For a knight, maybe, is fighting in the mountains of Armenia with some dragon, or fierce serpent, or another knight, and gets the worst of the battle, and is at the point of death; but when he least looks for it, there appears over against him on a cloud, or chariot of fire, another knight, a friend of his, who just before had been in England, and who takes his part, and delivers him from death; and at night he finds himself in his own quarters supping very much to his satisfaction; and yet from one place to the other will have been two or three thousand leagues. And all this is done by the craft and skill of the sage enchanters who take care of those valiant knights; so that, friend Sancho, I find no difficulty in believing that thou mayest have gone from this place to El Toboso and returned in such a short time, since, as I have said, some friendly sage must have carried thee through the air without thee perceiving it. But putting this aside, what thinkest thou I ought to do about my lady's command to go to see her? For though I feel that I am bound to obey her mandate, I feel too that I am debarred by the boon I have accorded to the princess that accompanies us, and the law of chivalry compels me to have regard for my word in preference to my inclination; what I think I shall do is to travel with all speed and reach quickly the place where this giant is, and on my arrival I shall cut off his head, and establish the princess peacefully in her realm, and forthwith I shall

return to behold the light that lightens my senses, to whom I shall make such excuses that she will be led to approve of my delay, for she will see that it entirely tends to increase her glory and fame; for all that I have won, am winning, or shall win by arms in this life, comes to me of the favor she extends to me, and because I am hers."

"Ah! what a sad state your worship's brains are in!" said Sancho. "Tell me, señor, do you mean to travel all that way for nothing, and to let slip and lose so rich and great a match as this where they give as a portion a kingdom that in sober truth I have heard say is more than twenty thousand leagues round about, and abounds with all things necessary to support human life. Peace, for the love of God! Blush for what you have said, and take my advice, and forgive me, and marry at once in the first village where there is a curate; if not, here is our licentiate who will do the business beautifully; remember, I am old enough to give advice, and this I am giving comes pat to the purpose."

"Look here, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "If thou art advising me to marry, in order that immediately on slaying the giant I may become king, and be able to confer favors on thee, and give thee what I have promised, let me tell thee I shall be able very easily to satisfy thy desires without marrying; for before going into battle I will make it a stipulation that, if I come out of it victorious, even if I do not marry, they shall give me a portion of the kingdom, that I may bestow it on whomsoever I choose; and

when they give it to me, on whom wouldst thou have me bestow it but on thee?"

"That is plain speaking," said Sancho. "Don't mind going to see my lady Dulcinea now, but go and kill this giant and let us finish off this business; for it strikes me it will be one of great honor and great profit."

"I hold thou art in the right of it, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and I will take thy advice, but I counsel thee not to say anything to any one about what we have considered and discussed; for as Dulcinea is so decorous that she does not wish her thoughts to be known, it is not right that I or any one for me should disclose them."

"Well then, if that be so," said Sancho, "how is it that your worship makes all those you overcome by your arm go to present themselves before my lady Dulcinea, this being the same thing as signing your name to it that you love her and are her lover?"

"Oh, how silly and simple thou art!" said Don Quixote; "seest thou not, Sancho, that this tends to her greater exaltation? For thou must know that according to our way of thinking in chivalry, it is a high honor to a lady to have many knights-errant in her service, whose thoughts never go beyond serving her for her own sake, and who look for no other reward for their great and true devotion than that she should be willing to accept them as her knights."

"It is with that kind of love," said Sancho, "I have heard preachers say we ought to love our Lord, for himself alone, without being moved by the hope of

glory or the fear of punishment; though for my part, I would rather love and serve him for what he could do."

"Perdition take thee for a clown!" said Don Quixote, "and what shrewd things thou sayest at times! One would think thou hadst studied."

Master Nicholas here called out to them to wait awhile, as they wanted to halt and drink at a spring there was there. Don Quixote drew up, not a little to the satisfaction of Sancho, for he was by this time weary of telling so many lies, and in dread of his master catching him tripping; for though he knew that Dulcinea was a peasant girl of El Toboso, he had never seen her in all his life. Cardenio had now put on the clothes which Dorothea was wearing when they found her, and though they were not very good, they were far better than those he put off. They dismounted together by the side of the spring, and with what the curate had provided himself with at the inn they appeased, though not very well, the keen appetite they all of them brought with them.

While they were so employed there happened to come by a youth passing on his way, who stopping to examine the party at the spring, the next moment ran to Don Quixote and clasping him round the legs, began to weep freely, saying, "O señor, do you not know me? Look at me well; I am that lad Andres that your worship released from the oak tree where I was tied."

Don Quixote recognized him, and taking his hand

he turned to those present and said: "That your worships may see how important it is to have knights-errant to redress the wrongs and injuries done by tyrannical and wicked men in this world, I may tell you that some days ago passing through a wood, I heard cries and piteous complaints as of a person in pain and distress; I immediately hastened, impelled by my bounden duty, to the quarter whence the plaintive accent seemed to me to proceed, and I found tied to an oak this lad who now stands before you, which in my heart I rejoice at, for his testimony will not permit me to depart from the truth in any particular. He was, I say, tied to an oak, and a clown, whom I afterwards found to be his master, was scaring him by lashes with the reins of his mare. As soon as I saw him I asked the reason of so cruel a flagellation. The boor replied that he was flogging him because he was his servant and because of carelessness that proceeded rather from dishonesty than stupidity; on which this boy said, 'Señor, he flogs me only because I ask for my wages.' The master made I know not what speeches and explanations, which, though I listened to them, I did not accept. In short, I compelled the clown to unbind him, and to swear he would take him with him, and pay him real by real. Is not all this true, Andres my son? Didst thou not mark with what authority I commanded him, and with what humility he promised to do all I enjoined, specified, and required of him? Answer without confusion or hesitation; tell these gentlemen what took place, that they may see and observe that

it is as great an advantage as I say to have knights-errant abroad."

"All that your worship has said is quite true," answered the lad; "but the end of the business turned out just the opposite of what your worship supposes."

"How! the opposite?" said Don Quixote. "Did not the clown pay thee then?"

"Not only did he not pay me," replied the lad, "but as soon as your worship had passed out of the wood and we were alone, he tied me up again to the same oak and gave me a fresh flogging; and every stroke he gave me he followed up with some jest or gibe about having made a fool of your worship. In short, he left me in such a condition that I have been until now in a hospital getting cured of the injuries which that rascally clown inflicted on me then; for all which your worship is to blame; for if you had gone your own way and not come where there was no call for you, nor meddled in other people's affairs, my master would have been content with giving me one or two dozen lashes, and would have then loosed me and paid me what he owed me."

"The mischief," said Don Quixote, "lay in my going away, for I should not have gone until I had seen thee paid; because I ought to have known well by long experience that there is no clown who will keep his word if he finds it will not suit him to keep it; but thou rememberest, Andres, that I swore if he did not pay thee I would go and seek him and find him though he were to hide himself in the whale's belly."

"That is true," said Andes; "but it was of no use."

"Thou shalt see now whether it is of use or not," said Don Quixote; and so saying, he got up hastily and bade Sancho bridle Rocinante, who was browsing while they were eating. Dorothea asked him what he meant to do. He replied that he meant to go in search of this clown and chastise him for such iniquitous conduct, and see Andres paid to the last maravedi, despite and in the teeth of all the clowns in the world. To which she replied that he must remember that in accordance with his promise he could not engage in any enterprise until he had brought hers to a conclusion; and that as he knew this better than any one, he should restrain his ardor until his return from her kingdom.

"That is true," said Don Quixote, "and Andres must have patience until my return as you say, señora; but I once more swear and promise afresh not to stop until I have seen him avenged and paid."

"I have no faith in those oaths," said Andres; "I would rather have now something to help me to get to Seville than all the revenges in the world: if you have here anything to eat that I can take with me, give it me, and God be with your worship."

Sancho took out from his store a piece of bread and another of cheese, and giving them to the lad he said, "Here, take this, brother Andres. God knows whether I shall feel the want of it myself or not; for I would have you know, friend, that we squires to knights-errant have to bear a great deal of hunger and

hard fortune, and even other things more easily felt than told."

Andres seized his bread and cheese, and seeing that nobody gave him anything more, bent his head, and took hold of the road, as the saying is.

CHAPTER XXXII

WHICH TREATS OF THE HEROIC AND PRODIGIOUS BATTLE
DON QUIXOTE HAD WITH CERTAIN SKINS OF RED WINE

THEIR dainty repast being finished, they saddled at once, and without any adventure worth mentioning they reached next day the inn, the object of Sancho Panza's fear and dread; but though he would have rather not entered it, there was no help for it. The landlady, the landlord, their daughter, and Maritornes, when they saw Don Quixote and Sancho coming, went out to welcome them with signs of hearty satisfaction, which Don Quixote received with dignity and gravity, and bade them make up a better bed for him than the last time: to which the landlady replied that if he paid better than he did the last time she would give him one fit for a prince. Don Quixote said he would, so they made up a tolerable one for him in the same garret as before; and he lay down at once, being sorely shaken and in want of sleep.

No sooner was the door shut on him than the landlady made at the barber, and seizing him by the beard, said, "By my faith you are not going to make a beard of my ox-tail any longer." But for all she tugged at it the barber would not give it up until the licentiate told him to let her have it, as there was

now no further occasion for that stratagem, because he might declare himself and appear in his own character, and tell Don Quixote that he had fled to this inn when those thieves the galley slaves robbed him; and should he ask for the princess's squire, they could tell him that she had sent him on before her to give notice to the people of her kingdom that she was coming, and bringing with her the deliverer of them all. On this the barber cheerfully restored the tail to the landlady, and at the same time they returned all the accessories they had borrowed to effect Don Quixote's deliverance. All the people of the inn were struck with astonishment at the beauty of Dorothea, and even at the comely figure of the shepherd Cardenio. The curate made them get ready such fare as there was in the inn, and the landlord, in hope of better payment, served them up a tolerably good dinner.

They had scarcely done eating when Sancho Panza, who had left the rest of the company, burst forth in wild excitement from the garret where Don Quixote was lying, shouting, "Run, sirs! quick; and help my master, who is in the thick of the toughest and stiffest battle I ever laid eyes on. By the living God he has given the giant, the enemy of my lady the Princess Micomicona, such a slash that he has sliced his head clean off as if it were a turnip."

"What are you talking about, brother?" said the curate. "Are you in your senses, Sancho? How the dickens can it be as you say, when the giant is two thousand leagues away?"



THE KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA BATTLING WITH THE WINE-SKINS

Here they heard a loud noise in the chamber, and Don Quixote shouting out, "Stand, thief, brigand, villain; now I have got thee and thy cimeter shall not avail thee!" And then it seemed as though he were slashing vigorously at the wall.

"Don't stop to listen," said Sancho, "but go in and part them or help my master: though there is no need of that now, for no doubt the giant is dead by this time and giving account to God of his past wicked life; for I saw the blood flowing on the ground, and the head cut off and fallen on one side, and it is as big as a large wine-skin."

"May I die," said the landlord at this, "if Don Quixote or Don Devil has not been slashing some of the skins of red wine that stand full at his bed's head, and the spilt wine must be what this good fellow takes for blood"; and so saying he went into the room and the rest after him, and there they found Don Quixote slashing about on all sides, uttering exclamations as if he were actually fighting some giant: and the best of it was his eyes were not open, for he was fast asleep, and dreaming that he was doing battle with the giant. For his imagination was so wrought on by the adventure he was going to accomplish, that it made him dream he had already reached the kingdom of Micomicon, and was engaged in combat with his enemy; and believing he was laying on to the giant, he had given so many sword cuts to the skins that the whole room was full of wine. On seeing this the landlord was so enraged that he fell on Don Quixote, and with his clinched fist began

to pummel him in such a way, that if Cardenio and the curate had not dragged him off, he would have brought the war of the giant to an end. But in spite of all, the poor gentleman never woke until the barber brought a great pot of cold water from the well and flung it with one dash all over him, on which Don Quixote woke up, but not so completely as to understand what was the matter. As for Sancho, he went searching all over the floor for the head of the giant, and not finding it he said, "I see now that it's all enchantment in this house; for this head is not to be seen anywhere about, though I saw it cut off with my own eyes and the blood running from the body as if from a fountain."

"What blood and fountains are you talking about, enemy of God and his saints?" said the landlord. "Don't you see, you thief, that the blood and the fountain are only these skins here that have been stabbed and the red wine swimming all over the room?"

The landlord was beside himself and swore it should not be like the last time when they went without paying. The curate was holding Don Quixote's hands, who, fancying he had now ended the adventure and was in the presence of the Princess Micomicona, knelt before the curate and said, "Exalted and beautiful lady, your highness may live from this day forth fearless of any harm this base being could do you; and I too from this day forth am released from the promise I gave you, since by the help of God on high and by the favor of her by whom I live and breathe, I have fulfilled it so successfully."

At length the barber, Cardenio, and the curate contrived with no small trouble to get Don Quixote on the bed, and he fell asleep with every appearance of excessive weariness. They left him to sleep, and came out to the gate of the inn to appease the landlord, who was furious at the sudden death of his wine-skins; and said the landlady, half scolding, half crying, "At an evil moment and in an unlucky hour he came into my house, this knight-errant — would that I had never set eyes on him, for dear he has cost me; the last time he went off with the overnight score against him for supper, bed, straw, and barley, for himself and his squire and a hack and an ass, saying he was a knight adventurer and therefore not bound to pay anything; and then, for a finishing touch to all, to burst my wine-skins and spill my wine! I wish I saw his own blood spilt! But let him not deceive himself, for, by the bones of my father and the shade of my mother, they shall pay me down every quarto; or my name is not what it is, and I am not my father's daughter."

All this and more to the same effect the landlady delivered with great irritation, and her good maid Maritornes backed her up, while the daughter held her peace and smiled from time to time. But the curate smoothed matters by promising to make good all losses to the best of his power.

CHAPTER XXXIII

WHICH TREATS OF MORE CURIOUS INCIDENTS THAT
OCCURRED AT THE INN

JUST at that instant the landlord, who was standing at the gate of the inn, exclaimed, "Here comes a fine troop of guests; if they stop here we may rejoice greatly."

"What are they?" said Cardenio.

"Four men," said the landlord, "with lances and bucklers, and all with black veils, and with them there is a woman in white on a side-saddle, whose face is also veiled, and two attendants on foot."

Hearing this Dorothea covered her face, and Cardenio retreated into Don Quixote's room, and they hardly had time to do so before the whole party the host had described entered the inn, and the four that were on horseback, who were of high-bred appearance and bearing, dismounted, and came forward to take down the woman who rode on the side-saddle, and one of them taking her in his arms placed her in a chair that stood at the entrance of the room where Cardenio had hidden himself. All this time neither she nor they had removed their veils or spoken a word, only on sitting down on the chair the woman gave a deep sigh and let her arms fall like one that

was ill and weak. The attendants on foot then led the horses away to the stable. Observing this the curate, curious to know who these people in such a dress and preserving such silence were, went to where the servants were standing and put the question to one of them, who answered him, "Faith, sir, I cannot tell you who they are, I only know they seem to be people of distinction, particularly he who advanced to take the lady you saw in his arms; and I say so because all the rest show him respect, and nothing is done except what he directs and orders."

"And the lady, who is she?" asked the curate.

"That I cannot tell you either," said the servant, "for I have not seen her face all the way: I have indeed heard her sigh many times and utter such groans that she seems to be giving up the ghost every time; but it is no wonder if we do not know more than we have told you, as my comrade and I have only been in their company two days, for having met us on the road they begged and persuaded us to accompany them to Andalusia, promising to pay us well."

"And have you heard any of them called by his name?" asked the curate.

"No, indeed," replied the servant; "they all preserve a marvellous silence on the road, for not a sound is to be heard among them except the poor lady's sighs and sobs; and we feel sure that wherever it is she is going, it is against her will, and as far as one can judge from her dress she is a nun or, what is more likely, about to become one; and perhaps it is

because taking the vows is not of her own free will, that she is so unhappy as she seems to be."

"That may well be," said the curate, and leaving them he returned to where Dorothea was, who, hearing the veiled lady sigh, moved by natural compassion drew near to her and said, "What are you suffering from, señora? If it be anything that I can relieve, I for my part offer you my services with all my heart."

To this the unhappy lady made no reply; and though Dorothea repeated her offers more earnestly she still kept silence, until the gentleman with the veil, who, the servant said, was obeyed by the rest, approached and said to Dorothea, "Do not give yourself the trouble, señora, of making any offers to that woman; and do not try to make her answer unless you want to hear some lie from her lips."

"I have never told a lie," was the immediate reply of her who had been silent until now.

Cardenio heard these words clearly and distinctly, being quite close to the speaker, for there was only the door of Don Quixote's room between them, and the instant he did so, uttering a loud exclamation he cried, "Good God! what is this I hear? What voice is this that has reached my ears?" Startled at the voice the lady turned her head; and not seeing the speaker she stood up and attempted to enter the room; observing which the gentleman held her back. In her agitation and sudden movement the silk with which she had covered her face fell off and disclosed a countenance of incomparable and marvellous

beauty, but pale and terrified. The gentleman grasped her firmly by the shoulders, and being so fully occupied with holding her back, he was unable to put a hand to his veil which was falling off, as it did at length entirely, and Dorothea saw that he was her husband, Don Fernando. The instant she recognized him, with a prolonged plaintive cry drawn from the depths of her heart, she fell backwards fainting, and but for the barber being close by to catch her in his arms, she would have fallen completely to the ground. The curate at once hastened to uncover her face and throw water on it, and as he did so Don Fernando, for he it was who held the other in his arms, recognized her and stood as if death-stricken by the sight; not, however, relaxing his grasp of Luscinda, for it was she that was struggling to release herself from his hold, having recognized Cardenio by his voice, as he had recognized her. Cardenio also heard Dorothea's cry as she fell fainting, and imagining that it came from his Luscinda burst forth in terror from the room, and the first thing he saw was Don Fernando with Luscinda in his arms. Don Fernando, too, knew Cardenio at once; and all stood in silent amazement scarcely knowing what had happened to them.

The first to break silence was Luscinda, who thus addressed Don Fernando: "Leave me, señor Don Fernando, for the sake of what you owe to yourself. See how Heaven, by ways strange and hidden from our sight, has brought me face to face with my true husband; and well you know by dear-bought experi-

ence that death alone will be able to efface him from my memory."

Meanwhile Dorothea had come to herself, and had heard Luscinda's words, by means of which she divined who she was; but seeing that Don Fernando did not yet release her or reply to her, summoning up her resolution as well as she could she rose and knelt at his feet, and addressed him thus:

"If, my lord, the beams of that sun that thou holdest eclipsed in thine arms did not dazzle and rob thine eyes of sight, thou wouldst have seen by this time that she who kneels at thy feet is the unhappy and unfortunate Dorothea. It was thy will to make me thine, and thou didst so follow thy will, that now, even though thou repentest, thou canst not help being mine. Bethink thee, my lord, the unsurpassable affection I bear thee may compensate for the beauty and noble birth for which thou wouldst desert me. Thou canst not be the fair Luscinda's because thou art mine, nor can she be thine because she is Cardenio's. Do not by deserting me make the old age of my parents miserable."

All this and more the injured Dorothea delivered with such earnest feeling and such tears that all present, even those who came with Don Fernando, were constrained to join her in them. Don Fernando, overwhelmed with confusion and astonishment, after regarding Dorothea for some moments with a fixed gaze, opened his arms, and, releasing Luscinda, exclaimed, "Thou hast conquered, fair Dorothea, thou hast conquered."

Luscinda in her feebleness was on the point of falling to the ground when Don Fernando released her, but Cardenio, who was near, ran forward to support her, and said as he clasped her to himself, "If Heaven in its compassion is willing to let thee rest at last, mistress of my heart, true, constant, and fair, nowhere canst thou rest more safely than in these arms that now receive thee."

At these words Luscinda looked up at Cardenio and then, satisfying herself by her eyes that it was he, she flung her arms around his neck.

A strange sight was this for Don Fernando and those that stood around, filled with surprise at an incident so unlooked for.

Then Luscinda, and Cardenio, and almost all the others, shed so many tears, some in their own happiness, some at that of the others, that one would have supposed a heavy calamity had fallen on them all. Even Sancho Panza was weeping; though afterwards he said he only wept because he saw that Dorothea was not as he fancied the queen Micomicona, of whom he expected such great favors.

At length Don Fernando asked Dorothea how she had managed to reach a place so far removed from her own home, and she in a few fitting words told all that she had previously related to Cardenio. When she had finished Don Fernando recounted what had befallen him in the city after he had found in Luscinda's bosom the paper in which she declared that she was Cardenio's wife, and never could be his. He said he meant to kill her, and would have done so had

he not been prevented by her parents, and that he quitted the house full of rage and shame, and resolved to avenge himself when a more convenient opportunity should offer. The next day he learned that Luscinda had disappeared from her father's house, and that no one could tell whither she had gone. Finally, at the end of some months he ascertained that she was in a convent and meant to remain there all the rest of her life, if she were not to share it with Cardenio; and as soon as he had learned this, taking these three gentlemen as his companions, he arrived at the place where she was, but avoided speaking to her, fearing that if it were known he was there stricter precautions would be taken in the convent; and watching a time when the porter's lodge was open he left two to guard the gate, and he and the other entered the convent in quest of Luscinda, whom they found in the cloisters in conversation with one of the nuns, and carrying her off without giving her time to resist, they reached a place with her where they provided themselves with what they required for taking her away; all which they were able to do in complete safety, as the convent was in the country at a considerable distance from the city. He added that when Luscinda found herself in his power she did nothing but weep and sigh without speaking a word; and thus in silence and tears they reached that inn, which for him was reaching heaven, where all the mischances of earth are over and at an end.

CHAPTER XXXIV

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE STORY OF THE FAMOUS
PRINCESS MICOMICONA, WITH OTHER DROLL ADVEN-
TURES

TO all this Sancho listened with no little sorrow at heart to see how his hopes of dignity were fading away and vanishing in smoke, and how the fair princess Micomicona had turned into Dorothea, and the giant into Don Fernando, while his master was sleeping tranquilly, totally unconscious of all that had come to pass. Dorothea was unable to persuade herself that her present happiness was not all a dream; Cardenio was in a similar state of mind, and Luscinda's thoughts ran in the same direction. Don Fernando gave thanks to Heaven for the favor shown to him and for having been rescued from the intricate labyrinth in which he had been brought so near the destruction of his good name and of his soul; and in short everybody in the inn was full of contentment and satisfaction at the happy issue of such a complicated and hopeless business. The curate as a sensible man made sound reflections on the whole affair, and congratulated each on his good fortune; but the one that was in the highest spirits and good humor was the landlady, because of the promise Car-

denio and the curate had given her to pay for all the losses and damage she had sustained through Don Quixote's means. Sancho, as has been already said, was the only one who was distressed, unhappy, and dejected; and so with a long face he went in to his master, who had just awoke, and said to him, "Sir Rueful Countenance, your worship may as well sleep on as much as you like, without troubling yourself about killing any giant or restoring her kingdom to the princess; for that is all over and settled now."

"I should think it was," replied Don Quixote, "for I have had the most prodigious and stupendous battle with the giant that I ever remember having had all the days of my life; and with one back-stroke—swish!—I brought his head tumbling to the ground, and so much blood gushed forth from him that it ran in rivulets over the earth like water."

"Like red wine, your worship had better say," replied Sancho; "for I would have you know, if you don't know it, that the dead giant is a hacked wine-skin, and the blood four-and-twenty gallons of red wine that it had in its belly."

"What art thou talking about, fool?" said Don Quixote; "art thou in thy senses?"

"Let your worship get up," said Sancho, "and you will see the nice business you have made of it, and what we have to pay; and you will see the queen turned into a private lady called Dorothea, and other things that will astonish you, if you understand them."

"I shall not be surprised at anything of the kind," returned Don Quixote; "for if thou dost remember

the last time we were here I told thee that everything that happened here was a matter of enchantment, and it would be no wonder if it were the same now."

"I could believe all that," replied Sancho, "if my blanketing was the same sort of thing also; only it wasn't, but real and genuine; for I saw the landlord, who is here to-day, holding one end of the blanket and jerking me up to the skies very neatly and smartly, and with as much laughter as strength; and when it comes to be a case of knowing people, I hold for my part, simple and sinner as I am, that there is no enchantment about it at all, but a great deal of bruising and plenty of bad luck."

"Well, well, God will give a remedy," said Don Quixote; "hand me my clothes and let me go out, for I want to see these transformations and things thou speakest of."

Sancho fetched him his clothes and while he was dressing, the curate gave Don Fernando and the others present an account of Don Quixote's madness and of the stratagem they had made use of to withdraw him from that Peña Pobre where he fancied himself stationed because of his lady's scorn. But now, the curate said, that the lady Dorothea's good fortune prevented her from proceeding with their purpose, it would be necessary to devise or discover some other way of getting him home.

Cardenio proposed to carry out the scheme they had begun, and suggested that Luscinda would act and support Dorothea's part sufficiently well.

"No," said Don Fernando, "that must not be, for

I want Dorothea to follow out this idea of hers; and if the worthy gentleman's village is not very far off, I shall be happy if I can do anything for his relief."

"It is not more than two days' journey from this," said the curate.

"Even if it were more," said Don Fernando, "I would gladly travel so far for the sake of doing so good a work."

At this moment Don Quixote came out in full panoply, with Mambrino's helmet, all dinted as it was, on his head, his buckler on his arm, and leaning on his staff or pike. The strange figure he presented filled Don Fernando and the rest with amazement as they contemplated his lean yellow face half a league long, his armor of all sorts, and the solemnity of his deportment. They stood silent waiting to see what he would say, and he, fixing his eyes on the fair Dorothea, addressed her with great gravity and composure: —

"I am informed, fair lady, by my squire here that your greatness has been annihilated and your being abolished, since, from a queen and lady of high degree as you used to be, you have been turned into a private maiden. If this has been done by the command of the magician king, your father, through fear that I should not afford you the aid you need and are entitled to, I may tell you he was little versed in the annals of chivalry; for, if he had read and gone through them as attentively and deliberately as I have, he would have found at every turn that knights of less renown than mine have accomplished things

more difficult: it is no great matter to kill a whelp of a giant, however arrogant he may be; for it is not many hours since I myself was engaged with one, and —”

“You were engaged with a couple of wine-skins, and not a giant,” said the landlord at this; but Don Fernando told him to hold his tongue and on no account interrupt Don Quixote, who continued: “I say in conclusion, high and disinherited lady, that if your father has brought about this metamorphosis in your person for the reason I have mentioned, you ought not to attach any importance to it; for there is no peril on earth through which my sword will not force a way, and with it, before many days are over, I will bring your enemy’s head to the ground and place on yours the crown of your kingdom.”

Don Quixote said no more, and waited for the reply of the princess, who, aware of Don Fernando’s determination to carry on the deception until Don Quixote had been conveyed to his home, with great ease of manner and gravity made answer, “Whoever told you, valiant Knight of the Rueful Countenance, that I had undergone any change or transformation did not tell you the truth, for I am the same as I was yesterday. It is true that certain strokes of good fortune, that have given me more than I could have hoped for, have made some alteration in me; but I have not therefore ceased to be what I was before, or to entertain the same desire I have had all through of availing myself of the might of your valiant and invincible arm. And so, señor, all that remains is

to set out on our journey to-morrow, for to-day we could not make much way; and for the rest of the happy result I am looking forward to, I trust to God and the valor of your heart."

So said the sprightly Dorothea, and on hearing her Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and said to him, with an angry air: "I declare now, thou art the greatest little villain in Spain. Say, thief and vagabond, hast thou not just now told me that this princess had been turned into a maiden-called Dorothea, and other nonsense that put me in the greatest perplexity I have ever been in all my life? I vow" (and here he looked to heaven and ground his teeth) "I have a mind to play the mischief with thee, in a way that will teach sense for the future to all lying squires of knights-errant in the world."

"Let your worship be calm, señor," returned Sancho, "for it may well be that I have been mistaken as to the change of the lady princess Micomicona; but as to the piercing of the wine-skins, and the blood being red wine, I make no mistake, as sure as there is a God; because the wounded skins are there at the head of your worship's bed, and the red wine has made a lake of the room; if not you will see when his worship the landlord here calls for all the damages: for the rest, I am heartily glad that her ladyship the queen is as she was, for it concerns me as much as any one."

"That will do," said Don Fernando; "let us say no more about it; we will pass the night in pleasant conversation, and to-morrow we will all accompany

Señor Don Quixote; for we wish to witness the valiant and unparalleled achievement he is about to perform in the course of this mighty enterprise which he has undertaken."

"It is I who shall wait on and accompany you," said Don Quixote; "and I am much gratified by the favor that is bestowed on me, and the good opinion entertained of me, which I shall strive to justify or it shall cost me my life."

Night was now approaching, and by the orders of those who accompanied Don Fernando the landlord had taken care and pains to prepare for them the best supper that was in his power. The hour therefore having arrived they all took their seats at a long table, and the seat of honor at the head of it, though he was for refusing it, they assigned to Don Quixote, who desired the lady Micomicona to place herself by his side, as he was her protector. Luscinda took her place next Dorothea. Opposite them were Don Fernando and Cardenio, and next the other gentlemen, and by the side of the ladies, the curate and the barber. And so they supped in high enjoyment, which was increased when they observed Don Quixote leave off eating, and, moved by an impulse like that which made him deliver himself at such length when he supped with the goatherds, begin to address them:—

"Verily, gentlemen, if we reflect on it, great and marvellous are the things they see, who make profession of the order of knight-errantry. Say, what being is there in this world, who entering the gate of this

castle at this moment, and seeing us as we are here, would suppose or imagine us to be what we are? Who would say that this lady who is beside me was the great queen that we all know her to be, or that I am that Knight of the Rueful Countenance, trumpeted far and wide by the mouth of Fame? Now, there can be no doubt that this art and calling surpasses all those that mankind has invented, and is the more deserving of being held in honor in proportion as it is the more exposed to peril. Away with those who assert that letters have the preëminence over arms; I will tell them, whosoever they may be, that they know not what they say. For the reason which such persons commonly assign is, that the labors of the mind are greater than those of the body, and that arms give employment to the body alone; as if the calling were a porter's trade, for which nothing more is required than sturdy strength. Nay; see whether by bodily strength it be possible to learn or divine the intentions of the enemy, his plans, stratagems, or obstacles, or to ward off impending mischief; for all these are the work of the mind, and in them the body has no share whatever. Since, therefore, arms have need of the mind, as much as letters, let us see now which of the two minds, that of the man of letters or that of the warrior, has most to do; and this will be seen by the end and goal that each seeks to attain; for that purpose is the more estimable which has for its aim the nobler object. The end and goal of letters is to establish distributive justice, give to every man that which is his, and see and take care that good laws

are observed: an end undoubtedly noble, lofty, and deserving of high praise, but not such as should be given to that sought by arms, which have for their end and object peace, the greatest boon that men can desire in this life. This, then, being admitted, that the end of war is peace, and that so far it has the advantage of the end of letters, let us turn to the bodily labors of the man of letters, and those of him who follows the profession of arms, and see which are the greater."

Don Quixote delivered his discourse in such a manner and in such correct language, that for the time being he made it impossible for any of his hearers to consider him a madman; on the contrary, they listened to him with great pleasure as he continued: "Here, then, I say, is what the student has to undergo: first of all poverty; not that all are poor, but to put the case as strongly as possible, this poverty he suffers from in various ways, but for all that it is not so extreme but that he gets something to eat, though it may be at somewhat unseasonable hours and from the leavings of the rich; and there is always some neighbor's brazier or hearth for them, which, if it does not warm, at least tempers the cold to them, and lastly, they sleep comfortably at night under a roof. I will not go into other particulars, as for example want of shirts, and no superabundance of shoes, thin and threadbare garments, and gorging themselves to surfeit in their voracity when good luck has treated them to a banquet of some sort. By this road that I have described, rough and hard, stumbling

here, falling there, getting up again to fall again, they reach the rank they desire, and that once attained, we see them ruling and governing the world from a chair, their hunger turned into satiety, their cold into comfort, their sleep on a mat into repose in holland and damask, the justly earned reward of their virtue; but, contrasted and compared with what the warrior undergoes, all they have undergone falls far short of it."

CHAPTER XXXV

WHICH TREATS OF THE CURIOUS DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE DELIVERED ON ARMS AND LETTERS, AND OF WHAT FURTHER TOOK PLACE IN THE INN

CONTINUING his discourse, Don Quixote said: "As we began in the student's case with poverty and its accompaniments, let us see now if the soldier is richer, and we shall find that in poverty itself there is no one poorer; for he is dependent on his miserable pay, which comes late or never, or else on what he can plunder, seriously imperilling his life and conscience; and sometimes in the depth of winter he has to defend himself against the inclemency of the weather in the open field with nothing better than the breath of his mouth, which I need not say, coming from an empty place, must come out cold, contrary to the laws of nature. To be sure he looks forward to the approach of night to make up for all these discomforts on the bed that awaits him, which never sins by being over narrow, for he can easily measure out on the ground as many feet as he likes, and roll himself about in it to his heart's content without any fear of the sheets slipping away from him. Then, after all this, suppose the day and hour for taking his degree in his calling to

have come; suppose the day of battle to have arrived, when they invest him with the doctor's cap made of lint, to mend some bullet-hole, perhaps, that has gone through his temples, or left him with a crippled arm or leg. Or if this does not happen, and merciful Heaven watches over him and keeps him safe and sound, it may be he will be in the same poverty he was in before, and he must go through more engagements and more battles, and come victorious out of all before he betters himself; but miracles of that sort are seldom seen. For tell me, sirs, if you have ever reflected on it, by how much do those who have gained by war fall short of the number of those who have perished in it? No doubt you will reply that there can be no comparison, that the dead cannot be numbered, while the living who have been rewarded may be summed up with three figures.

“Letters say that without them arms cannot maintain themselves, for war, too, has its laws and is governed by them, and laws belong to the domain of letters and men of letters. To this arms make answer that without them laws cannot be maintained, for by arms states are defended, kingdoms preserved, cities protected, roads made safe, seas cleared of pirates; and, in short, if it were not for them, states, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, ways by sea and land, would be exposed to the violence and confusion which war brings with it, so long as it lasts and is free to make use of its privileges and powers. And then it is plain that whatever costs most is valued and deserves to be valued most. To attain to eminence in letters

costs a man time, watching, hunger, headaches, indigestions, and other things of the sort. But for a man to come in the ordinary course of things to be a good soldier costs him all the student suffers, and in an incomparably higher degree, for at every step he runs the risk of losing his life. For what dread of want or poverty that harasses the student can compare with what the soldier feels, who finding himself beleaguered in some stronghold and knowing that the enemy is pushing a mine towards the post where he is stationed cannot under any circumstances retire or fly from the imminent danger that threatens him? All he can do is to inform his captain of what is going on so that he may try to remedy it by a counter-mine, and then stand his ground in fear and expectation of the moment when he will fly up to the clouds without wings and descend into the deep against his will. Happy the blest ages that knew not the dread fury of those devilish engines of artillery, whose inventor I am persuaded is in hell receiving the reward of his diabolical invention, by which he made it easy for a base and cowardly arm to take the life of a gallant gentleman; and that, when he knows not how or whence, in the height of the ardor and enthusiasm that fire and animate brave hearts, there should come some random bullet, discharged perhaps by one who fled in terror at the flash when he fired off his accursed machine, which in an instant puts an end to the projects and cuts off the life of one who deserves to live for ages to come. And thus when I reflect on this, I am almost tempted to say that in my heart I repent

of having adopted this profession of knight-errant in so detestable an age as we live in now; for though no peril can make me fear, still it gives me some uneasiness to think that powder and lead may rob me of the opportunity of making myself famous and renowned throughout the known earth by the might of my arm and the edge of my sword. But Heaven's will be done; if I succeed in my attempt I shall be all the more honored, as I have faced greater dangers than the knights-errant of yore exposed themselves to."

All this lengthy discourse Don Quixote delivered while the others supped, forgetting to raise a morsel to his lips, though Sancho more than once told him to eat his supper, as he would have time enough afterwards to say all he wanted. The curate told him he was quite right in all he had said in favor of arms, and that he himself, though a man of letters and a graduate, was of the same opinion.

They finished their supper, the cloth was removed, and while the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes were getting Don Quixote of La Mancha's garret ready, in which it was arranged that the women were to be quartered by themselves for the night, there came up to the inn a coach attended by some men on horseback, who demanded accommodation; to which the landlady replied that there was not a hand's breadth of the whole inn unoccupied.

"Still, for all that," said one of those who had entered on horseback, "room must be found for his lordship the judge here."

In the meantime a man had got out of the coach

whose dress indicated at a glance the office and post he held, for the long robe with ruffled sleeves that he wore showed that he was, as his servant said, a judge of appeal. He led by the hand a young girl in a travelling dress, apparently about sixteen years of age, and of such a high-bred air, so beautiful and so graceful, that all were filled with admiration when she made her appearance. Don Quixote was present at the entrance of the judge with the young lady, and as soon as he saw him he said, "Your worship may with confidence enter and take your ease in this castle; for though the accommodation be scanty and poor, there are no quarters so cramped or inconvenient that they cannot make room for arms and letters; above all if arms and letters have beauty for a guide and leader, as letters represented by your worship have in this fair maiden, to whom not only ought castles to throw themselves open and yield themselves up, but rocks should rend themselves asunder and mountains divide and bow themselves down to give her a reception."

The judge was struck with amazement at the language of Don Quixote, whom he scrutinized very carefully, no less astonished by his figure than by his talk; and before he could find words to answer him he had a fresh surprise, when he saw opposite to him Luscinda and Dorothea, who, having heard of the new guests and of the beauty of the young lady, had come to see her and welcome her; Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, however, greeted him in a more intelligible and polished style, and

the fair ladies of the inn gave the fair damsel a cordial welcome. On the whole the judge could perceive that all who were there were people of quality; but with the figure, countenance, and bearing of Don Quixote he was at his wits' end; and all civilities having been exchanged, and the accommodation of the inn inquired into, it was settled, as it had been before settled, that all the women should retire to the garret, and that the men should remain outside as if to guard them; the judge, therefore, was very well pleased to allow his daughter, for such the damsel was, to go with the ladies, which she did very willingly.

Don Quixote offered to mount guard over the castle lest they should be attacked by some giant or other malevolent scoundrel, covetous of the great treasure of beauty the castle contained. Those who understood him returned him thanks for this service, and they gave the judge an account of his extraordinary humor, with which he was not a little amused. Sancho Panza alone was fuming at the lateness of the hour for retiring to rest; and he of all was the one that made himself most comfortable; as he stretched himself on the trappings of his ass.

CHAPTER XXXVI

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE PLEASANT STORY OF THE
MULETEER, TOGETHER WITH OTHER STRANGE THINGS
THAT CAME TO PASS IN THE INN

THE ladies, then, having retired to their chamber, and the others having disposed themselves with as little discomfort as they could, Don Quixote sallied out of the inn to act as sentinel of the castle as he had promised. It happened, however, that a little before the approach of dawn a voice so musical reached the ears of the ladies that it forced them all to listen attentively, but especially Dorothea, who had been awake, and by whose side Doña Clara de Viedma, for so the judge's daughter was called, lay sleeping. No one could imagine who it was that sang so sweetly. The voice was unaccompanied by any instrument and at one moment it seemed as if the singer were in the courtyard, at another in the stable; and as they were all attention, wondering, Cardenio came to the door and said, "Listen, whoever is not asleep, and you will hear a muleteer's voice that enchants as it chants."

"We are listening to it already, señor," said Dorothea; on which Cardenio went away.

It struck Dorothea that it was not fair to let Clara

miss hearing such a voice, so, shaking her from side to side, she woke her, saying, "Forgive me, child, for waking thee, but I do so that thou mayest have the pleasure of hearing the best voice thou hast ever heard, perhaps, in all thy life."

Clara awoke quite drowsy, and not understanding at the moment Dorothea's words, asked her what it was; she repeated what she had said, and Clara became attentive at once; but she had hardly heard two lines, as the singer continued, when a strange trembling seized her, and throwing her arms round Dorothea she said, "Ah, dear lady of my soul and life! why did you wake me? The greatest kindness fortune could do me now would be to close my eyes and ears so as neither to see nor hear that unhappy musician."

"What art thou talking about, child?" said Dorothea. "Why, they say this singer is a muleteer!"

"Nay, he is the lord of many places," replied Clara, "and that one in my heart which he holds so firmly shall never be taken from him, unless he be willing to surrender it."

Dorothea was amazed at the ardent language of the girl, so she said to her, "You speak in such a way that I cannot understand you, Señora Clara; explain yourself more clearly, and tell me what is this you are saying about hearts and places and this musician whose voice has so moved you?"

On this Clara, afraid that Luscinda might overhear her, winding her arms tightly round Dorothea put her mouth so close to her ear that she could speak safely

without fear of being heard by any one else, and said, "This singer, dear señora, is the son of a gentleman of Aragon, lord of two villages, who lives opposite my father's house at Madrid; and though my father had curtains to the windows of his house in winter, and blinds in summer, in some way — I know not how — this gentleman, who was pursuing his studies, saw me — whether in church or elsewhere, I cannot tell — and, in fact, fell in love with me, and gave me to know it from the windows of his house, with so many signs and tears that I was forced to believe him, and even to love him, without knowing what it was he wanted of me. One of the signs he used to make me was to link one hand in the other, to show me he wished to marry me; and though I should have been glad if that could be, being alone and motherless I knew not whom to open my mind to, and so I left it as it was, showing him no favor, except when my father, and his too, were from home, to raise the curtain or the blind a little and let him see me plainly, at which he would show such delight that he seemed as if he were going mad. Meanwhile the time for my father's departure arrived, which he became aware of, but not from me, for I had never been able to tell him of it. He fell sick, of grief I believe, and so the day we were going away I could not see him to take farewell of him, were it only with the eyes. But after we had been two days on the road, on entering the hostelry of a village a day's journey from this, I saw him at the inn door in the dress of a muleteer, and so well disguised, that if I did not carry his

image graven on my heart it would have been impossible for me to recognize him. But I knew him, and I was surprised, and glad; he watched me, unsuspected by my father, from whom he always hides himself when he crosses my path on the road, or in the hostelrys where we halt; and, as I know what he is, and reflect that for love of me he makes this journey on foot in all this hardship, I am ready to die of sorrow. I know not with what object he has come; or how he could have got away from his father, who loves him beyond measure. And moreover, I can tell you, all that he sings is out of his own head; for I have heard them say he is a great scholar and poet. I have never spoken a word to him in my life; and for all that I love him so that I could not live without him."

"Say no more, Doña Clara," said Dorothea at this, at the same time kissing her a thousand times over, "say no more, I tell you, but wait till day comes; when I trust in God to arrange this affair of yours so that it may have the happy ending such an innocent beginning deserves."

"Ah, señora," said Doña Clara, "what end can be hoped for when his father is of such lofty position, and so wealthy, that he would think I was not fit to be even a servant to his son, much less wife? I would not ask anything more than that this youth should go back and leave me; perhaps with not seeing him, and the long distance we shall have to travel, the pain I suffer now may become easier; though I dare say the remedy I propose will do me

very little good. I don't know how this has come about, or how this love I have for him got in; I such a young girl, and he such a mere boy; for I verily believe we are both of an age, and I am not sixteen yet."

Dorothea could not help laughing to hear how like a child Doña Clara spoke. "Let us go to sleep now, señora," said she, "for the little of the night that I fancy is left to us: God will soon send us daylight, and we will set all to rights, or it will go hard with me."

With this they fell asleep, and deep silence reigned all through the inn. The only persons not asleep were the landlady's daughter and her servant Mari-tornes, who, knowing the weak point of Don Quixote's humor, and that he was outside the inn mounting guard in armor and on horseback, resolved, the pair of them, to play some trick on him, or at any rate to amuse themselves for a while by listening to his nonsense. As it so happened there was not a window in the whole inn that looked outwards except a hole in the wall of a straw-loft through which they used to throw out the straw. At this hole the two damsels posted themselves, and observed Don Quixote on his horse, leaning on his pike and from time to time sending forth such deep and doleful sighs, that he seemed to pluck up his soul by the roots with each of them; and they could hear him, too, saying in a soft, tender, loving tone, "O my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, perfection of all beauty, summit and crown of discretion, treasure house of grace, deposi-

tory of virtue, and, finally, ideal of all that is good, honorable, and delectable in this world! What is thy grace doing now? Art thou, perchance, mindful of thy enslaved knight who of his own free will hath exposed himself to so great perils, and all to serve thee? Give me tidings of her, O luminary of the night! Perhaps at this moment thou art regarding her, either as she paces to and fro some gallery of her sumptuous palaces, or leans over some balcony, meditating how she may mitigate the tortures this wretched heart of mine endures for her sake."

Don Quixote had got so far in his pathetic speech when the landlady's daughter began to signal to him, saying, "Señor, come over here, please."

At these signals and voice Don Quixote turned his head and saw by the light of the moon, which then was in its full splendor, that some one was calling to him from the hole in the wall, which seemed to him to be a window, and what is more, with a gilt grating, as rich castles, such as he believed the inn to be, ought to have; and it immediately suggested itself to his imagination that the fair damsel, the daughter of the lady of the castle, overcome by love for him, was endeavoring to win his affections; and with this idea, not to show himself discourteous, or ungrateful, he turned Rocinante's head and approached the hole, and as he perceived the two wenches he said, "I pity you, beauteous lady, that you should have directed your thoughts of love to a quarter whence it is impossible that such a return can be made to you as is due to your great

merit and gentle birth. Forgive me, noble lady, and retire to your apartment, and do not, by the declaration of your passion, compel me to show myself ungrateful; and if, of the love you bear me, you should find that there is anything else in my power wherein I can gratify you, provided it be not love itself, demand it of me; for I swear to you by that sweet absent enemy of mine to grant it this instant, though it be that you require of me a lock of Medusa's hair, which was all snakes, or even the very beams of the sun shut up in a vial."

"My mistress wants nothing of that sort, Sir Knight," said Maritornes at this.

"What then, discreet dame, is it that your mistress wants?" replied Don Quixote.

"Only one of your fair hands," said Maritornes, "to enable her to vent over it the great passion which has brought her to this loophole."

Maritornes felt sure that Don Quixote would present the hand she had asked, and making up her mind what to do, she got down from the hole and went into the stable, where she took the halter of Sancho Panza's ass, and in all haste returned to the hole, just as Don Quixote had planted himself standing on Rocinante's saddle in order to reach the grated window where he supposed the love-lorn damsel to be; and giving her his hand, he said, "Lady, take this hand, or rather this scourge of the evil-doers of the earth; take, I say, this hand which no other hand of woman has ever touched, not even hers who has complete possession of my entire body. I present it to you,

not that you may kiss it, but that you may observe the contexture of the sinews, the close network of the muscles, the breadth and capacity of the veins, whence you may infer what must be the strength of the arm that has such a hand."

"That we shall see presently," said Maritornes, and making a running knot on the halter, she passed it over his wrist and coming down from the hole tied the other end very firmly to the bolt of the door of the straw-loft.

Don Quixote, feeling the roughness of the rope on his wrist, exclaimed, "Your grace seems to be grating rather than caressing my hand; treat it not so harshly, for it is not to blame for the offence my resolution has given you."

But there was nobody now to listen to these words of Don Quixote's, for as soon as Maritornes had tied him she and the other made off, ready to die with laughing, leaving him fastened in such a way that it was impossible for him to release himself.

He was, as has been said, standing on Rocinante, with his arm passed through the hole and his wrist tied to the bolt of the door, and in mighty fear and dread of being left hanging by the arm if Rocinante were to stir one side or the other; so he did not dare to make the least movement, although from the patience and imperturbable disposition of Rocinante, he had good reason to expect that he would stand without budging for a whole century. Finding himself fast, then, and that the ladies had retired, he began to fancy that all this was done by enchantment.

Nevertheless he pulled his arm to see if he could release himself, but it had been made so fast that all his efforts were in vain. It is true he pulled it gently lest Rocinante should move, but try as he might to seat himself in the saddle, he had nothing for it but to stand upright or pull his hand off. Then it was he wished for the sword of Amadis, against which no enchantment whatever had any power; then he cursed his ill fortune; then he magnified the loss the world would sustain by his absence while he remained there enchanted, for that he believed he was beyond all doubt; then he once more took to thinking of his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso; then he called to his worthy squire Sancho Panza, who was buried in sleep stretched on the pack-saddle of his ass; and then, at last, morning found him in such a state of desperation and perplexity that he was bellowing like a bull, for he had no hope that day would bring any relief to his suffering, which he believed would last forever, inasmuch as he was enchanted; and of this he was convinced by seeing that Rocinante never stirred, much or little, and he felt persuaded that he and his horse were to remain in this state, without eating or drinking or sleeping, until the malign influence of the stars was overpast, or until some other more sage enchanter should disenchant him.

But he was very much deceived in this conclusion, for daylight had hardly begun to appear when there came up to the inn four men on horseback, well equipped and accoutred, with firelocks across their saddle-bows. They called out and knocked loudly at

the gate of the inn, which was still shut; on seeing which, Don Quixote, even there where he was, did not forget to act as sentinel, and said in a loud and imperious tone, "Knights, or squires, or whatever ye be, ye have no right to knock at the gates of this castle; for it is plain enough that they who are within are either asleep, or else are not in the habit of throwing open the fortress until the sun's rays are spread over the whole surface of the earth. Withdraw to a distance, and wait till it is broad daylight, and then we shall see whether it will be proper or not to open to you."

"What fortress or castle is this," said one, "to make us stand on such ceremony? If you are the innkeeper bid them open to us; we are travellers who only want to feed our horses and go on, for we are in haste."

"Do you think, gentlemen, that I look like an innkeeper?" said Don Quixote.

"I don't know what you look like," replied the other; "but I know that you are talking nonsense when you call this inn a castle."

"A castle it is," returned Don Quixote, "nay, more, one of the best in this whole province; and it has within it people who have had the sceptre in the hand and the crown on the head."

"It would be better if it were the other way," said the traveller, "the sceptre on the head and the crown in the hand; but if so, maybe there is within some company of players, with whom it is a common thing to have those crowns and sceptres you speak of; for

in such a small inn as this, and where such silence is kept, I do not believe any people entitled to crowns and sceptres can have taken up their quarters."

"You know but little of the world," returned Don Quixote, "since you are ignorant of what commonly occurs in knight-errantry."

But the comrades of the spokesman growing weary of the dialogue with Don Quixote, renewed their knocks with great vehemence, so much so that the host, and not only he but everybody in the inn, awoke, and he got up to ask who knocked. It happened at this moment that one of the horses of the four who were seeking admittance went to smell Rocinante, who melancholy, dejected, and with drooping ears, stood motionless, supporting his sorely stretched master; and as he was, after all, flesh, though he looked as if he were made of wood, he could not help giving way and in return smelling the one who had come to offer him attentions. But he had hardly moved at all when Don Quixote lost his footing; and slipping off the saddle, he would have come to the ground, but for being suspended by the arm, which caused him such agony that he believed either his wrist would be cut through or his arm torn off.

CHAPTER XXXVII

IN WHICH ARE CONTINUED THE UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURES AT THE INN

SO loud were the shouts of Don Quixote, that the landlord opening the gate of the inn in all haste, came running in dismay, to see who was uttering such cries, and those who were outside joined him. Maritornes, who had been by this time roused up by the same outcry, suspecting what it was, ran to the loft and, without any one seeing her, untied the halter by which Don Quixote was suspended, and down he came to the ground in the sight of the landlord and the travellers, who approaching asked him what was the matter with him that he shouted so. He without replying a word took the rope off his wrist, and rising to his feet leaped on Rocinante, braced his buckler on his arm, put his lance in rest, and making a considerable circuit of the plain came back at a half-gallop exclaiming, "Whoever shall say that I have been enchanted with just cause, provided my lady the Princess Micomicona grants me permission to do so, I give him the lie, challenge him and defy him to single combat."

The newly arrived travellers were amazed at the words of Don Quixote; but the landlord removed

their surprise by telling them who he was, and not to mind him as he was out of his senses. They then asked the landlord if by any chance a youth of about fifteen years of age had come to that inn, one dressed like a muleteer, and of such and such an appearance, describing that of Doña Clara's lover. The landlord replied that there were so many people in the inn he had not noticed the person they were inquiring for; but one of them observing the coach in which the judge had come, said, "He is here no doubt, for this is the coach he is following: let one of us stay at the gate, and the rest go in to look for him; or indeed it would be as well if one of us went round the inn, lest he should escape over the wall of the yard."

"So be it," said another; and while two of them went in, one remained at the gate and the other made the circuit of the inn; observing all which, the landlord was unable to conjecture for what reason they were taking all these precautions, though he understood they were looking for the youth whose description they had given him.

It was by this time broad daylight; and for that reason, as well as in consequence of the noise Don Quixote had made, everybody was awake and up, but particularly Doña Clara and Dorothea; for they had been able to sleep but badly that night, the one from agitation at having her lover so near her, the other from curiosity to see him. Don Quixote, when he saw that not one of the four travellers took any notice of him or replied to his challenge, was furious and ready to die with indignation and wrath; and if he

could have found in the ordinances of chivalry that it was lawful for a knight-errant to undertake or engage in another enterprise, when he had plighted his word and faith not to involve himself in any until he had made an end of the one to which he was pledged, he would have attacked the whole of them, and would have made them return an answer in spite of themselves. But considering that it would not become him, nor be right, to begin any new emprise until he had established Miconicona in her kingdom, he was constrained to hold his peace and wait quietly to see what would be the upshot of the proceedings of those same travellers; one of whom found the youth they were seeking lying asleep by the side of a muleteer, without a thought of any one coming in search for him, much less finding him.

The man laid hold of him by the arm, saying, "It becomes you well indeed, Señor Don Luis, to be in the dress you wear, and well the bed in which I find you agrees with the luxury in which your mother reared you."

The youth rubbed his sleepy eyes and stared for a while at him who held him, but presently recognized him as one of his father's servants, at which he was so taken aback that for some time he could not utter a word; while the servant went on to say, "There is nothing for it now, Señor Don Luis, but to submit quietly and return home, unless it is your wish that my lord, your father, should take his departure for the other world, for nothing else can be the consequence of the grief he is in at your absence."

"But how did my father know that I had gone this road and in this dress?" said Don Luis.

"It was a student to whom you confided your intentions," answered the servant, "that disclosed them, touched with pity at the distress he saw your father suffer on missing you; he therefore despatched four of his servants in quest of you, and here we all are at your service, better pleased than you can imagine that we shall return so soon and restore you to those eyes that so yearn for you."

"That shall be as I please, or as Heaven orders," returned Don Luis.

"What can you please or Heaven order," said the other, "except to agree to go back? Anything else is impossible."

All this conversation between the two was overheard by the muleteer at whose side Don Luis lay, and rising, he went to report what had taken place to Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the others, who had by this time dressed themselves; and told them how the man had addressed the youth as "Don," and what words had passed, and how he wanted him to return to his father, which the youth was unwilling to do. With this, and what they already knew of the rare voice that Heaven had bestowed on him, they all felt very anxious to know more particularly who he was, and even to help him if it was attempted to employ force against him; so they hastened to where he was still talking and arguing with his servant.

Dorothea at this instant came out of her room, followed by Doña Clara; and calling Cardenio

aside, she told him in a few words the story of the musician and Doña Clara, and he at the same time told her what had happened, how his father's servants had come in search of him; but in telling her so, he did not speak low enough but that Doña Clara heard what he said, at which she was so much agitated that had not Dorothea hastened to support her she would have fallen to the ground. Cardenio then bade Dorothea return to her room, as he would endeavor to make the whole matter right, and they did as he desired. All the four who had come in quest of Don Luis had now come into the inn and surrounded him, urging him to return and console his father at once and without a moment's delay. He replied that he could not do so on any account until he had concluded some business in which his life, honor, and heart were at stake. The servants pressed him, saying that most certainly they would not return without him, and that they would take him away whether he liked it or not.

"You shall not do that," replied Don Luis, "unless you take me dead."

By this time most of those in the inn had been attracted by the dispute, but particularly Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companions, the judge, the curate, the barber, and Don Quixote; for he now considered there was no necessity for mounting guard over the castle any longer. Cardenio being already acquainted with the young man's story, asked the men who wanted to take him away, what object they had in seeking to carry off this youth against his will.

"Our object," said one of the four, "is to save the life of his father, who is in danger of losing it through this gentleman's disappearance."

"Let us hear what the whole affair is about," said the judge at this; but the man, who knew him as a neighbor of theirs, replied, "Do you not know this gentleman, Señor Judge? He is the son of your neighbor, who has run away from his father's house."

The judge on this looked at him more carefully and recognized him, and embracing him said, "What folly is this, Señor Don Luis, or what can have been the cause that could have induced you to come here in this way, and in this dress, which so ill becomes your condition?"

Tears came into the eyes of the young man, and he was unable to utter a word in reply to the judge, who told the four servants not to be uneasy, for all would be satisfactorily settled; and then taking Don Luis by the hand, he drew him aside and asked the reason of his having come there.

But while he was questioning him they heard a loud outcry at the gate of the inn, the cause of which was that two of the guests who had passed the night there, seeing everybody busy about finding out what it was the four men wanted, had conceived the idea of going off without paying what they owed; but the landlord, who minded his own affairs more than other people's, caught them going out of the gate and demanded his reckoning, abusing them for their dishonesty with such language that he drove them to reply with their fists, and so they began to lay on him in such a style

that the poor man was forced to cry out, and call for help. The landlady and her daughter could see no one more free to give aid than Don Quixote, and to him the daughter said, "Sir Knight, by the virtue God has given you, help my poor father, for there are two wicked men beating him to a mummy."

To which Don Quixote very deliberately and phlegmatically replied, "Fair damsel, at the present moment your request is inopportune, for I am debarred from involving myself in any adventure until I have brought to a happy conclusion one to which my word has pledged me; but that which I can do for you is what I will now mention: run and tell your father to stand his ground as well as he can in this battle, and on no account to allow himself to be vanquished, while I go and request permission of the Princess Micomicona to enable me to succor him in his distress; and if she grants it, rest assured I will relieve him from it."

"Sinner that I am," exclaimed Maritornes, who stood by, "before you have got your permission my master will be in the other world."

"Give me leave, señora, to obtain the permission I speak of," returned Don Quixote; "and if I get it, it will matter very little if he is in the other world; for I will rescue him thence in spite of all the same world can do; or at any rate I will give you such a revenge over those who shall have sent him there that you will be more than moderately satisfied"; and without saying anything more he went and knelt before Dorothea, requesting her Highness in knightly

and errant phrase to be pleased to grant him permission to aid and succor the castellan of that castle, who now stood in grievous jeopardy. The princess granted it graciously, and he at once, bracing his buckler on his arm and drawing his sword, hastened to the inn-gate, where the two guests were still handling the landlord roughly; but as soon as he reached the spot he stopped short and stood still, though Maritornes and the landlady asked him why he hesitated to help their master and husband.

"I hesitate," said Don Quixote, "because it is not lawful for me to draw sword against persons of squirely condition; but call my squire Sancho to me; for this defence and vengeance are his affair and business."

Thus matters stood at the inn-gate, where there was a very lively exchange of fisticuffs and punches, to the sore damage of the landlord and to the wrath of Maritornes, the landlady, and her daughter, who were furious when they saw the pusillanimity of Don Quixote, and the hard treatment their master, husband, and father was undergoing. But let us leave him there; for he will surely find some one to help him, and if not, let him suffer and hold his tongue who attempts more than his strength allows him to do; and let us go back to see what Don Luis said in reply to the judge whom we left questioning him privately as to his reasons for coming on foot and so meanly dressed.

To which the youth, pressing his hand in a way that showed his heart was troubled by some great sor-

row, and shedding a flood of tears, made answer: "Señor, I have no more to tell you than that from the moment when, through Heaven's will and our being near neighbors, I first saw Doña Clara, your daughter and my lady, from that instant I made her the mistress of my will, and if yours, my true lord and father, offers no impediment, this very day she shall become my wife. For her I left my father's house, and for her I assumed this disguise, to follow her whithersoever she may go. You know already, señor, the wealth and noble birth of my parents, and that I am their sole heir; if this be a sufficient inducement for you to venture to make me completely happy, accept me at once as your son; for if my father, influenced by other objects of his own, should disapprove of this happiness I have sought for myself, time has more power to alter and change things, than human will."

With this the love-smitten youth was silent, while the judge, after hearing him, was astonished, perplexed, and surprised as well at the manner and intelligence with which Don Luis had confessed the secret of his heart, as at the position in which he found himself, not knowing what course to take in a matter so sudden and unexpected. All the answer, therefore, he gave him was to bid him to make his mind easy for the present, and arrange with his servants not to take him back that day, so that there might be time to consider what was best for all parties.

The guests had by this time made peace with the landlord, for, by persuasion and Don Quixote's fair words more than by threats, they had paid him what

he demanded, and the servants of Don Luis were waiting for the end of the conversation with the judge and their master's decision, when the devil, who never sleeps, contrived that the barber, from whom Don Quixote had taken Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza the trappings of his ass in exchange for those of his own, should at this instant enter the inn; which said barber, as he led his ass to the stable, observed Sancho Panza engaged in repairing something or other belonging to the pack-saddle; and the moment he saw it he knew it, and made bold to attack Sancho, exclaiming, "Ho, Sir Thief, I have caught you! hand over my basin and my pack-saddle, and all my trappings that you robbed me of."

Sancho, finding himself so unexpectedly assailed, and hearing the abuse poured on him, seized the pack-saddle with one hand and with the other gave the barber a cuff straight in the face. The barber, however, was not so ready to relinquish the prize he had made in the pack-saddle; on the contrary, he raised such an outcry that every one in the inn came running to know what the noise and quarrel meant. "Here, in the name of the king and justice!" he cried, "this thief and highwayman wants to kill me for trying to recover my property."

"You lie," said Sancho, "I am no highwayman; it was in fair war my master Don Quixote won these spoils."

Don Quixote was standing by at the time, highly pleased to see his squire's stoutness, both offensive and defensive, and from that time forth he reckoned him

a man of mettle, and in his heart resolved to dub him a knight on the first opportunity that presented itself, feeling sure that the order of chivalry would be fittingly bestowed on him.

In the course of the altercation, among other things the barber said: "Gentlemen, this pack-saddle is mine as surely as I owe God a death, and here is my ass in the stable who will not let me lie; only try it, and if it does not fit him like a glove, call me a rascal; and what is more, the same day I was robbed of this, they robbed me likewise of a new brass basin, that would fetch a crown any day."

At this Don Quixote could not keep himself from answering; and interposing between the two, and separating them, he placed the pack-saddle on the ground, to lie there in sight until the truth was established, and said: "Your worships may perceive clearly and plainly the error under which this worthy squire lies when he calls that a basin which was, is, and shall be the helmet of Mambrino, which I won from him in fair war, and made myself master of by legitimate and lawful possession. With the pack-saddle I do not concern myself; but I may tell you on that head that my squire Sancho asked my permission to strip off the caparison of this vanquished poltroon's steed, and with it adorn his own; I allowed him, and he took it; and as to its having been changed from a caparison into a pack-saddle, I can give no explanation except the usual one, that such transformations will take place in adventures of chivalry. To confirm all which, run, Sancho my son, and fetch

hither the helmet which this good fellow calls a basin."

"Egad, master," said Sancho, "if we have no other proof of our case than what your worship puts forward, Mambrino's helmet is just as much a basin as this good fellow's caparison is a pack-saddle."

"Do as I bid thee," said Don Quixote; "it cannot be that everything in this castle goes by enchantment."

Sancho hastened to where the basin was, and brought it back with him, and when Don Quixote saw it, he took hold of it and said, "Your worships may see with what a face this squire can assert that this is a basin and not the helmet I told you of; and I swear by the order of chivalry I profess, that this helmet is the identical one I took from him, without anything added to or taken from it."

"There is no doubt of that," said Sancho, "for from the time my master won it until now he has only fought one battle in it, when he let loose those unlucky men in chains; and if it had not been for this basin-helmet he would not have come off over well that time, for there was plenty of stone-throwing in that affair."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

IN WHICH THE DOUBTFUL QUESTION OF MAMBRINO'S
HELMET AND THE PACK-SADDLE IS FINALLY SET-
TLED, WITH OTHER ADVENTURES THAT OCCURRED
IN TRUTH AND EARNEST

“**W**HAT do you think now, gentlemen,” said the barber, “of what these gentles say, when they even want to make out that this is not a basin but a helmet?”

“And whoever says the contrary,” said Don Quixote, “I will let him know he lies if he is a knight, and if he is a squire that he lies again a thousand times.”

Our own barber, who was present at all this, and understood Don Quixote's humor so thoroughly, took it into his head to back up his delusion and carry on the joke for the general amusement; so addressing the other barber he said, “Señor Barber, or whatever you are, you must know that I belong to your profession too, and have had a license to practise for more than twenty years, and I know the implements of the barber craft, every one of them, perfectly well; and I was likewise a soldier for some time in the days of my youth, and I know also what a helmet is, and a morion, and a headpiece with a visor, and other

things pertaining to soldiering; and I say — saving better opinions and always with submission to sounder judgments — that this piece we have now before us, which this worthy gentleman has in his hands, not only is no barber's basin, but is as far from being one as white is from black; I say, however, that this, although it is a helmet, is not a complete helmet."

"Certainly not," said Don Quixote, "for half of it is wanting, that is to say the beaver."

"It is quite true," said the curate, who saw the object of his friend the barber; and Cardenio, Don Fernando and his companions agreed with him, and even the judge helped to carry on the joke.

"God bless me!" exclaimed their butt the barber at this; "is it possible that such an honorable company can say that this is not a basin but a helmet? Why, this is a thing that would astonish a whole university, however wise it might be! That will do; if this basin is a helmet, why, then the pack-saddle must be a horse's caparison, as this gentleman has said."

"To me it looks like a pack-saddle," said Don Quixote; "but I have already said that with that question I do not concern myself."

"As to whether it be a pack-saddle or caparison," said the curate, "it is only for Señor Don Quixote to say; for in these matters of chivalry all these gentlemen and I bow to his authority."

"Gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "so many strange things have happened to me in this castle on the two occasions on which I have sojourned in it, that I will

not venture to assert to anything positively in reply to any question touching anything it contains; for it is my belief that everything that goes on within it goes by enchantment. So that now, for me to come forward to give an opinion in such a puzzling matter, would be to risk a rash decision. As regards the assertion that this is a basin and not a helmet I have already given an answer; but as to the question whether this is a pack-saddle or a caparison I will not venture to give a positive opinion, but will leave it to your worships' better judgment. Perhaps as you are not dubbed knights like myself, the enchantments of this place have nothing to do with you, and your faculties are unfettered, and you can see things in this castle as they really and truly are, and not as they appear to me."

"There can be no question," said Don Fernando on this, "but that Señor Don Quixote has spoken very wisely, and that with us rests the decision of this matter; and that we may have surer ground to go on I will take the votes of the gentlemen in secret, and declare the result clearly and fully."

To those who were in the secret of Don Quixote's humor all this afforded great amusement; but to those who knew nothing about it, it seemed the greatest nonsense in the world, in particular to the four servants of Don Luis, as well as to Don Luis himself, and to four other travellers who had by chance come to the inn, and had the appearance of officers of the Holy Brotherhood, as indeed they were; but the one who above all was at his wit's end, was the barber

whose basin, there before his very eyes, had been turned into Mambrino's helmet, and whose pack-saddle he had no doubt whatever was about to become a rich caparison for a horse. All laughed to see Don Fernando going from one to another collecting the votes, and whispering to them to give him their private opinion whether the treasure over which there had been so much fighting was a pack-saddle or a caparison; but after he had taken the votes of those who knew Don Quixote, he said aloud, "The fact is, my good fellow, that I am tired collecting such a number of opinions, for I find that there is not one of whom I ask what I desire to know, who does not tell me that it is absurd to say that this is the pack-saddle of an ass, and not the caparison of a horse, nay, of a thoroughbred horse; so you must submit, for, in spite of you and your ass, this is a caparison and no pack-saddle, and you have stated and proved your case very badly."

"May I never share heaven," said the poor barber, "if your worships are not all mistaken; and may my soul appear before God as that appears to me a pack-saddle and not a caparison; but I say no more; and indeed I am not drunk, for I am fasting, except it be from sin."

The simple talk of the barber did not afford less amusement than the absurdities of Don Quixote, who now observed, "There is no more to be done now than for each to take what belongs to him, and to whom God has given it, may St. Peter add his blessing."

But said one of the four servants, "Unless, indeed, this is a deliberate joke, I cannot bring myself to believe that men so intelligent as those present are, or seem to be, can venture to declare and assert that this is not a basin, and that not a pack-saddle; but as I perceive that they do assert and declare it, I can only come to the conclusion that there is some mystery in this persistence in what is so opposed to the evidence of experience and truth itself; for I swear by"—and here he rapped out a round oath—"all the people in the world will not make me believe that this is not a barber's basin and that a jackass's pack-saddle."

On hearing this one of the newly arrived officers of the Brotherhood, who had been listening to the dispute and controversy, unable to restrain his anger and impatience, exclaimed, "It is a pack-saddle as sure as my father is my father, and whoever has said or will say anything else must be drunk."

"You lie like a rascally clown," returned Don Quixote; and lifting his pike, which he had never let out of his hand, he delivered such a blow at his head that, had not the officer dodged it, it would have stretched him at full length. The pike was shattered in pieces against the ground, and the rest of the officers, seeing their comrade assaulted, raised a shout, calling for help for the Holy Brotherhood. The landlord, who was of the fraternity, ran at once to fetch his staff of office and his sword, and ranged himself on the side of his comrades; the servants of Don Luis clustered round him, lest he should escape

from them in the confusion; the barber, seeing the house turned upside down, once more laid hold of his pack-saddle, and Sancho did the same; Don Quixote drew his sword and charged the officers; Don Luis cried out to his servants to leave him alone and go and help Don Quixote, and Cardenio and Don Fernando, who were supporting him; the curate was shouting at the top of his voice, the landlady was screaming, her daughter was wailing, Maritornes was weeping, Dorothea was aghast, Luscinda terror-stricken, and Doña Clara in a faint. The barber cudgelled Sancho, and Sancho pommelled the barber; Don Luis gave one of his servants, who ventured to catch him by the arm to keep him from escaping, a cuff that took his breath away; the judge took his part; Don Fernando had got one of the officers down and was belaboring him heartily; the landlord raised his voice again calling for help for the Holy Brotherhood; so that the whole inn was nothing but cries, shouts, shrieks, confusion, terror, dismay, mishaps, sword-cuts, fisticuffs, cudgellings, kicks, and bloodshed; and in the midst of all this chaos, complication, and general entanglement, Don Quixote took it into his head that he had been plunged into the thick of the discord of Agramante's¹ camp; and, in a voice that shook the inn like thunder, he cried out, "Hold all, let all sheathe their swords, let all be calm and attend to me as they value their lives!"

¹ The story of Agramante is found in a long poem of Ariosto's. He was the leader of the Mohammedan kings and princes who besieged Paris. Sobrino, referred to later by Don Quixote, was one of the kings fighting under Agramante.

All paused at his mighty voice, and he went on to say, "Did I not tell you, sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that a legion or so of devils dwelt in it? In proof whereof I call on you to behold with your own eyes how the discord of Agramante's camp has come hither, and been transferred into the midst of us. See how they fight, there for the sword, here for the horse, on that side for the eagle, on this for the helmet; we are all fighting, and all at cross purposes. Come then, you, Señor Judge, and you, Señor Curate; let the one represent King Agramante and the other King Sobrino, and make peace among us; for by God Almighty it is a sorry business that so many persons of quality as we are should slay one another for such trifling cause."

The officers, who did not understand Don Quixote's mode of speaking, and found themselves roughly handled by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their companions, were not to be appeased; the barber was, however, for both his beard and his pack-saddle were the worse for the struggle; Sancho like a good servant obeyed the slightest word of his master; while the four servants of Don Luis kept quiet when they saw how little they gained by not being so. The landlord alone insisted on it that they must punish the insolence of this madman, who at every turn raised a disturbance in the inn; but at length the uproar was stilled for the present; the pack-saddle remained a caparison till the day of judgment, and the basin a helmet, and the inn a castle in Don Quixote's imagination.

All having been now pacified and made friends by the persuasion of the judge and the curate, the servants of Don Luis began again to urge him to return with them at once; and while he was discussing the matter with them, the judge took counsel with Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate as to what he ought to do in the case, telling them how it stood, and what Don Luis had said to him. It was agreed at length that Don Fernando should tell the servants of Don Luis who he was, and that it was his desire that Don Luis should accompany him to Andalusia; for, otherwise, it was easy to see from the determination of Don Luis, that he would not return to his father at present, though they tore him to pieces. On learning the rank of Don Fernando and the resolution of Don Luis, the four then settled it between themselves that three of them should return to tell his father how matters stood, and that the other should remain to wait on Don Luis, and not leave him until they came back for him, or his father's orders were known. Thus by the authority of Agramante and the wisdom of King Sobrino all this complication of disputes was arranged; but the devil, enemy of concord and hater of peace, feeling himself slighted and made a fool of, and seeing how little he had gained after having involved them all in such an elaborate entanglement, resolved to try his hand once more by stirring up fresh quarrels and disturbances.

It came about in this wise: the officers were pacified on learning the rank of those with whom they had been engaged, and withdrew from the contest,

considering that whatever the result might be they were likely to get the worst of the battle; but one of them, the one who had been thrashed and kicked by Don Fernando, recollected that among some warrants he carried for the arrest of certain delinquents, he had one against Don Quixote, whom the Holy Brotherhood had ordered to be arrested for setting the galley slaves free. Suspecting how it was, then, he wished to satisfy himself as to whether Don Quixote's features corresponded; and taking a parchment out of his bosom he lit on what he was in search of, and setting himself to read it deliberately, for he was not a quick reader, as he made out each word he fixed his eyes on Don Quixote, and went on comparing the description in the warrant with his face, and discovered that beyond all doubt he was the person described in it. As soon as he had satisfied himself, folding up the parchment, he took the warrant in his left hand and with his right seized Don Quixote by the collar so tightly that he did not allow him to breathe, and shouted aloud, "Help for the Holy Brotherhood! and that you may see I demand it in earnest, read this warrant which says this highwayman is to be arrested."

The curate took the warrant and saw that what the officer said was true, and that it agreed with Don Quixote's appearance who, on his part, when he found himself roughly handled by this rascally clown, worked up to the highest pitch of wrath, and all his joints cracking with rage, with both hands seized the officer by the throat with all his might, so that had he not been helped by his comrades he would have

yielded up his life ere Don Quixote released his hold. The landlord, who had perforce to support his brother officers, ran at once to aid them. The landlady, when she saw her husband engaged in a new quarrel, lifted up her voice afresh, and its note was immediately caught up by Maritornes and her daughter, calling on Heaven and all present for help; and Sancho, seeing what was going on, exclaimed, "By the Lord, it is quite true what my master says about the enchantments of this castle, for it is impossible to live an hour in peace in it!"

Don Fernando parted the officer and Don Quixote, and to their mutual contentment made them relax the grip by which they held, the one the coat collar, the other the throat, of his adversary; for all this, however, the officers did not cease to demand their prisoner and call on them to help, and deliver him over bound into their power, as was required for the service of the king and of the Holy Brotherhood, on whose behalf they again demanded aid and assistance to effect the capture of this robber and footpad of the highways and byways.

Don Quixote smiled when he heard these words, and said very calmly, "Come now, base, ill-born brood; call ye it highway robbery to give freedom to those in bondage, to release the captives, to succor the miserable, to raise up the fallen, to relieve the needy? Come now; band, not of officers, but of thieves; footpads with the license of the Holy Brotherhood; tell me who was the ignoramus who signed a warrant of arrest against such a knight as I am? Who

was he that did not know that knights-errant are independent of all jurisdictions, that their law is their sword. Who, I say again, was the fool that knows not that there are no letters patent of nobility that confer such privileges or exemptions as a knight-errant acquires the day he is dubbed a knight, and devotes himself to the arduous calling of chivalry? What knight-errant ever paid poll-tax, duty, queen's pin-money, king's dues, toll, or ferry? What tailor ever took payment of him for making his clothes? And, lastly, what knight-errant has there been, is there, or will there ever be in the world, not bold enough to give, single-handed, four hundred cudgellings to four hundred officers of the Holy Brotherhood if they come in his way?"

CHAPTER XXXIX

OF THE END OF THE NOTABLE ADVENTURE OF THE
OFFICERS OF THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD; AND OF
THE GREAT FEROCITY OF OUR WORTHY KNIGHT
DON QUIXOTE

WHILE Don Quixote was talking in this strain, the curate was endeavoring to persuade the officers that he was out of his senses, as they might perceive by his deeds and his words, and that they need not press the matter any further, for even if they arrested him and carried him off, they would have to release him by-and-by as a madman; to which the holder of the warrant replied that he had nothing to do with inquiring into Don Quixote's madness, but only to execute his superior's orders, and that once taken they might let him go three hundred times if they liked.

"For all that," said the curate, "you must not take him away this time, nor will he, it is my opinion, let himself be taken away."

In short, the curate used such arguments, and Don Quixote did such mad things, that the officers would have been more mad than he was if they had not perceived his want of wits, and so they thought it best to allow themselves to be pacified, and even to

act as peacemakers between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still continued their altercation with much bitterness. In the end they, as officers of justice, settled the question by arbitration in such a manner that both sides were, if not perfectly contented, at least to some extent satisfied; for they changed the pack-saddles, but not the girths or head-stalls; and as to Mambrino's helmet, the curate, without Don Quixote's knowing it, paid eight reals for the basin, and the barber executed a full receipt and engagement to make no further demand then or thenceforth forevermore, amen. These two disputes, which were the most important and gravest, being settled, it only remained for the servants of Don Luis to consent that three of them should return while one was left to accompany him whither Don Fernando desired to take him. Good luck and better fortune, having already begun to solve difficulties and remove obstructions in favor of the lovers and warriors of the inn, were pleased to persevere and bring everything to a happy issue; for the servants agreed to do as Don Luis wished; which gave Doña Clara such happiness that no one could have looked into her face just then without seeing the joy of her heart. The gift and compensation which the curate gave the barber had not escaped the landlord's notice, and he demanded Don Quixote's reckoning, together with the amount of the damage to his wine-skins, and the loss of his wine, swearing that neither Rocinante nor Sancho's ass should leave the inn until he had been paid to the very last farthing. The curate settled all

amicably, and Don Fernando paid; and all became so peaceful and quiet that the inn no longer reminded one of the discord of Agramante's camp; for all which it was the universal opinion that their thanks were due to the great zeal and eloquence of the curate, and to the unexampled generosity of Don Fernando.

Finding himself now clear and quit of all quarrels, his squire's as well as his own, Don Quixote considered that it would be advisable to continue the journey he had begun, and bring to a close that great adventure for which he had been called and chosen; and with this high resolve he went and knelt before Dorothea, who, however, would not allow him to utter a word until he had risen; so to obey her he rose, and said: "It is a common proverb, fair lady, that 'diligence is the mother of good fortune.' This I say, exalted and esteemed lady, because it seems to me that for us to remain any longer in this castle now is useless, and may be injurious to us in a way that we shall find out some day; for who knows but that your enemy the giant may have learned by means of secret and diligent spies that I am going to destroy him, and if the opportunity be given him he may seize it to fortify himself in some impregnable castle or stronghold, against which all my efforts and the might of my indefatigable arm may avail but little? Therefore, lady, let us, as I say, forestall his schemes by our activity, and let us depart at once in quest of fair fortune; for your highness is only kept from enjoying it as fully as you could desire by my delay in encountering your adversary."

Don Quixote held his peace and said no more, calmly awaiting the reply of the beauteous princess, who, with commanding dignity and in a style adapted to Don Quixote's own, replied to him in these words: "I give you thanks, Sir Knight, for the eagerness you, like a good knight to whom it is a natural obligation to succor the orphan and the needy, display to afford me aid in my sore trouble. As to my departure, let it be forthwith, for I have no will but yours; dispose of me entirely in accordance with your good pleasure."

"On, then, in God's name!" said Don Quixote; "for, when a lady humbles herself to me, I will not lose the opportunity of raising her up and placing her on the throne of her ancestors. Let us depart at once; and as neither heaven has created nor hell seen any that can daunt or intimidate me, saddle Rocinante, Sancho, and get ready thy ass and the queen's palfrey, and let us take leave of the castellan and these gentlemen, and go hence this very instant."

Sancho, who was standing by all the time, said, shaking his head, "Ah! master, master, there is more mischief in the village than one hears of, begging all good bodies' pardon."

"What mischief can there be in any village, or in all the cities of the world, you booby, that can hurt my reputation?" said Don Quixote.

"If your worship is angry," replied Sancho, "I will hold my tongue and leave unsaid what as a good squire I am bound to say, and what a good servant should tell his master."

"Say what thou wilt," returned Don Quixote, "pro-

vided thy words be not meant to work on my fears; for thou, when thou fearest, art behaving like thyself; but I like myself, when I fear not."

"It is nothing of the sort, as I am a sinner before God," said Sancho, "but that I take it to be sure and certain that this lady, who calls herself queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more so than my mother; for, if she was what she says, she would not go rubbing noses with one that is here every instant and behind every door."

Dorothea turned red at Sancho's words, for the truth was that her husband Don Fernando had now and then, when the others were not looking, gathered from her lips some of the reward his love had earned; she, however, being unable or not caring to answer him, allowed him to proceed, and he continued: "This I say, señor, because, if after we have travelled roads and highways, and passed bad nights and worse days, one who is now enjoying himself in this inn is to reap the fruits of our labors, there is no need for me to be in a hurry to saddle Rocinante, put the pad on the ass, or get ready the palfrey; for it will be better for us to stay quiet."

So great was the indignation of Don Quixote when he heard the audacious words of his squire that in a voice inarticulate with rage, with a stammering tongue, and eyes that flashed living fire, he exclaimed: "Rascally clown, boorish, insolent, and ignorant, ill-spoken, foul-mouthed, impudent back-biter, and slanderer! Hast thou dared to utter such words in my presence and in that of these illustrious

ladies? Hast thou dared to harbor such gross and shameless thoughts in thy muddled imagination? Begone from my presence, thou monster, storehouse of lies, hoard of untruths, garner of knaveries, inventor of scandals, publisher of absurdities, enemy of the respect due to royal personages! Begone! show thyself no more before me under pain of my wrath"; and so saying he knitted his brows, puffed out his cheeks, gazed around him, and stamped on the ground violently with his right foot, showing in every way the rage that was pent up in his heart; and at his words and furious gestures Sancho was so scared and terrified that he would have been glad if the earth had opened that instant and swallowed him, and his only thought was to turn round and make his escape from the angry presence of his master.

But the ready-witted Dorothea, who by this time so well understood Don Quixote's humor, said, to mollify his wrath, "Be not irritated at the absurdities your good squire has uttered, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, for perhaps he did not utter them without cause, and from his good sense and Christian conscience it is not likely that he would bear false witness against any one. We may therefore believe, without any hesitation, that since, as you say, Sir Knight, everything in this castle goes and is brought about by means of enchantment, Sancho, I say, may possibly have seen, through this diabolical medium, what he says he saw so much to the detriment of my modesty."

"I swear by God Omnipotent," exclaimed Don

Quixote at this, "your highness has hit the point; and that some vile illusion must have come before this sinner of a Sancho, that made him see what it would have been impossible to see by any other means than enchantments; for I know well enough, from the poor fellow's goodness and harmlessness, that he is incapable of bearing false witness against anybody."

"True, no doubt," said Don Fernando, "for which reason, Señor Don Quixote, you ought to forgive him and restore him to the bosom of your favor."

Don Quixote said he was ready to pardon him, and the curate went for Sancho, who came in very humbly, and falling on his knees begged for the hand of his master, who having presented it to him and allowed him to kiss it, gave him his blessing and said, "Now, Sancho my son, thou wilt be convinced of the truth of what I have many a time told thee, that everything in this castle is done by means of enchantment."

"So it is, I believe," said Sancho, "except the affair of the blanket, which came to pass in reality by ordinary means."

The illustrious company had now been two days in the inn; and as it seemed to them time to depart, they devised a plan so that, without giving Dorothea and Don Fernando the trouble of going back with Don Quixote to his village under pretence of restoring Queen Micomicona, the curate and the barber might carry him away with them as they proposed, and the curate be able to take his madness in hand at home; and in pursuance of their plan they arranged with the owner of an ox-cart who happened to be

passing that way to carry him after this fashion. They constructed a kind of cage with wooden bars, large enough to hold Don Quixote comfortably; and then Don Fernando and his companions, the servants of Don Luis, and the officers of the Brotherhood, together with the landlord, by the directions and advice of the curate, covered their faces and disguised themselves, some in one way, some in another, so as to appear to Don Quixote quite different from the persons he had seen in the castle. This done, in profound silence they entered the room where he was taking his rest after the past frays, and advancing to where he was sleeping tranquilly, not dreaming of anything of the kind happening, they seized him firmly and bound him fast hand and foot, so that, when he awoke startled, he was unable to move, and could only marvel and wonder at the strange figures he saw before him; on which he at once gave way to the idea that all these shapes were phantoms of the enchanted castle, and that he himself was unquestionably enchanted as he could neither move nor help himself; precisely what the curate, the concocter of the scheme, expected would happen. Of all that were there Sancho was the only one who was at once in his senses and in his own proper character, and he, though he was within very little of sharing his master's infirmity, did not fail to perceive who all these disguised figures were; but he did not dare to open his lips until he saw what came of this assault and capture of his master; nor did the latter utter a word, waiting to see the upshot of his mishap; which was

that, bringing in the cage, they shut him in it and nailed the bars so firmly that they could not be easily burst open.

They then took him on their shoulders, and as they passed out of the room an awful voice — as much so as the barber, not he of the pack-saddle but the other, was able to make it — was heard to say: “O Knight of the Rueful Countenance, let not this captivity in which thou art placed afflict thee, for this must needs be, for the more speedy accomplishment of the adventure in which thy great heart has engaged thee; the which shall be accomplished when the raging Manchegan lion and the white Tobosan dove shall be linked together, having first humbled their haughty necks to the gentle yoke of matrimony. And thou, O most noble and obedient squire that ever bore sword at side, beard on face, or nose to smell with, be not dismayed or grieved to see the flower of knight-errantry carried away thus before thy very eyes; for soon, if it so please the Framer of the universe, thou shalt see thyself exalted to such a height that thou shalt not know thyself, and the promises which thy good master has made thee shall not prove false. Follow then the footsteps of the valiant enchanted knight, for it is expedient that thou shouldst go to the destination assigned to both of you; and as it is not permitted to me to say more, God be with thee; for I return to that place I wot of.”

Don Quixote was comforted by the prophecy he heard, for he at once comprehended its meaning per-

fectly, and perceived it was promised to him that he should see himself united in holy matrimony with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso; and being thoroughly and firmly persuaded of this, he lifted up his voice, and with a deep sigh exclaimed, "O thou, whoever thou art, who hast foretold me so much good, I implore of thee that on my part thou entreat that sage enchanter who takes charge of my interests, that he leave me not to perish in this captivity in which they are now carrying me away, ere I see fulfilled promises so joyful and incomparable as those which have been now made me; for, let this but come to pass, and I shall glory in the pains of my prison and find comfort in these chains wherewith they bind me; and touching the consolation of Sancho Panza, my squire, I rely on his goodness and rectitude that he will not desert me in good or evil fortune; for if, by his ill luck or mine, it may not happen to be in my power to give him the island I have promised, or any equivalent for it, at least his wages shall not be lost; for in my will, which is already made, I have declared the sum that shall be paid to him, measured, not by his many faithful services, but by the means at my disposal.'

Sancho bowed his head very respectfully and kissed both his master's hands, for, being tied together, he could not kiss one; and then the apparitions lifted the cage on their shoulders and fixed it on the ox-cart.

CHAPTER XL

OF THE STRANGE MANNER IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE OF
LA MANCHA WAS CARRIED AWAY ENCHANTED, TO-
GETHER WITH OTHER REMARKABLE INCIDENTS

WHEN Don Quixote saw himself caged and hoisted on the cart in this way, he said, "Many grave histories of knights-errant have I read; but never yet have I read, seen, or heard of their carrying off enchanted knights-errant in this fashion, or at the slow pace that these lazy, sluggish animals promise; for they always take them away through the air with marvellous swiftness, enveloped in a dark thick cloud, or on a chariot of fire, or it may be on some hippogriff or other beast of the kind; but to carry me off like this on an ox-cart! It puzzles me! But perhaps the chivalry and enchantments of our day take a different course from that of those in days gone by; and it may be, too, that, as I am a new knight in the world, and the first to revive the already forgotten calling of knight-adventurers, they may have newly invented other kinds of enchantments and other modes of carrying off the enchanted. What thinkest thou of the matter, Sancho my son?"

"I don't know what to think," answered Sancho,

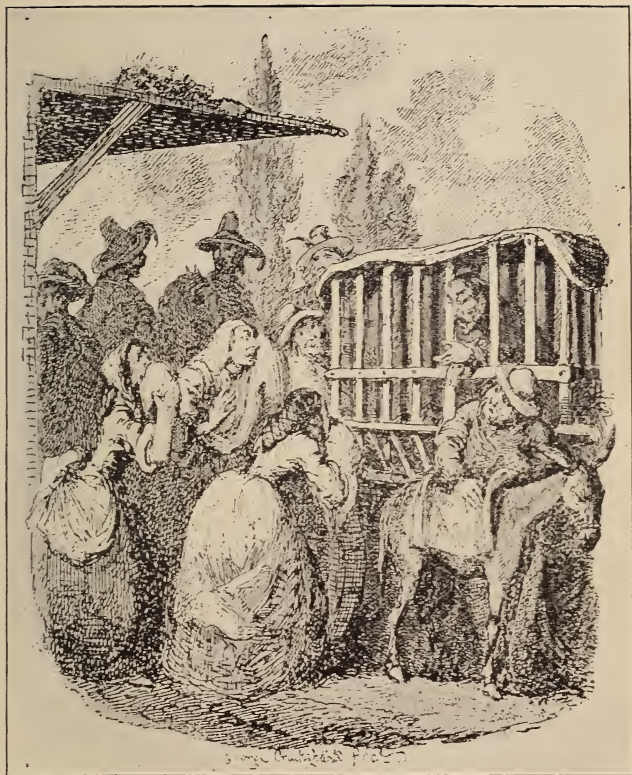
"but I venture to say and swear that these apparitions that are about us are not quite Catholic."

"Catholic!" said Don Quixote. "Father of me! how can they be Catholic when they are all devils that have taken fantastic shapes to come and do this, and bring me to this condition? And if thou wouldst prove it, touch them, and feel them, and thou wilt find they have only bodies of air, and no consistency except in appearance."

"Master," returned Sancho, "I have touched them already; and that devil, that goes about there so busily, has firm flesh, and another property very different from what I have heard say devils have, for by all accounts they all smell of brimstone and other bad smells; but this one smells of amber half a league off." Sancho was here speaking of Don Fernando who, like a gentleman of his rank, was very likely perfumed as Sancho said.

"Marvel not at that, Sancho my friend," said Don Quixote; "for let me tell thee devils are crafty; and even if they do carry odors about with them, they themselves have no smell, because they are spirits; or, if they have any smell, they cannot smell of anything sweet, but of something foul and fetid; and the reason is that they carry hell with them wherever they go."

Such was the conversation that passed between master and man; and Don Fernando and Cardenio, apprehensive of Sancho's making a complete discovery of their scheme, towards which he had already gone some way, resolved to hasten their departure,



DON QUIXOTE ENCHANTED IN THE CAGE



and calling the landlord aside, they directed him to saddle Rocinante and put the pack-saddle on Sancho's ass, which he did with great alacrity. In the meantime the curate had made an arrangement with the officers that they should bear them company as far as his village, he paying them so much a day. Cardenio hung the buckler on one side of the bow of Rocinante's saddle and the basin on the other, and by signs commanded Sancho to mount his ass and take Rocinante's bridle, and at each side of the cart he placed two officers with their muskets; but before the cart was put in motion, out came the landlady and her daughter and Maritornes to bid Don Quixote farewell, pretending to weep with grief at his misfortune; and to them Don Quixote said: "Weep not, good ladies, for all these mishaps are the lot of those who follow the profession I profess; and if these reverses did not befall me I should not esteem myself a famous knight-errant. Forgive me, fair ladies, if, through inadvertence, I have in aught offended you; for intentionally and wittingly I have never done so to any; and pray to God that he deliver me from this captivity to which some malevolent enchanter has consigned me; and should I find myself released therefrom, the favors that ye have bestowed on me in this castle shall be held in memory by me, that I may acknowledge, recognize, and requite them as they deserve."

While this was passing between the ladies of the castle and Don Quixote, the curate and the barber bade farewell to Don Fernando and his companions,

to the judge, and the ladies, now all made happy, and in particular to Dorothea and Luscinda.

The curate then mounted, and his friend the barber did the same, both masked, so as not to be recognized by Don Quixote, and set out following in the rear of the cart. The order of march was this: first went the cart with the owner leading it; at each side of it marched the officers of the Brotherhood, as has been said, with their muskets; then followed Sancho Panza on his ass, leading Rocinante by the bridle; and behind all came the curate and the barber on their mighty mules, with faces covered, as aforesaid, and a grave and serious air, measuring their pace to suit the slow steps of the oxen. Don Quixote was seated in the cage, with his hands tied and his feet stretched out, leaning against the bars as silent and as patient as if he were a stone statue and not a man of flesh. Thus slowly and silently they made, it might be, two leagues, until they reached a valley which the carter thought a convenient place for resting and feeding his oxen, and he said so to the curate, but the barber was of opinion that they ought to push on a little farther, as at the other side of a hill which appeared close by he knew there was a valley that had more grass and much better than the one where they proposed to halt; and his advice was taken and they continued their journey.

Just at that moment the curate, looking back, saw coming on behind them six or seven mounted men, well found and equipped, who soon overtook them, for they were travelling, not at the sluggish, delib-

erate pace of oxen, but like men in haste to take their noontide rest as soon as possible at the inn which was in sight not a league off. The quick travellers came up with the slow, and courteous salutations were exchanged ; and one of the newcomers, who was, in fact, a canon of Toledo and master of the others who accompanied him, observing the regular order of the procession, the cart, the officers, Sancho, Rocinante, the curate, and the barber, and above all Don Quixote caged and confined, could not help asking what was the meaning of carrying the man in that fashion ; though, from the badges of the officers, he already concluded that he must be some desperate highwayman or other malefactor whose punishment fell within the jurisdiction of the Holy Brotherhood. One of the officers to whom he had put the question replied, "Let the gentleman himself tell you the meaning of his going this way, señor, for we do not know."

Don Quixote overheard the conversation and said : "Haply, gentlemen, you are versed and learned in matters of chivalry? Because if you are I will tell you my misfortunes ; if not, there is no good in my giving myself the trouble of relating them" ; but here the curate and the barber, seeing that the travellers were engaged in conversation with Don Quixote, came forward, in order to answer in such a way as to save their stratagem from being discovered.

The canon, replying to Don Quixote, said, "In truth, brother, if that be all, you may safely tell me what you please."

"In God's name, then, señor," replied Don Quixote, "I would have you know that I am held enchanted in this cage by the envy and fraud of wicked enchanters. I am a knight-errant, of those who, in defiance and in spite of envy itself, and all the magicians, will place their names in the temple of immortality to serve as examples and patterns for ages to come."

"What Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha says," observed the curate, "is the truth; for he goes enchanted in this cart, not from any fault or sins of his, but because of the malevolence of those to whom virtue is odious and valor hateful."

When the canon heard both the prisoner and the man who was at liberty talk in such a strain he was ready to cross himself in his astonishment, and could not make out what had befallen him; and all his attendants were in the same state of amazement.

At this point Sancho Panza, who had drawn near to hear the conversation, said, in order to make everything plain, "Well, sirs, you may like or dislike what I am going to say, but the fact of the matter is, my master, Don Quixote, is just as much enchanted as my mother. He is in his full senses, he eats and he drinks. And if that's the case what do they mean by wanting me to believe that he is enchanted? For I have heard many a one say that enchanted people neither eat, nor sleep, nor talk; and my master, if you don't stop him, will talk more than thirty lawyers." Then turning to the curate he exclaimed, "Señor Curate, Señor Curate! do you think I don't

know you? Do you think I don't guess and see the drift of these new enchantments? Well then, I can tell you I know you, for all your face is covered, and I can tell you I am up to you, however you may hide your tricks. If it had not been for your worship my master would be married to the Princess Micomicona this minute, and I should be a count at least. But I see now how true it is what they say in these parts, that the wheel of fortune turns faster than a mill-wheel, and that those who were up yesterday are down to-day. I am sorry for my wife and children, for when they might fairly and reasonably expect to see their father return to them a governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, they will see him come back a horse-boy."

"Trim those lamps there!" exclaimed the barber at this; "so you are of the same fraternity as your master, too, Sancho? I begin to see that you will have to keep him company in the cage, and be enchanted like him for having caught some of his humor and chivalry."

"Mind how you talk, Master Barber," said Sancho, "for shaving is not everything. As to the enchantment of my master, God knows the truth; leave it as it is; it will only make it worse to stir it."

The barber did not care to answer Sancho lest by his plain speaking he should disclose what the curate and he himself were trying so hard to conceal; and under the same apprehension the curate had asked the canon to ride on a little in advance, so that he might tell him the mystery of this man in the cage,

and other things that would amuse him. The canon agreed, and going on ahead with his servants, listened with attention to the account of the character, life, madness, and ways of Don Quixote, given him by the curate, who described to him briefly the beginning and origin of his craze, and told him the whole story of his adventures up to his being confined in the cage, together with the plan they had of taking him home to try if by any means they could discover a cure for his madness.

The canon and his servants were surprised anew when they heard Don Quixote's strange story, and when it was finished he said: "To tell the truth, Señor Curate, I for my part consider what they call books of chivalry to be mischievous to the State; and though, led by idle and false taste, I have read the beginnings of almost all that have been printed, I never could manage to read any one of them from beginning to end; for it seems to me they are all more or less the same thing; and one has nothing more in it than another. And in my opinion this sort of writing and composition is full of monstrous nonsense. What beauty can there be in a book or fable where a lad of sixteen cuts down a giant as tall as a steeple and makes two halves of him as if he was an almond cake? And when they want to give us a picture of a battle, after having told us that there are a million of combatants on the side of the enemy, let the hero of the book be opposed to them, and we have perforce to believe that the said knight wins the victory by the single

might of his strong arm. And then, what shall we say of the facility with which a born queen or empress will give herself over into the arms of some unknown wandering knight? What mind, that is not wholly barbarous and uncultured, can find pleasure in reading of how a great tower full of knights sails away across the sea like a ship with a fair wind, and will be to-night in Lombardy and to-morrow morning in the land of the Indies. I have never yet seen any book of chivalry that puts together a connected plot. And besides all this they are harsh in their style, prolix in their battles, silly in their arguments, absurd in their travels, and, in short, wanting in everything like intelligent art; for which reason they deserve to be banished from the Christian commonwealth as a worthless breed."

The canon and the curate had proceeded thus far with their conversation, when the barber, coming forward, joined them, and said to the curate, "This is the spot, Señor Licentiate, that I said was a good one for fresh and plentiful pasture for the oxen, while we take our noontide rest."

"And so it seems," returned the curate and he told the canon what he proposed to do, on which he too made up his mind to halt with them, attracted by the aspect of the fair valley that lay before their eyes; and to enjoy it as well as the conversation of the curate, to whom he had begun to take a fancy, and also to learn more particulars about the doings of Don Quixote, he desired some of his servants to go on to the inn, which was not far distant, and fetch from it

what eatables there might be for the whole party, as he meant to rest for the afternoon where he was; to which one of his servants replied that the sumpter mule, which by this time ought to have reached the inn, carried provisions enough to make it unnecessary to get anything from the inn except barley.

"In that case," said the canon, "take all the beasts there, and make the sumpter mule come back."

While this was going on, Sancho, perceiving that he could speak to his master without having the curate and the barber, of whom he had his suspicions, present all the time, approached the cage in which Don Quixote was placed, and said, "Señor, to ease my conscience I want to tell you the state of the case as to your enchantment, and that is that these two here, with their faces covered, are the curate of our village and the barber; and I suspect they have hit on this plan of carrying you off in this fashion, out of pure envy because your worship surpasses them in doing famous deeds; and if this be the truth it follows that you are not enchanted, but hoodwinked and made a fool of."

"Sancho my son," returned Don Quixote, "as to what thou sayest, that these who accompany us yonder are the curate and the barber, our neighbors and acquaintances, it is very possible that they may seem to be those same persons; but that they are so in reality and in fact, believe it not on any account; what thou art to believe and think is that, if they look like them, as thou sayest, it must be that those who have enchanted me have taken this shape and like-

ness; for it is easy for enchanter to take any form they please, and they may have taken those of our friends in order to make thee think as thou dost, and lead thee into a labyrinth of fancies from which thou wilt find no escape."

CHAPTER XLI

WHICH TREATS OF THE SHREWD CONVERSATION WHICH
SANCHO PANZA HELD WITH HIS MASTER DON
QUIXOTE, TOGETHER WITH OTHER INCIDENTS

“**I** KNOW and feel that I am enchanted,” said Don Quixote to his squire, “and that is enough to ease my conscience; for it would weigh heavily on it if I thought that I was not enchanted, and that in a faint-hearted and cowardly way I allowed myself to lie in this cage, defrauding multitudes of the succor I might afford to those in need and distress, who at this very moment may be in sore want of my aid and protection.”

“Still for all that,” replied Sancho, “I say that, for your greater and fuller satisfaction, it would be well if your worship were to try to get out of this prison (and I promise to do all in my power to help, and even to take you out of it), and see if you could once more mount your good Rocinante, who seems to be enchanted too, he is so melancholy and dejected; and then we might try our chance in looking for adventures again; and if we have no luck there will be time enough to go back to the cage; in which, on the faith of a good and loyal squire, I promise to shut myself up along with your worship, if so be you are

so unfortunate, or I so stupid, as not to be able to carry out my plan."

"I am content to do as thou sayest, brother Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and when thou seest an opportunity for effecting my release I will obey thee absolutely; but thou wilt see, Sancho, how mistaken thou art in thy conception of my misfortune."

The knight-errant and the squire kept up their conversation till they reached the place where the curate, the canon, and the barber, who had already dismounted, were waiting for them. The carter at once unyoked the oxen and left them to roam at large about the pleasant green spot, the freshness of which seemed to invite, not enchanted people like Don Quixote, but wide-awake, sensible folk like his squire, who begged the curate to allow his master to leave the cage for a little. The curate said he would very gladly comply with his request, only that he feared his master, finding himself at liberty, would take to his old courses and make off where nobody could ever find him again.

"I will answer for his not running away," said Sancho.

"And I for everything," said the canon, "especially if he gives me his word as a knight not to leave us without our consent."

Don Quixote, who was listening to all this, said he would give it; and that moreover one who was enchanted as he was could not do as he liked with himself; for he who had enchanted him could prevent his moving from one place for three ages, and

if he attempted to escape would bring him back flying.

The canon took his hands, tied together as they both were, and on his word and promise they unbound him, and rejoiced beyond measure he was to find himself out of the cage. The first thing he did was to stretch himself all over, and then he went to where Rocinante was standing and giving him a couple of slaps on the haunches said, "I still trust in God, O flower and mirror of steeds, that we shall soon see ourselves, both of us, as we wish to be, thou with thy master on thy back, and I mounted on thee, following the calling for which God sent me into the world."

The canon gazed at him, wondering at the extraordinary nature of his madness, and that in all his remarks and replies he should show such excellent sense, and only lose his stirrups, as has been already said, when the subject of chivalry was broached. And so, moved by compassion, he said to him, as they all sat on the green grass awaiting the arrival of the provisions: "Is it possible, gentle sir, that the nauseous and idle reading of books of chivalry can have had such an effect on your worship as to upset your reason so that you fancy yourself enchanted? How can there be any human understanding that can persuade itself there ever was all that infinity of Amadis in the world, or all that multitude of famous knights, all those palfreys, and damsels, and serpents, and monsters, and giants, and marvellous adventures, and enchantments of every kind, and battles, and prodigious encounters, splendid costumes, love-sick

princesses, squires made counts, droll dwarfs, love-letters, billings and cooings, and, in a word, all that nonsense the books of chivalry contain? Come, Señor Don Quixote, have some compassion for yourself, return to the bosom of common sense, and make use of the liberal share of it that Heaven has been pleased to bestow on you, employing your abundant gifts of mind in some other reading that may serve to benefit your conscience and add to your honor."

Don Quixote listened with the greatest attention to the canon's words, and when he found he had finished, after regarding him for some time, he replied to him, "It appears to me, gentle sir, that your worship's discourse is intended to persuade me that there never were any knights-errant in the world, and that all the books of chivalry are false, lying, mischievous and useless to the State, and that I have done wrong in reading them, and worse in believing them, and still worse in imitating them, when I undertook to follow the arduous calling of knight-errantry which they set forth."

"It is all exactly as you state it," said the canon.

"Well then," returned Don Quixote, "to my mind it is you who are the one that is out of his wits and enchanted, as you have ventured to utter such blasphemies against a thing so universally acknowledged and accepted as true. To try to persuade anybody that Amadis, and all the other knights-adventurers with whom the books are filled, never existed, would be like trying to persuade him that the sun does not yield light. Books that have been printed with the

king's license, and read with universal delight, and extolled by great and small, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, gentle and simple, in a word by people of every sort, of whatever rank or condition they may be — that these should be lies! Hush, sir; utter not such blasphemy; trust me, I am advising you now to act as a sensible man should; only read them, and you will see the pleasure you will derive from them. For, come, tell me, can there be anything more delightful than to see, as it were, here now displayed before us a vast lake of bubbling pitch with a host of snakes and serpents and lizards, and ferocious and terrible creatures of all sorts swimming about in it, while from the middle of the lake there comes a plaintive voice saying, 'Knight, whosoever thou art who beholdest this dread lake, if thou wouldst win the prize that lies hidden beneath these dusky waves, prove the valor of thy stout heart and cast thyself into the midst of its dark burning waters, else thou shalt not be worthy to see the mighty wonders contained in the seven castles of the seven Fays that lie beneath this black expanse'; and then the knight, almost ere the awful voice has ceased, without stopping to consider, without pausing to reflect on the danger to which he is exposing himself, without even relieving himself of the weight of his massive armor, commending himself to God and to his lady, plunges into the midst of the boiling lake, and when he little looks for it, or knows what his fate is to be, he finds himself among flowery meadows, with which the Elysian fields are not to be compared. The sky

seems more transparent there, and the sun shines with a strange brilliancy, and a delightful grove of green leafy trees presents itself to the eyes and charms the sight with its verdure, while the ear is soothed by the sweet untutored melody of the countless birds of gay plumage that flit to and fro among the interlacing branches. Here he sees a brook whose limpid waters, like liquid crystal, ripple over fine sands and white pebbles that look like sifted gold and purest pearls. There he perceives a cunningly wrought fountain of many-colored jasper and polished marble. Suddenly there is presented to his sight a strong castle or gorgeous palace with walls of massy gold, turrets of diamond and gates of jacinth; in short, so marvellous is its structure that though the materials of which it is built are nothing less than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold, and emeralds, the workmanship is still more rare. And after having seen all this, what can be more charming than to see how a bevy of damsels comes forth from the gate of the castle in gay and gorgeous attire, such that, were I to set myself now to depict it as the histories describe it to us, I should never have done; and then how she who seems to be the first among them all takes the bold knight who plunged into the boiling lake by the hand, and without addressing a word to him leads him into the rich palace or castle, and anoints him with sweet-smelling unguents, while another damsel comes and throws over his shoulders a mantle which is said to be worth at the very least a city, and even more? How charming it is, then, when they tell us how, after

all this, they lead him to a chamber where he finds the tables set out in such style that he is filled with amazement and wonder; to see how they pour out water for his hands distilled from amber and sweet-scented flowers; how they seat him on an ivory chair; to see how the damsels wait on him all in profound silence; how they bring him such a variety of dainties so temptingly prepared that the appetite is at a loss which to select; to hear the music that resounds while he is at table, by whom or whence produced he knows not. And then when the repast is over and the tables removed, for the knight to recline in the chair, picking his teeth perhaps as usual, and a damsel, much lovelier than any of the others, to enter unexpectedly by the chamber door, and seat herself by his side, and begin to tell him what the castle is, and how she is held enchanted there, and other things that amaze the knight and astonish the readers who are perusing this history.

“But I will not expatiate any further on this, as it may be gathered from it that whatever part of whatever history of a knight-errant one reads, it will fill the reader, whoever he be, with delight and wonder; and take my advice, sir, and, as I said before, read these books and you will see how they will banish any melancholy you may feel and raise your spirits should they be depressed. For myself I can say that since I have been a knight-errant I have become valiant, polite, generous, well-bred, magnanimous, courteous, dauntless, gentle, patient, and have learned to bear hardships, imprisonments,

and enchantments; and though it be such a short time since I have seen myself shut up in a cage like a madman, I hope by the might of my arm, if Heaven aid me and fortune thwart me not, to see myself king of some kingdom where I may be able to show the gratitude and generosity that dwell in my heart. For this reason I should be glad were fortune soon to offer me some opportunity of making myself an emperor, so as to show my heart in doing good to my friends, particularly to this poor Sancho Panza, my squire, who is the best fellow in the world."

The canon was astonished at the methodical nonsense that Don Quixote uttered, at the way in which he had described the adventure of the knight of the lake, and at the impression that the deliberate lies of the books he read had made on him.

CHAPTER XLII

OF THE QUARREL THAT DON QUIXOTE HAD WITH THE
GOATHERD, TOGETHER WITH THE RARE ADVENTURE
OF THE PENITENTS, WHICH WITH AN EXPENDITURE
OF SWEAT HE BROUGHT TO A HAPPY CONCLUSION

BY this time the canon's servants, who had gone to the inn to fetch the sumpter mule, had returned, and making a carpet and the green grass of the meadow serve as a table, they seated themselves in the shade of some trees and made their repast there. As they were eating they suddenly heard a loud noise and the sound of a bell that seemed to come from among some brambles and thick bushes that were close by, and the same instant they observed a beautiful goat, spotted all over black, white, and brown, spring out of the thicket with a goatherd after it, calling to it and uttering the usual cries to make it stop or turn back to the fold. The fugitive goat, scared and frightened, ran towards the company as if seeking their protection and then stood still, and the goatherd coming up seized it by the horns and began to talk to it as if it were possessed of reason and understanding: "Ah wanderer, wanderer, Spotty, Spotty; how have you gone limping all this time? What wolves have frightened you, my daughter?"

Won't you tell me what is the matter, my beauty? Come back, come back, my darling; and if you will not be so happy, at any rate you will be safe in the fold or with your companions; for if you who ought to keep and lead them, go wandering astray in this fashion, what will become of them?"

The goatherd's talk amused all who heard it, but especially the canon, who said to him: "As you live, brother, take it easy, and be not in such a hurry to drive this goat back to the fold. Take this morsel and drink a sup, and that will soothe your irritation, and in the meantime the goat will rest herself," and so saying, he handed him the loins of a cold rabbit on a fork.

The goatherd took it with thanks, and drank and calmed himself, and then, noticing Don Quixote's sorry appearance and looks, he was filled with wonder and asked the barber, who was next him, "Señor, who is this man who makes such a figure?"

"Who should it be," said the barber, "but the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, the undoer of injustice, the righter of wrongs, the protector of damsels, the terror of giants, and the winner of battles?"

"That," said the goatherd, "sounds like what one reads in the books of the knights-errant, who did all that you say this man does; though it is my belief that either you are joking, or else this gentleman has empty lodgings in his head."

"You are a great scoundrel," said Don Quixote, "and it is you who are empty and a fool"; and pass-

ing from words to deeds, he caught up a loaf that was near him and sent it full in the goatherd's face, with such force that he flattened his nose; but the goatherd, who did not understand jokes, and found himself roughly handled in such good earnest, paying no respect to carpet, tablecloth, or diners, sprang on Don Quixote, and seizing him by the throat with both hands would no doubt have throttled him, had not Sancho Panza that instant come to the rescue, and grasping him by the shoulders flung him down on the table, smashing plates, breaking glasses, and upsetting and scattering everything on it. Don Quixote, finding himself free, strove to get on top of the goatherd, who, with his face covered with blood, and soundly kicked by Sancho, was on all fours feeling about for one of the table-knives to take a bloody revenge with. The canon and the curate, however, prevented him, but the barber so contrived it that the goatherd got Don Quixote under him, and rained down on him a shower of fisticuffs. The canon and the curate were bursting with laughter, the officers were capering with delight, and both the one and the other hissed the combatants on as they do dogs that are worrying one another in a fight. Sancho alone was frantic, for he could not free himself from the grasp of one of the canon's servants, who kept him from going to his master's assistance.

While they were all thus engaged they heard a trumpet sound a note so doleful that it made them look in the direction whence the sound seemed to come. But the one that was most excited by hearing it was Don

Quixote, who, though sorely against his will he was under the goatherd, and something more than pretty well pommelled, said to him, "Brother devil (for it is impossible but that thou must be one since thou hast had might and strength enough to overcome mine), I ask thee to agree to a truce for but one hour, for the solemn note of yonder trumpet that falls on our ears seems to me to summon me to some new adventure."

The goatherd, who was by this time tired of pommelling and being pommelled, released him at once, and Don Quixote rising to his feet and turning his eyes to the quarter where the sound had been heard, suddenly saw coming down the slope of a hill several men clad in white like penitents.

The fact was that the clouds had that year withheld their moisture from the earth, and in all the villages of the district they were organizing processions and penances, imploring God to open the hands of his mercy and send them rain; and to this end the people of a village that was hard by were going in procession to a holy hermitage there was on one side of that valley. Don Quixote, when he saw the strange garb of the penitents, without reflecting how often he had seen it before, took it into his head that this was a case of adventure, and that it fell to him alone as a knight-errant to engage in it; and he was all the more confirmed in this notion, by the idea that an image draped in black they had with them was some illustrious lady that these villains and discourteous thieves were carrying off by force. As soon as this

occurred to him he ran with all speed to Rocinante who was grazing at large, and taking the bridle and the buckler from the saddle-bow, he had him bridled in an instant, and calling to Sancho for his sword he mounted Rocinante, braced his buckler on his arm, and in a loud voice exclaimed to those who stood by, "Now noble company, ye shall see how important it is that there should be knights in the world professing the order of knight-errantry; now, I say, ye shall see, by the deliverance of that worthy lady who is borne captive there, whether knights-errant deserve to be held in estimation," and so saying he brought his legs to bear on Rocinante — for he had no spurs — and at a full canter set off to encounter the penitents, though the curate, the canon, and the barber ran to prevent him.

But it was out of their power, nor did he even stop for the shouts of Sancho calling after him, "Take care what you are doing, señor, for this time it may be safely said you don't know what you are about."

Sancho labored in vain, for his master was so bent on coming to quarters with these sheeted figures and releasing the lady in black that he did not hear a word; and even had he heard, he would not have turned back if the king had ordered him. He came up with the procession and reined in Rocinante, who was already anxious enough to slacken speed a little, and in a hoarse, excited voice he exclaimed, "You who hide your faces, perhaps because you are not good subjects, pay attention and listen to what I am about to say to you."

The first to halt were those who were carrying the image, and one of the four ecclesiastics who were chanting the Litany, struck by the strange figure of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rocinante, and the other ludicrous peculiarities he observed, said in reply to him, "Brother, if you have anything to say to us say it quickly, for we cannot stop, nor is it reasonable we should stop to hear anything, unless indeed it is short enough to be said in two words."

"I will say it in one," replied Don Quixote, "and it is this; that at once, this very instant, ye release that fair lady whose tears and sad aspect show plainly that ye are carrying her off against her will; and I, who was born into the world to redress all such like wrongs, will not permit you to advance another step until you have restored to her the liberty she pines for and deserves."

From these words all the hearers concluded that he must be a madman, and began to laugh heartily, and their laughter acted like gunpowder on Don Quixote's fury, for drawing his sword without another word he made a rush at the stand. One of those who supported it, leaving the burden to his comrades, advanced to meet him, flourishing a forked stick that he had for propping up the stand when resting, and with this he caught a mighty cut Don Quixote made at him that severed it in two; but with the portion that remained in his hand he dealt such a thwack on the shoulder of Don Quixote's sword arm that poor Don Quixote came to the ground in a sad plight.

Sancho Panza, who was coming on close behind

puffing and blowing, seeing him fall, cried out to his assailant not to strike him again, for he was a poor enchanted knight, who had never harmed any one all the days of his life; but what checked the clown was, not Sancho's shouting, but seeing that Don Quixote did not stir hand or foot; and so, fancying he had killed him, he hastily hitched up his tunic under his girdle and took to his heels across the country like a deer.

By this time all Don Quixote's companions had come up to where he lay; but the processionists seeing them come running, and with them the officers of the Brotherhood with their muskets, apprehended mischief, and clustering round the image, raised their hoods, and grasped their scourges, as the priests did their tapers, and awaited the attack, resolved to defend themselves and even to take the offensive against their assailants if they could. Fortune, however, arranged the matter better than they expected, for all Sancho did was to fling himself on his master's body, raising over him the most doleful lamentation that ever was heard, for he believed he was dead. The curate was known to another curate who walked in the procession, and their recognition of one another set at rest the apprehensions of both parties; the first then told the other who Don Quixote was, and he and the whole troop of penitents went to see if the poor gentleman was dead, and heard Sancho Panza saying, with tears in his eyes: "O flower of chivalry, that with one blow of a stick hast ended the course of thy well-spent life! O pride of thy race, honor

and glory of all La Mancha, nay, of all the world, that for want of thee will be full of evil-doers, no longer in fear of punishment for their misdeeds!"

At the cries and moans of Sancho, Don Quixote came to himself, and the first word he said was: "He who lives separated from you, sweetest Dulcinea, has greater miseries to endure than these. Aid me, friend Sancho, to mount the enchanted cart, for I am not in a condition to press the saddle of Rocinante, as this shoulder is all knocked to pieces."

"That I will do with all my heart, señor," said Sancho; "and let us return to our village with these gentlemen, who seek your good, and there we will prepare for making another sally, which may turn out more profitable and creditable to us."

"Thou art right, Sancho," returned Don Quixote; "it will be wise to let the malign influence of the stars which now prevails pass off."

The canon, the curate, and the barber told him he would act very wisely in doing as he said; and so they placed Don Quixote in the cart as before. The procession once more formed itself in order and proceeded on its road; the goatherd took his leave of the party; the officers of the Brotherhood declined to go any farther, and the curate paid them what was due to them; the canon begged the curate to let him know how Don Quixote did, whether he was cured of his madness or still suffered from it, and then begged leave to continue his journey; in short, they all separated and went their ways, leaving to themselves the curate and the barber, Don Quixote, Sancho Panza,

and the good Rocinante, who regarded everything with as great resignation as his master. The carter yoked his oxen and made Don Quixote comfortable on a truss of hay, and at his usual deliberate pace took the road the curate directed, and at the end of six days they reached Don Quixote's village, and entered it about the middle of the day, which it so happened was a Sunday, and the people were all in the plaza, through which Don Quixote's cart passed. They all flocked to see what was in the cart, and when they recognized their townsman they were filled with amazement, and a boy ran off to bring the news to his housekeeper and his niece that their master and uncle had come back all lean and yellow and stretched on a truss of hay on an ox-cart. It was piteous to hear the cries the two good ladies raised, how they beat their breasts and poured out fresh maledictions on those accursed books of chivalry; all which was renewed when they saw Don Quixote coming in at the gate.

At the news of Don Quixote's arrival Sancho Panza's wife came running, for she by this time knew that her husband had gone away with him as his squire, and on seeing Sancho, the first thing she asked him was if the ass was well. Sancho replied that he was, better than his master was.

"Thanks be to God," said she, "for being so good to me; but now tell me, my friend, what have you made by your squirings? What gown have you brought me back? What shoes for your children?"

"I bring nothing of that sort, wife," said Sancho;

"though I bring other things of more consequence and value."

"I am very glad of that," returned his wife; "show me these things of more value and consequence, my friend; for I want to see them to cheer my heart that has been so sad and heavy all these ages that you have been away."

"I will show them to you at home, wife," said Sancho; "be content for the present; for if it please God that we should again go on our travels in search of adventures, you will soon see me a count, or governor of an island, and that not one of those everyday ones, but the best that is to be had."

"Heaven grant it, husband," said she, "for indeed we have need of it. But tell me, what's this about islands, for I don't understand it?"

"Don't be in such a hurry to know all this, Teresa," said Sancho; "it is enough that I am telling you the truth, so shut your mouth. But I may tell you this much by the way, that there is nothing in the world more delightful than to be a person of consideration, squire to a knight-errant, and a seeker of adventures. To be sure most of those one finds do not end as pleasantly as one could wish, for out of a hundred that one meets with, ninety-nine will turn out cross and contrary. I know it by experience, for out of some I came blanketed, and out of others belabored. Still, for all that, it is a fine thing to be on the lookout for what may happen, crossing mountains, searching woods, climbing rocks, visiting castles, and putting up at inns, all at free quarters."

While this conversation passed between Sancho Panza and his wife, Don Quixote's housekeeper and niece took him in and laid him in his old bed. He eyed them askance, and could not make out where he was. The curate charged his niece to be very careful to make her uncle comfortable and to keep a watch over him lest he should make his escape from them again, telling her what they had been obliged to do to bring him home. On this the pair once more lifted up their voices and renewed their maledictions on the books of chivalry, and implored Heaven to plunge the authors of such lies and nonsense into the midst of the bottomless pit. They were, in short, kept in anxiety and dread lest their uncle and master should give them the slip the moment he found himself somewhat better, and as they feared so it fell out.

But the author of this history, though he has devoted research and industry to the discovery of the deeds achieved by Don Quixote in his third sally, has been unable to obtain any information respecting them.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY

KATHARINE LEE BATES,

Wellesley College.

12mo. Cloth. Price, 1.00, *net*.

COMMENTS.

"It is a valuable addition to that form of literature which is half biographical and half critical, and wholly instructive. We do not recall any handbook of American Literature which breathes so distinctly the spirit and purpose of the present as this."—*N. Y. Home Journal*.

"I have no hesitation in pronouncing this thoughtful sketch that you have just published to be the best written volume that I have ever seen. The author has knowledge; the book proceeds from unusually full and accurate acquaintance with American Letters. The suggestions for classroom use seem to me admirable."—ALBERT H. SMYTH, *Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"I am delighted with the sympathetic treatment and critical insight of Bates' American Literature. The uncommon excellence of its style makes it a part of the literature it describes."—CAROLINE LADD CREW, *Friends' School, Wilmington, Del.*

"It is a pleasure to pick up such a neat little volume. It is hard to lay it down after one begins. The combination of history and literature is very happy and the development of literature, side by side with the material and political progress of the country, cannot fail to be of great service to teacher and student."—FREDERICK A. VOGT, *Principal Central High School, Buffalo, N.Y.*

"I have no doubt this book will be a great success, filling well a gap; for no small book that I am familiar with compares as well as this the authors who belong together: it seems more than simply chronological or descriptive; it weighs and balances."—FRANCES A. MATHES, *High School, Portsmouth, N.H.*

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,

66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

A HISTORY
OF
EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Being the History of English Poetry from its Beginnings
to the Accession of King Ælfred.

BY THE

REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

WITH MAPS.

Large 12mo. Gilt top. \$2.50.

NOTICES.

"I had been eagerly awaiting it, and find it on examination distinctly the best treatise on its subject."

— PROF. CHARLES F. RICHARDSON, *Dartmouth College*.

"I know of no literary estimate of Anglo-Saxon poetry that in breadth of view and sympathetic appreciation can be compared with this."

— PROF. W. E. MEAD, *Wesleyan University*.

"In this work we have the view of a real lover of literature, and we have its utterance in a diction graceful enough to make the reading an intellectual pleasure in itself." — *The Christian Union*.

"No other book exists in English from which a reader unacquainted with Anglo-Saxon may gain so vivid a sense of the literary quality of our earliest poetry." — *The Dial*.

"A delightful exposition of the poetic spirit and achievement of the eighth century." — *Chicago Tribune*.

"In Mr. Stopford Brooke's monumental work he strives with rare skill and insight to present our earliest national poetry as a living literature, and not as a mere material for research." — *London Times*.

"It is a monument of scholarship and learning, while it furnishes an authentic history of English literature at a period when little before was known respecting it." — *Public Opinion*.

"It is a comprehensive critical account of Anglo-Saxon poetry from its beginnings to the accession of King Alfred. A thorough knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon language was needed by the man who undertook such a weighty enterprise, and this knowledge is possessed by Mr. Brooke in a degree probably unsurpassed by any living scholar." — *Evening Bulletin*.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,
66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

A HISTORY
OF
ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

BY
GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

Price, \$1.00, net.

NOTICES.

"Mr. Saintsbury has produced a most useful, first-hand survey—comprehensive, compendious, and spirited—of that unique period of literary history when 'all the muses still were in their prime.' One knows not where else to look for so well-proportioned and well-ordered conspectus of the astonishingly varied and rich products of the turning English mind during the century that begins with Tortel's Miscellany and the birth of Bacon, and closes with the restoration."—*The Dial*.

"Regarding Mr. Saintsbury's work we know not where else to find so compact, yet comprehensive, so judicious, weighty, and well written a review and critique of Elizabethan literature. But the analysis generally is eminently distinguished by insight, delicacy, and sound judgment, and that applies quite as much to the estimates of prose writers as to those of the poets and dramatists. . . . A work which deserves to be styled admirable."—*New York Tribune*.

"The work has been most judiciously done and in a literary style and perfection of which, alas, the present era has furnished too few examples."

—*Christian at Work*.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,
66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

A HISTORY
OF
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
LITERATURE.

(1660-1780.)

BY

EDMUND GOSSE, M.A.,

Clark Lecturer in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Price, \$1.00, net.

NOTICES.

"Mr. Gosse's book is one for the student because of its fulness, its trustworthiness, and its thorough soundness of criticisms; and one for the general reader because of its pleasantness and interest. It is a book, indeed, not easy to put down or to part with."

— OSWALD CRAWFURD, in *London Academy*.

"Mr. Gosse has in a sense preëmpted the eighteenth century. He is the most obvious person to write the history of its literature, and this attractive volume ought to be the final and standard work on his chosen theme."

— *The Literary World*.

"We have never had a more useful record of this period."

— *Boston Evening Traveler*.

"A brilliant addition to critical exposition. Written in a finished and elegant style, which gives enchantment even to the parts of the narrative of a biographical and statistical character, the work illumines obscure writings and literature and brings new interest to famous ones. One of its great excellences is the easy transition made from one style of writing to another. The plan is distinct and well preserved, but the continuity between parts is so close that unity and coherence mark the work in a material degree."

— *Boston Journal*.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,
66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

A HISTORY
OF
NINETEENTH CENTURY
LITERATURE.

(1780-1895.)

BY

GEORGE SAINTSBURY,

Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the
University of Edinburgh.

Price, \$1.50.

NOTICES.

"Mr. George Saintsbury is by all odds the most versatile, sound, and entertaining of English literary critics, and his book is deserving of the widest reading. In his genial, yet just way of judging he carries us from Cowper to the writers of to-day, touching all with the nimbleness of his wit and the general unerring accuracy of his opinions."—*Boston Traveler*.

"In the clear definition it gives to leading writers, its systematic groupings, and its appreciation of main lines of development, it is wonderfully illuminating. The judgments passed upon noteworthy writers . . . afford in combination a body of criticism that the student of English literature . . . cannot hereafter venture to ignore."—*The Beacon*.

"There can be no possible doubt that Mr. Saintsbury's work is one of the best critical manuals of the period which it covers."

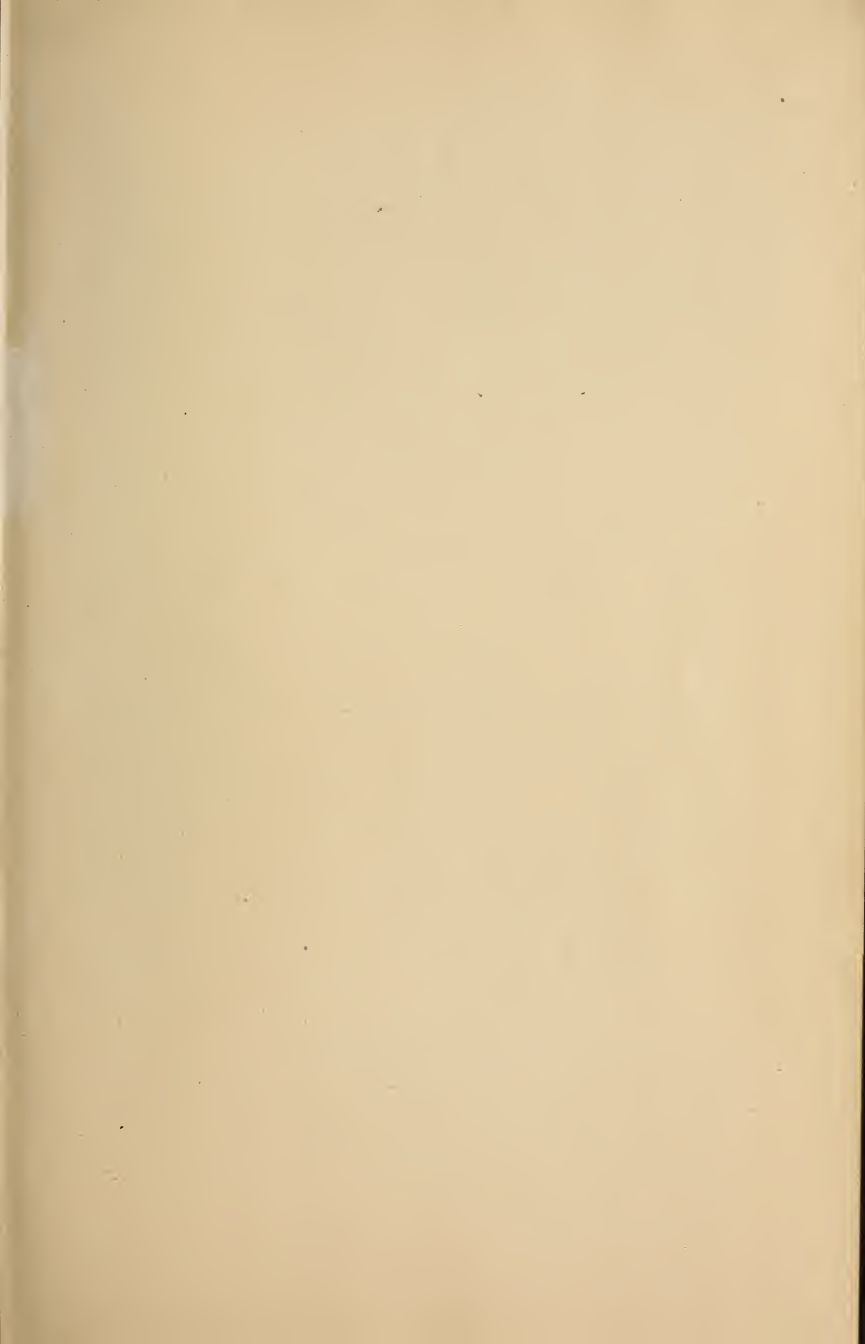
—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

"It is an admirable book."—*New York Mail and Express*.

"Thorough is the term to apply to Mr. Saintsbury's book; there is the stamp of deliberate, scholarly research on every page. . . . Done so well as to make it extremely difficult to find fault, is the best proof of the excellence of his work."—*Commercial Advertiser*.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,
66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

LEAg 20





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 022 011 635 9